

ULTRAMAG

March 2012
Vol 27 No 1



Australian
Ultra
Runners'
Association Inc

- Interview with Kelvin Marshall
- Soochow International
- AURA Membership Trends
- King Island Ultra, Narrabeen, GNW and more



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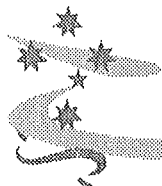


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Committee Corner

Updates from the AURA Committee

Bernadette Benson, Vice President

It was exciting, albeit nailbite-inducing, to watch the new AURA electronic database go live in December. And I have been personally amazed at the number of new members joining us this year. It's great to welcome back some people who have been away for a while. Glad you've decided to join us again and I wish you a happy year of running!

I'm pleased to see this new in-house membership system where members can login to update their own membership details, retrieve their AURA membership number, etc. We look forward to adding on to the database in the future - there are many functions we should be able to add on to it, with time, effort, and inclination (i.e., volunteer manpower!) How about tracking every AURA member's race results and PBs? Just one idea that could materialise in the future....

We're moving on to other priority projects for now, including selecting and stocking AURA's online shop, which we want to open in the autumn. I continue to wear many hats within AURA, helping both of our Karen's with Ultramag, putting together the monthly e-news (which goes to over 1,100 people!), sanctioning races, receiving race results, updating the website, liaising with the IAU, and a myriad of other day-to-day things that crop up in our amazingly large organisation! As I write this, I am very aware that we've just passed AURA's financial year-end, which means it's time to plan for the AGM in the autumn.

I've had my big-brained IT-minded partner working on the cloning device. He's good, but I'm not sure

he's that good. So, if you have an hour or two to spare each week and have a detail-oriented mind, we could use your help. Have you heard this before?

Brett Saxon, Secretary

As the New Year races past us, we find ourselves thinking, "where did January and February go?" Let's hope our running is just as fast. As with so many organisations that are of a voluntary nature, we always seem to be flat out catching up rather than working on new projects.

On that front, to help me, AURA's assistant secretary Allison Muller has stepped in to take on a major role with the membership. With the new system created by Bernadette and her partner, Rolf, Allison will now handle most membership related issues. A huge thank you to Allison, who is very supportive of AURA. On another note, I received some sad news about one of our members, Karen Tainton. Karen is a regular at trail events and often is seen on the podium. Karen recently had a fall from her house roof and received serious back injuries. Everyone at AURA sends their best wishes to her and hope the doctors are wrong and Karen defies their diagnosis and will one day join us again on the trails.

Robert Boyce, President

This time of year always starts with a big rush for the AURA team, with membership renewals. I'm very pleased that AURA now has its own membership data base and would like to thank Rolf and Bernadette for all their hard work.

Congratulations to Nikki Wynd and David Eadie on being named Athletes of the Year for 2011, and to David Kennedy, Tony Collins and

Oliver Zambon for their respective awards.

I would also like to welcome all our new members and hope that they enjoy the AURA experience as much as we do. To the renewing members, you will see a few changes in the coming year - a new apparel range, more races, and bigger discounts on more races.

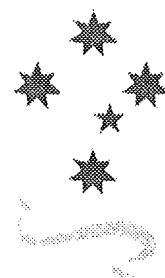
We are always looking for more volunteers and welcome your feedback, so please don't be silent. We are here for you.

Karen Hagan, Ultramag Co-ordinator

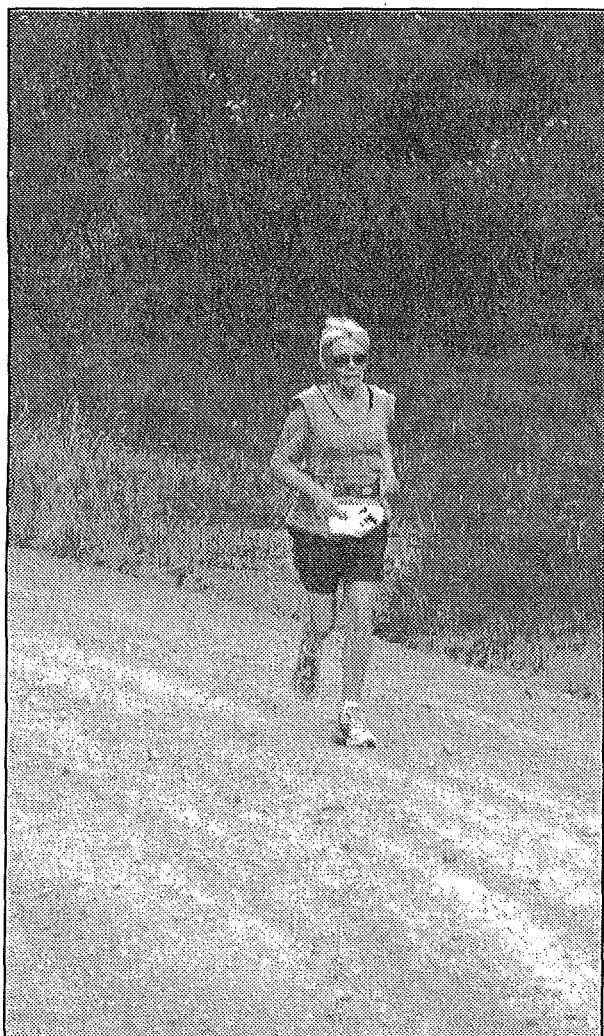
With 2012 already one month in, there is truly no rest for the wicked! By the time this gets to your mailboxes, Easter will be just around the corner. I am sure everyone is earnestly back into programs, especially as school is back and some of you may have a little more alone-time, and the Christmas "pudding" is well and truly gone. As the year charges on, so does UltraMag. I hope that you find with each new edition we have tried to offer you something more, something different...something inspirational. My first foray into ultra racing ended with a finish, but not with a bang. Certainly not the one I'd hoped or trained for; however it is what I ended with...a finish, before cut-off. The more I run, the more the process reveals to me a perfect metaphor for life. As one note-worthy politician once said "life wasn't meant to be easy"; ultra running certainly isn't, either. I don't believe for one minute we choose this sport, I feel like it chooses us. And in that relationship we have the opportunity to learn more about ourselves than we perhaps believed possible; you just have to remain open...to anything! So

with my first official effort a fizzle (in my mind) I am open to 2012 and the things I have planned for myself. What keeps us doing this thing we love? The pain, the sweat, the early mornings? I think a major reason is the friendships we develop along the way. Not only do the trails lift us to amazing views, the friendships buoy

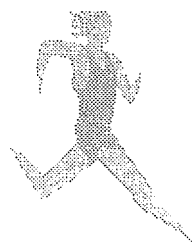
us and help strengthen our resolve to keep at it, no matter what. I know that's what I get out of all of this, and why, week after week, I keep doing it. My mind is open...to anything. Let the stories in these pages open your mind, buoy your resolve to keep at it.



**Australian
Ultra
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Association Inc**



Photos from Bruny Island see page 26 for race report. Left: Bernadette during the race and right: at the lighthouse finish - photos courtesy Bernadette Briglia





Magazine of the Australian Ultra Runners' Association

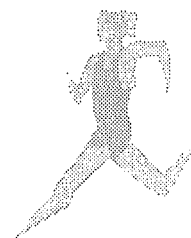
March 2012

Contents

Committee Corner.....	1
Contents	2
AURA Contacts.....	3
AURA Calendar.....	5
AURA Race Reports & Results	
Great Ocean Walk (Results Only).....	8
King Island Ultra	9
Great North Walk 100s (2).....	11
Moe 6hr/50km (2)	20
Razorback Run	23
Bruny Island Ultra	26
Coast to Kosciuszko	28
Kurrawa to Duranbah	30
6 Inch Trail Marathon	32
Narrabeen All Nighter.....	35
Bogong to Hotham	37
Two Bays Trail Run	40
Mansfield to Buller (2)	43
Other Articles	
Member Profiles (4)	46
Running Into Your 50s.....	50
Interview with Kelvin Marshall	51
Can Ultra Running Damage the Heart?	55
Soochow International 24 Hour.....	58
Ancient Oaks (USA).....	61
International News	62
Endura Advertorial: Beat The Heat This Summer With Endura	63
Ultra History: Bryan Smith and Cliff Young	64
AURA Membership Trends 2010-2011 (Graphs)	66
AURA Race Trends 2010-2011 (Graphs)	68
AURA Award Winners 2002-2011	71

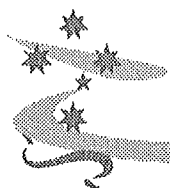
Cover Photos:

Front: Mick Donges, winner of the Two Bays Trail Run, photo courtesy of fstop5
Inside Front: Coast to Kosciuszko checkpoint, photo courtesy of Katrina Ablett
Inside Back: Roger Hanney after completing the Great North Walk 100Mile, photo courtesy of Craig Gavin



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AURA Events Calendar

This calendar contains only races sanctioned by AURA. This does not purport to be a complete list of Australian ultras. 2012 sanctioned races will be eligible for the AURA aggregate points competition. AURA reserves the right to modify this calendar at its discretion. Always check the AURA website for late changes to race details at www.aura.asn.au. Some international races, particularly IAU and Commonwealth championship events, are also shown on the web calendar.

March 2012

Saturday 3 March LARK HILL DUSK TO DAWN (WA)

50k and 100k trail races on a 3k loop

Contact: Dave Kennedy 0433 333 206

Email: dkennedy@corpus.wa.edu.au

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/larkhill.html>

Saturday 10 March SIX FOOT TRACK MARATHON (NSW)

45km mountain run, from Katoomba to Jenolan Caves with approximately 800 other runners

Contact: Colin Jeftha

Email: sixfoottrack@gmail.com

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/SixFootTrack.html>

Sunday 11 March COBURG SIX HOUR RACE (VIC)

Held at the Harold Stevens Athletic Track

Contact: Tim Erickson 0412 257 496 or 03 9012 5431

Email: terick@melbpc.org.au

Web: http://aura.asn.au/Coburg_6hr.html

17-19 March ALPINE CHALLENGE (VIC)

100 Miler plus 100km and 60km options, team option

Contact: Paul Ashton

Email: runningwild56@tpg.com.au Web: <http://aura.asn.au/AlpineChallenge.html>

April 2012

Sunday 1 April WATER WORLD (NSW)

45km run from Red Rock to Coffs Harbour jetty

Contact: Steel Beveridge

Email: steelyn@yabba.net.au

Web: http://aura.asn.au/WaterWorld_RR2CH.html

Sunday 1 April NERANG SF (QLD)

50km IAU labelled trail run with 25km option

Contact: Ian Cornelius

Email: ian.Cornelius@rocketmail.com

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/NerangSF.html>

Easter Sunday 8 April WILDHORSE CRITERIUM (QLD)

53km trail race north of Brisbane, includes shorter options, on an 11k circuit

Contact: Alun Davies

Email: ag.davies@hotmail.com

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/Wildhorse.html>

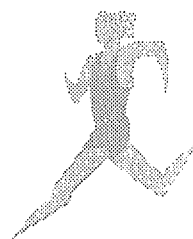
14-15 April COBURG 24 HR (VIC)

Victorian 24 hr track championship and Australian Centurions 24 hr walk; IAU labelled

Contact: Tim Erickson or Bernie Goggin

Email: terick@melbpc.org.au or bernard.goggin@bigpond.com

Web: http://aura.asn.au/Coburg_24hr.html



Sunday 15 April CANBERRA 50k (ACT)

Historically, a silver labelled IAU race and selection race for the IAU 50k Trophy Cup

Contact: Fred Taylor

Email: runningfestival@fairfax.com.au

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/canberra50km.html>

Saturday 28 April ROLLERCOASTER RUN (VIC)

45km trail run (& shorter option)

Contact: Rohan Day

Email: info@rollercoasterrun.com

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/rollercoasterrun.html>

May 2012

5-6 May WILDENDURANCE (NSW)

100km team race in the Blue Mountains

Contact: Sarah Rimmer

Email: wildendurance@wilderness.org.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/wildendurance.htm>

19 May THE NORTH FACE 100 (NSW)

100km solo trail race in the Blue Mountains plus marathon pairs option

Contact: tnf100@arocsport.com.au

Web: www.thenorthface.com.au/100

June 2012

Sunday 3 June KEP TRACK (WA)

100km and 75km trail races, Northam to Mundaring

Contact: Rob Donkersloot 0411 748 479

Email: rdonkers@iinet.net.au

Web: <http://aura.asn.au/Kep.html>

Sunday 3 June MACEDON RANGES (VIC)

30 and 50km trail races

Contact: Brett Saxon 0418 557 052

Email: brsaxon@bigpond.net.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/Macedon.html>

10 June GOLD COAST 100 SUPERMARATHON (QLD)

100km, 75km, 50km and 25km races, Australian 100km champs, starts at Kurrawa. 25km loop.

Contact: Ian Cornelius 0408 527 391

Email: ian.cornelius@rocketmail.com

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/GoldCoast100.html>

23-24 June SRI CHINMOY 24 hour (NSW)

IAU labelled 6 hr and 24 hr track race in Sydney, 2012 AURA 24hr National Championship venue

Contact: Niboddhri Ward 0449 286 553

Email: sydney24h@srichinmoyraces.org

Web: http://www.aura.asn.au/SriChinmoy_6-12-24.html

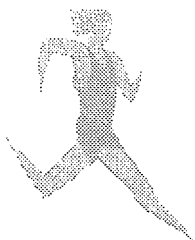
Sunday 24 June SPINY CRAY ULTRA (QLD)

57km trail race

Contact: Shane White 0438 758 862

Email: shane@adventuresportnq.info

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/spinycray.html>



July 2012

6-8 July THREE MARATHONS IN THREE DAYS (QLD)

3 day stage race totalling 126 kms on trail with relay option

Contact: Lorraine Lawson

Email: trailrunning@roadrunners.org.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/3marathons3days.html>

14 July ADELAIDE 6-12-24 hour (SA)

IAU labelled loop race on 2.2k footpath

Contact: Ben Hockings

Email: yumigo@y7mail.com

Web: http://www.aura.asn.au/adelaide_12hr.html

14 July THE KOKODA CHALLENGE (QLD)

96km team trail event

Contact: Julie Watson

Email: info@kokodachallenge.com

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/kokoda.html>

22 July YOU YANGS 50-50 (VIC)

50km and 50mile trail races

Contact: Brett Saxon

Email: brsaxon@bigpond.net.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/youyangs5050.html>

22 July (TBC) FLINDERS TOUR (QLD)

50km trail (& shorter option)

Contact: Ian Javes

Email: ijaves@caloundra.net

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/flinderstour.html>

22 July MT HAIG MARATHON (QLD)

45km trail race (& shorter options)

Contact: Lorraine Lawson

Email: trailrunning@roadrunners.org.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/mthaig.html>

27 July CABOOLTURE 24-48 hr (QLD)

IAU labelled 6-12-24-48 hr race on a 500 mtr loop

Contact: Geoff Williams

Email: gjcarpet@caboolture.net.au

Web: http://www.aura.asn.au/Caboolture_6-12-24-48.html

August 2012

12 August THE TAN ULTRA (VIC)

50km and 100km loop races

Contact: Brett Saxon

Email: brsaxon@bigpond.net.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/tanultra.html>

26 August KURANDA TO PORT DOUGLAS ULTRA (QLD)

64km trail race (& shorter options)

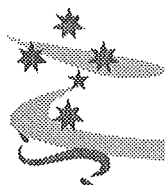
Contact: Lorraine Lawson

Email: trailrunning@roadrunners.org.au

Web: <http://www.aura.asn.au/kuranda.html>

If you have a race that you would like included in our race calendar, please contact our Compliance Officer Bernadette Benson (see the AURA contacts listing). Sanctioning requirements are posted on the AURA website www.aura.asn.au





Great Ocean Walk

GOW 100k

Pl	Time	Last Name	First Name
1	9:58:04	Spence	Julian
2	10:46:48	Eadie	David
3	11:14:53	Zambon	Oliver
4	11:39:12	Wiadrowski	Toby
5	12:04:15	Beard	Dan
6	12:09:11	Wynd	Nikki
7	12:34:19	Mooney	Darren
8	12:44:24	Phelan	Damian
9	12:59:05	McConnell	Bryony
10	13:00:42	Bouvier-Baird	Myles
11	13:04:06	Rhee	Ben
12	13:04:33	Bleakman	Dan
13	13:13:41	Andres	Dani
14	13:21:41	Hall	Rob
15	13:23:41	Kift	Ed
16	13:30:37	Drummond	Steve
17	13:39:43	Pickering	Gary
18	13:44:21	Gerein	Leslie
19	13:52:06	Lapsys	Carol
20	13:52:20	Gullifer	John
21	14:00:10	Heaton	Kevin
22	14:36:32	Every	Paul
=22	14:36:32	MacMillan	Katherine
24	15:05:57	Kelly	Chris
25	15:09:21	Wallace	Natalie
26	15:19:36	Mullins	Peter
27	15:22:33	Malcom	Dave
=27	15:22:33	Hutton	Shane
29	15:35:57	Donnelly	Michelle
=29	15:35:57	Le Marinel	Phil
=29	15:35:57	Falls	Mark
=29	15:35:57	Trumper	Jane
33	15:37:48	Lane	Steve
34	15:48:54	Okawa	Miki
35	15:48:54	Sutton	Rob
36	16:03:08	Adamski	Brett
37	16:04:33	Lucas	Lisa
38	16:08:06	Alirezaee	Tayebeh
39	16:08:06	Langelaan	Daniel
40	16:24:00	Lacey	David

41	17:05:14	Goodfellow	Luke
42	17:35:54	Ingram	Jamie
43	17:55:21	Hughes	David
44	17:57:30	Brown	Michael
45	18:04:24	Meyer	Bernd
46	18:11:35	Muir	Peter
47	19:08:49	Herrman	Jan

Jamie Donaldson

3-Time Women's Badwater Winner & Holder 26:16:12
 2010 Lake Okeechobee 118 Mile 18:36:15
 2010 Philadelphia 100 Mile 14:58:23
 200k USATF National Record Holder
 2010 Javelina Jundred Winner CR

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— Jamie Donaldson

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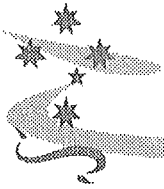
photos by Bob MacCallister

drymaxsocks.com.au

USE THE FOLLOWING
VOUCHER CODE: **AURA20**
Offer ends April 30, 2012

* King Island Ultra results				
Pl	Time	Last Name	First Name	M/F
1	7:28:01	Fraser	Lachlan	M
2	8:22:00	Jennings	Natalie	F
3	10:22:35	Talbot	Christopher	M
4	11:47:22	Murray	Gregory	M

* See article opposite page



King Island Ultramarathon

By Lachlan Fraser

I've never been passed on a run by a portalo, but then this was my first time to King Island (KI), at the western side of Bass Strait. It's a place of cheese, beef and seafood, of shipwrecks and friendly locals, as well as an abundance of both wildlife and roadkill, best left off the menu. KI beckons those looking for a new experience, where the clock hasn't spun too quickly and country customs apply.

The undulating farmland, and tea tree forest beside the gravel road in the south, belies the jagged coastline a few kilometres westward. Here was the site of Australia's worst maritime disaster, the wreck of the *Cataraqui* in 1845, with the loss of 400 migrants and crew. Only one passenger was amongst the nine survivors. Ten years earlier, 224 people on the *Neva*, mostly convict women and their children, had drowned when their ship was wrecked to the north-east. Their deaths were the impetus for the construction of the Cape Wickham Lighthouse at the northern tip in 1861 - to guide the captains aiming for Bass Strait, "the eye of the needle," relative to the wide oceans on the long voyage.

The lighthouse never received an official opening, so to commemorate its 150th anniversary KI put on a week of activities, including the inaugural 78.4km King Island Ultramarathon on November 5, organised by Ian Allen. Six runners had signed up for the whole distance (one non-starter), with 14 others either running or walking in teams. An hour's flight from Tullamarine or Moorabbin airports in Melbourne delivers you to the capital of Currie, and unless you have hired a car your accommodation provider may pick you up, there being no taxi or bus service. Perhaps

the Indian doctor couple at the hospital expected spicier food when they chose to move to Currie, poor things having to cope with KI bries and blues, steak and lobster.

I stayed at the Gem Motel and walked in to Currie which, like other island communities, shows the effect of salty fog on the buildings and cars. Still pretty enough for a photo. I headed to the wharf for a look at the



*Lachlan cruising on King Island
photo courtesy Ian Allan*

lighthouse. En route is the curiously named "Restaurant With No Food," where a couple from Launceston beckoned me over to enjoy a glass of wine and some local cheese. Much of the populace was gathered nearby for a square dance, but usually this gallery by the bay is popular and you provide your own food and grog.

The next morning at 4:30am at the Currie Post Office I met Natalie "Go Girl" from Sydney and Chris from Tassie, who reckoned the drive south to Stokes Point would take half an hour. With half of the solo field in our group, we hoped the race scheduled for 6am wouldn't start without us. Closer to 5am a

4WD turned up and we introduced ourselves to the bloke, who then explained "You wouldn't believe it, I had a f**king flat tyre! Anyway, it's only a fifteen minute trip." We jumped in and motored along, and the road became gravel and winding. Chris beckoned him to pull over and promptly lost his pre-race breakfast and hydration. Back underway, our affable driver said, "My mum always told me 'Drive at the pace of your passengers.' Oh well, here, have some tissues!" After a quick detour through a farm and some cattle to get a spare tyre, we arrived at the registration tent with time to spare.

Ian, the Race Director, led us along a track to the squat Stokes Point Lighthouse at the southern tip of KI. In 1838 HMS *Beagle*, of Charles Darwin fame, visited the island and the ship's surveyor lent his name to Stokes Point, while the northern cape, and subsequent lighthouse, was named for their Commander Wickham. We had passed some of the walkers, who started at 5am, lit up like miners with head lamps and fluoro vests. A few words from Ian and we were underway, enjoying the

cool, calm start before the heat rose to 25 degrees in the afternoon. The clock was ticking so I headed out on my own, at a moderate pace, and never saw the other runners until the end.

It's a serene and inspiring place to start a run, with the track initially hugging the inlets of the coast. A plane flew several circuits, recording the start of our journey. King Island is bisected by latitude 40 degrees south, which runs west to the next landfall in Argentina, and along which the Roaring 40's trade winds brought immigrants to Australia. The road is gravel for much of the first half of the run, with gentle

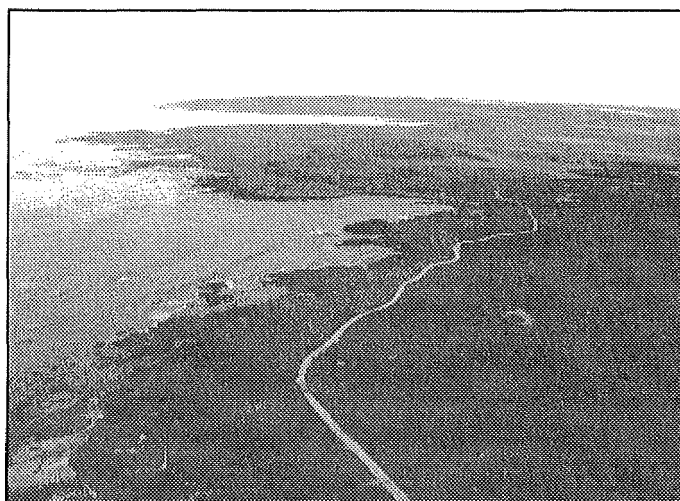
hills rising to 100 metres at most. Coming from the Marysville area in Victoria's Great Dividing Range, I barely noticed them, especially so early in the piece. There were plenty of distractions, passing walkers, wallabies, guinea fowl, peacocks and turkeys. Oh, and that portaloo from the race start being towed northwards. The tea tree thickets provided shade as the sun rose, until late in the morning when the land opened up to farmland, with herds of cows occasionally joining the run, behind their fences that is. A cap is crucial later as the day progresses, heading north into the sun. We encountered some headwind from the north in the morning, counter to the usual westerlies.

The number of wallabies and wombats make for hazardous driving at night in the Bass Strait Islands, and I've never seen so much roadkill on a run before, though it's not a big deal. Anyway, glad I'm not a blowfly, I mused. If you're dawdling, it's time to push the pace a little bit and don't inhale too deeply. Fortunately, the aid stations were thoughtfully placed, at intervals of 10-14km apart and your personal drinks, food and clothing can be sent ahead. The volunteers were most helpful, as was Ian who had to keep rolling out the signage ahead of me. I felt good and kept up a steady pace, faster than he had predicted. Crossing the Ettrick River Bridge, alongside pretty coastal views, the wind and solar electricity station is passed once the bitumen is reached, before a back road is used to avoid the main north-south route.

There are some long straight stretches in the second half of the run, with a few trees at the end as a shady reward with a brief walk for one's effort. I had passed the marathon distance at just over three and a half hours, where I heard the next runner was more than half an hour behind me. Towards the end there are some bay views and the country rises upwards, to reveal some tantalising views of Cape Wickham Lighthouse.

Finally, at 7 hours 28 minutes, with an enthusiastic cheering crowd, I burst through the paper towel finish line, my first banner finish. As an added extra, there's a short steep hill to touch the towering, white beacon.

For recovery there were stalls selling KI hamburgers and snags, washed down with soft drink or beer, followed by a saunter to the shoreline to soak the weary legs and feet. The water was still a bit cool for total immersion. Nearby, yards of linen were being ceremoniously washed, to be made into bonnets to commemorate the many convict



*Aerial view of the course
photo courtesy Ian Allan*

women who drowned in the wreck of the Neva. I returned to the reserve and realized the friendly waving man was signaling me to move, as a huge Sea King Navy helicopter was about to land as part of the festivities.

The Wrecks, a team of eight runners, crossed the line in 8:11, followed by Natalie Jennings running solo in 8:22 and the six on the Navy team in 8:32. Chris Talbot's stomach recovered, arriving in 10:22, just ahead of the eight-person walking team, putting in an impressive 10:56. Solo runners Greg Murray and Heather Dwyer followed, who battled blistered feet necessitating a visit to the hospital. Ricci Bishop and Rod McGarvie were first in as individual walkers, both in 13:06. I figure I had the easier job when there were individuals out there for 13 or 14; well done chaps.

Well rested, I joined a tour to climb the 220 steps of the lighthouse for a spectacular view at the dizzying height of 48 metres, making it the highest in the southern hemisphere. If only the edifice was open more often. After the descendants of the lighthouse keepers met Governor-General Quentin Bryce, we were all invited to indulge in groaning plates of KI cheeses and savouries, washed down with lashings of champagne and wine. For those who could stay till after sunset, there was music, speeches, the ribbon was cut by Her Excellency, and a wonderful sound and light show was projected onto the lighthouse. The locals had never seen such a gathering of cars in one place, as the car headlights made a winding stream in the night journey homeward.

There were no pre-race preparations, nerves or early wake-up calls so I enjoyed a full night's sleep. My hire car awaited - keys under the mat - and when finished, "Leave them in the ignition at the airport - no one's going to steal it!" I buckled up and raised my right index finger, ready to drive, as seems to be the regulation on KI when passing other folk. It's an easy place to get around, visiting the museum, galleries, lookouts, an ancient petrified forest and the company mining town of Grassy.

I had a flying visit to the King Island Dairy, with the fromagerie where it's help-yourself-to-cheese tastings. Laden with half-price cheeses, intending to return one day for the sold out chocolate mousse and bakery's crayfish pie, I hopped aboard the Rex airplane and settled in next to a King Islander. I heard more about the Imperial 20 run, a huge event on KI of 20 miles from east to west, with a handicapped start for everyone depending on marathon or half marathon times, resulting in a tight finish. Accommodation is booked out months ahead. The King Island Ultramarathon may be on again in 2012, once the dust settles. Just don't expect to read the in-flight magazine if you sit next to a local, because conversation comes second nature to the islanders.

A 100 Kilometre Tribute (the GNW100)

by Sandon Morrell

"How did I get here?" I asked myself. It was 10:30pm, I'd been running since 6am, and I was lost in the bush somewhere between Newcastle and Sydney.

My journey to this dark spot started back in February when my wife was diagnosed with breast cancer. I watched her fight this disease hard, helping in what little ways I could. She faced the battle with tremendous strength and grace through several surgeries and then chemo. She won that battle and is now on the road back to good health; she wants to run her first ever half marathon in 2012. I wanted to do something to honour the way she approached this journey, to showcase that strength and grace, and allow her to reflect on the enormity of her efforts. So I chose to attempt my first 100km race on her 43rd birthday - the Great North Walk 100k - as a tribute to her.

Being a seagoing Navy type, my training regime was less than ideal. I ran countless laps of the deck of Sail Training Ship Young Endeavour, which made some of the "youth crew" dizzy - at least it took their minds off their seasickness. But at other times there were weeks on end I just couldn't run due to being at sea on smaller vessels. Not to matter - Noelani didn't get to train for chemo, so I was already ahead of the curve. She showed us all that a strong mind will succeed, and that's what I intended to emulate.

Knowing the 40+ degree history of race day in the previous two years, I made the most of four weeks of Navy time in Darwin, logging some good runs in the heat with loaded backpacks. My pre-race week wasn't the greatest, though. I had decided to take my 3-year-old son with me from Brisbane to visit friends in and around the greater Sydney area. Despite everyone's best efforts to feed, house and relax us, the long days of public transport with a toddler had worn me out. Not the

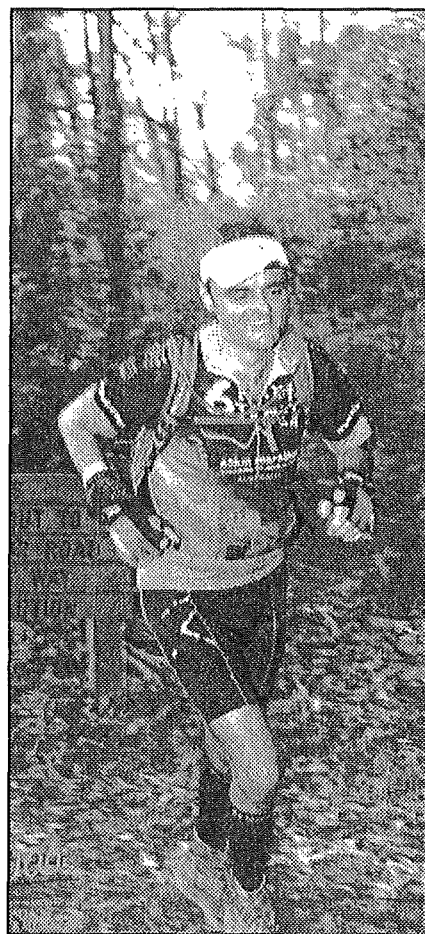
greatest taper, but just another challenge to add to the mix. Oh, did I include the one last uni assignment I had due that week?

My wife flew down two days before the race. This run was all about her, and she had agreed to be my support crew. I knew that seeing her at the checkpoints would help me to draw on her journey so that I could push through any dark moments out there, and I was really excited to be sharing this big day with her.

Before we knew it, it was game time. A 3am start wasn't too bad, and with my sister-in-law looking after the little boy, we made the start line in plenty of time with no dramas. The check-in process was really streamlined, and I enjoyed watching the excitement of runners and support crew getting ready for this day-of-days event. I'd chosen to contribute to medical research into exercise-associated hyponatraemia, rhabdomyolysis and renal compromise. This involved giving blood at various checkpoints, and I gave my first sample here at the start line. The three doctors taking blood and urine samples made the volunteers doing check-ins look like well-paid professionals - it was chaos in there.

A low key start of "Go" at 6am, and we trotted off down the road to cheers from family, friends, and support crews. It took me a while to find my rhythm, and I ran by myself for the first 5km or so before falling into conversation with four others who I would leapfrog for the next 15 hours or so. This is what I love about the ultra-running community - it's so easy just to have a chat to people while you're out racing together. You can be having a great day, or a terrible day, and most of the time there's someone around to share that experience with.

My nutrition plan was working better than planned. My stomach had had some trouble with Hammer Perpetuem during training, but it



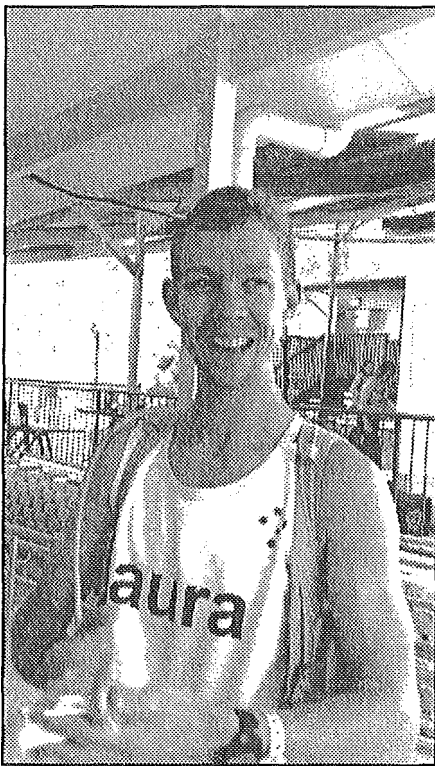
Phil Murphy near Heaton Gap

seemed to go down a treat today. My water intake was high, and the addition of Hammer bars and gels at the right times appeared to be working. I kept the pace light and easy all the way to CP1, which I'd aimed to do in 4hrs. I trotted in at 10:02am, having paced the first section exactly as planned. I felt great, was ready to re-water, re-fuel and head off. Only problem was, I couldn't find my support crew ... anywhere. After some frantic searching of the carpark area, I started to worry she'd been in an accident. I turned on my phone hoping for both reception and a voicemail message, and received both. She was lost. Ahh ... relief. I generally do all the navigation when we travel, not because I'm a Navy navigator and I love it, but because she doesn't! Some other crews tried to convince me to run on, and said that they'd give her a message when

"I'd heard a lot about the long and hot dirt road into the next CP and I wasn't looking forward to that section"

she arrived, but I had to turn them down. This race was all about her, I wasn't going to just run off on her.

I gave her a call to guide her in, but I didn't expect to find her in tears. She'd been driving for the entire four hours I'd been running using a combination of the race directions, car GPS, iPhone maps and her intuition. This had taken her to some serious off-road places (lucky she had borrowed a 4WD). She'd been nearly mugged by two fishermen in the middle of nowhere, and she was



*Sardon at CP2- photo courtesy
Sardon Morrell*

desperately disappointed that she wasn't there to fill my water bottle. I tried to calm her down, stressing the importance of enjoying the day, and noting that I was way ahead of any cut-off times so there was no need to worry or hurry. I quickly found someone who knew the area, and they guided her in. She arrived about 15min later, feeling better. I took some extra time to make sure everything was okay, and tried to find someone she could follow to the next CP. We were still chatting about this when I headed for the gate back

onto the course. Someone called out "Don't worry about her, you've got bigger things to worry about today, runner." I wasn't convinced, and headed back out after a 40min stop, hoping I hadn't turned a tribute into a disaster.

The next 24km to CP2 were the toughest of the race for me. After a fairly straightforward half hour, my joints decided they'd had enough. For whatever reason, I was hurting all over. I figured it was probably the shoes - I was running in the trail version of Brooks Adrenalines, but they were fairly new and not well broken in.

I'd heard a lot about the long and hot dirt road into the next CP and I wasn't looking forward to that section, but to be honest it wasn't as bad as some of those I'd experienced in the Glasshouse 50s in previous years. I passed a few people who were hurting along there, and as I trotted toward the CP I was greeted by screams of joy from my little boy, sister-in-law and 3 year old niece who had come to keep my wife company. It was the greatest CP entry I'd ever had, and a hug from my little boy seemed to take the pain of the last 52km away. My wife was feeling much better, and while I'd been running, this little group had brought her a mobile birthday party, complete with presents, hats and party poppers. I was so glad the day wasn't a disaster after all.

A quick look at my watch confirmed that I'd reached the checkpoint half an hour ahead of my planned time, despite the 40min stopover at CP1. That technically put me over an hour ahead of where I'd planned to be, so I was stoked. I had to wait a while to give blood at this CP, so I used that time to refresh with second skins over my blisters and a change to my trusty road shoes, which would see me well to the finish line. I was still really happy with my nutrition and hydration, feeling strong and not too hot or thirsty despite the heat of the day.

I felt much better heading out of that CP knowing that my wife was once again enjoying her day. The next leg was to be the longest of the day and one that plenty of runners subsequently indicated was their hardest. It included one mighty hill! On the way to that hill, however, the small group I was running with was hit by a little storm. I figured it wouldn't last long, and so kept running while they stopped to fit their rain jackets. About 10min later the rain stopped, and I was starting the long ascent. Something had happened to me since I left CP2. There was a little fire burning inside me, and something my wife said was reverberating around inside my head. "Your second wind is coming." She was right. As I headed up that steep trail of short switchbacks, I began to feel stronger and stronger. I knew this mountain couldn't conquer me, nor would the trails ahead. About half way up, I came upon a runner stopped for a rest. When he said he was having breathing difficulties, I stayed with him for a few minutes until he said he was feeling better for having stopped. He pushed me to go on, so I did. I don't know how long it took to climb that hill, but when I reached the top there were a few runners rehydrating in the shade on a log. I felt great, so pushed on. The next section was just heaven. I was running strong and, although sore and fatigued, I started smiling. I had decided that I could either let the pain and fatigue control me, or I could take control of it. Smiling made all the difference, as I convinced myself that pain was a choice - a choice I wasn't going to make on this run. I eventually felt so good I considered trying to convince the race director to let me transfer up to the 100 mile event, and just keep going! Perhaps I was delirious.

I headed deeper into the rainforest as the light began to fade, and I hoped to be in and out of CP3 before sunset, as the track was very technical here. That was not to be however, as about 1500m from the CP my right knee suddenly erupted

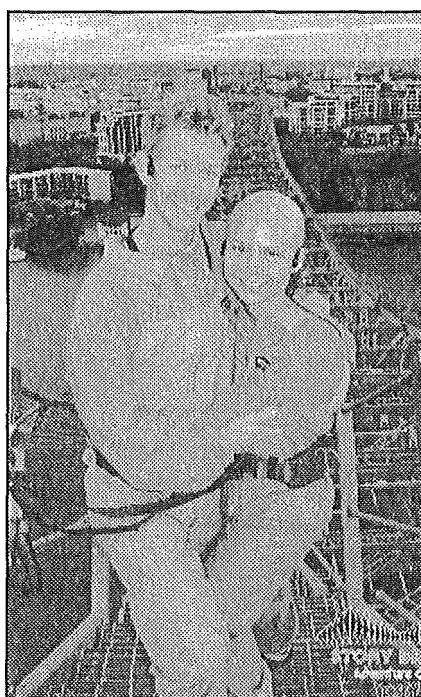
"SMILE while you're loving it, but smile deepest when it hurts the most"

in excruciating pain. I had to stop for a minute just to let the pain subside. Try as I might, there was no way I could run on this leg, and that last kilometer and a half seemed to take forever. I hobbled into CP3 (a leech pit), still 15min ahead of my planned time, and collapsed on a blanket soaked in DEET. My knee was a mess and I decided that if I was to finish, I needed to rest it for a while and hope that it "came good" for the last section of 22km. I spent 45min in this checkpoint, and my wife was the best support crew a guy could ask for. In the end, I reminded myself that what she went through wasn't easy. Chemo was damn tough, and this new knee pain was just there to make sure I was properly tested on this journey. Off I went ...

It was pitch black in the valley now, and I was pleased with the power of my headlamp on the technical trail, although I worked hard keeping it out of the eyes of the runners still heading into CP3. My knee was kind-of-behaving but would erupt in sporadic pain, so my pace was all over the place. After climbing out of the rainforest, I found myself on a gentle downhill fire trail heading into the night. I'd been keeping my eyes open for a left turn, when ahead appeared an unexpected T-intersection. Oh dear. It was now 2 ½ hours since I had departed the CP and I was wondering what more could be thrown at me. I pulled out my map and compass, turned my phone to the stars (hoping for some reception), and had no luck with any of the above. "How did I get here?" I asked myself. Just as I was pondering this, headlights appeared along the new road I'd found. I flagged down a car, which happened to be carrying a DNF runner, and asked them if they knew what road this was. "Yes", they replied, "Checkpoint 3 is about 400m down that road there", pointing to where they had come from. If it wasn't so sad it would be funny: I had come in a big loop back to the CP I left hours earlier. This was a make-or-break moment, and I've got to say it was pretty tempting to just wander in there and wave the

white flag. But after a few minutes of "contemplation," I thanked the driver and trudged back up the way I had come. Figuring it would take me about an hour to just get back on the course, I kept checking my phone for reception, and got a quick call in to the race director to let him know where I was. I also managed a message to my cousin, who was waiting at the finish line, as I didn't want them worrying when I was a no-show at my planned arrival time.

On the wayback up the hill I collected two other runners who'd also missed



Sandon and wife Noelani on the Brisbane Storey bridge- photo courtesy Sandon Morrell

that dreaded left turn. They were pretty thankful. We found the correct turn together, but my knee just couldn't keep up with their pace and I watched them head off into the distance as the trail turned to a steep descent back into the valley.

The next few hours were s l o w. I ran whenever I could, but the downhills were killing my knee ... so were the uphills. When I finally emerged onto the long bitumen road to the finish line it was near midnight. My headlamp was fading and I was

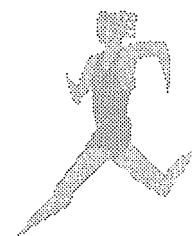
using my backup hand torch, there was mist all around. There were a lot of people waiting for me at the finish and I was starting to feel pretty bad about the delay, when my brother-in-law and his friend pulled up next to me in their car. They were heading home, as it was a pretty late night. Fair enough. We had a quick chat then parted ways. I trudged on, and about 5 minutes later they returned, hooning past me calling out "See you at the finish. As if we wouldn't be there!" That touched me deep, and really got my fire stoked. Regardless of the knee pain, I seriously upped the pace.

After what seemed an endless day, I rounded the final corner and saw the FINISH line - what a sight that was. My wife, cousin, brother-in-law and a friend of his I'd never met had sat out the long, cold night waiting for me. I was an hour and a half late (1:27am), but I'd never felt better. Along the way I'd raised \$4,800 for the Cure Cancer Australia Foundation.

People have since asked me what it felt like to finish, and I've never really answered them properly: I felt that I had done justice to honouring my wife's journey through cancer. While my trial wasn't as long or as difficult as hers, I'd come as close as I could, and I hoped that she knew how much she meant to me.

What would I say are the keys to success in this or any other ordeal (chosen or unchosen)? There are but three:

STRENGTH of mind is the strength that matters most,
SURROUND yourself with the best possible team,
SMILE while you're loving it, but smile deepest when it hurts the most.



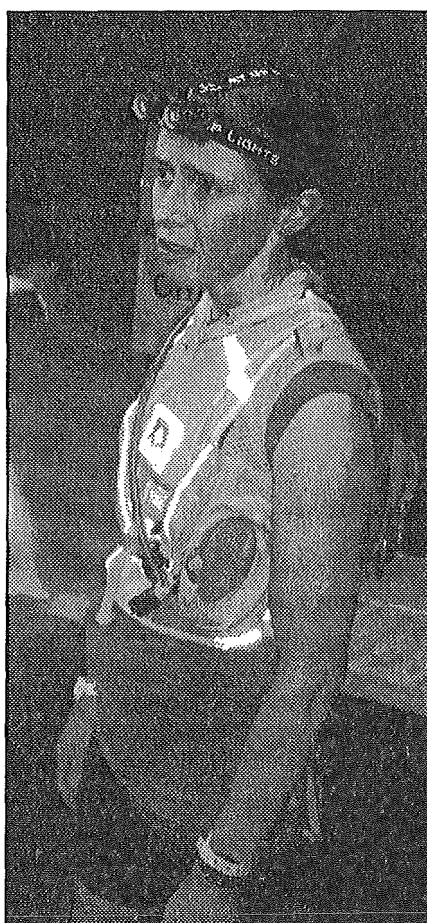
GNW100s 2011 . . . The race within . . .

by Andy Hewat

I wasn't going to write a race report on this year's GNW. Good race reports are full of drama, tragedy and misfortune. I had none of that. All my drama took place months before. By the bucket load. But this year's GNW was by far the single most important I have run. It was also the sweetest finish of all my seven GNWs. Despite being November, it was my first race for the year and, more importantly, my first ultra post-catheter ablation surgery on my heart. So, even though my race unfolded relatively uneventfully, I was in fact running the race of my life. And surging just below the surface was a tide of raw emotions battling to take control and derail my efforts. This is a story within a story. A race within a race. It may be merely just another race, but to me it was a stepping stone to reclaiming my life. My life as an ultrarunner.

A thousand clichés come to mind when I think of how best to describe this race, but none do it justice. A thousand words could describe this race, but even they wouldn't suffice. At 174km, it is not only longer than the standard 100-mile race; it is regarded as the toughest 100 miler in Oz. No arguments here. The dropout rate testifies to that. 50% failed to finish. That is huge. Nevertheless, I finished, and that means I have finished every year - the only person to do so (despite the first year only entering the 100km). But I am not interested in bragging rights. For me, this was a race against myself. A race against my own limitations. A race against my illness. The course simply provided the playing field upon which I would test these limits. There was no guarantee that I would finish. There never is with a race this brutal or this long. And like I said, it all started months before and was still going on even on the start line. Beyond all else, I needed to know if I could still run ultras. This was going to be my big test.

Teralba footy oval at 5am was almost balmy. 100 runners milling around, exuding nervous energy as they registered, fidgeted with gear and went through last minute rituals. I was participating in a voluntary research study that required me to give a blood and urine sample and



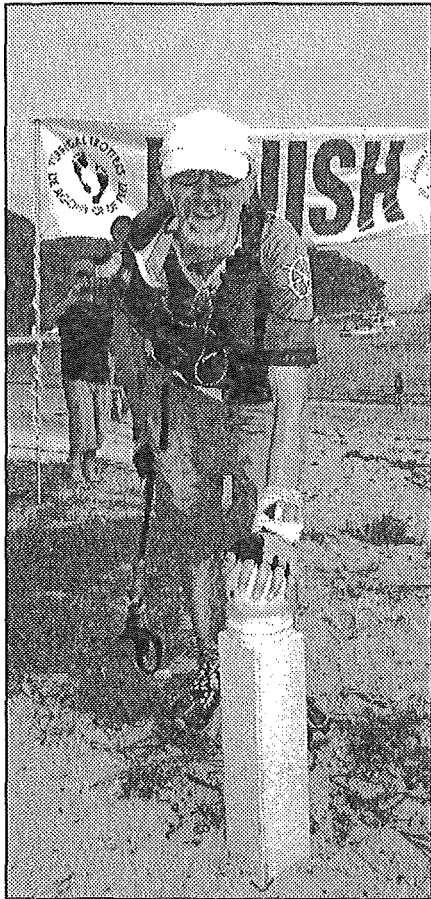
Meredith Quinlan at last checkpoint

answer a short questionnaire. Once that was sorted, I mingled with the crowd of regulars. I was strangely calm, fully aware of what I faced. And fully aware of what it was going to take to finish. Hanging over me was the cloud of uncertainty of how my heart would react to the burden of stress from continual physical exertion for up to 36 hours. For 7 months Atrial Fibrillation (AF) had restricted my running to 3 or 4 easy 8-10 km runs per week. Perhaps

'easy' is the wrong word; none of those runs were easy. But this is the abridged version. Every one of those runs was a challenge on its own. Just getting out the door was a challenge much of the time. The medications and the disorder combined to restrict my ability to run - in fact, restrict my life, my ability to work and simply function. But I refused to give in. I refused to believe that I couldn't beat this thing.

Ten weeks before GNW I had surgery. It took 5 ½ hours and I was in coronary care for 3 nights. Hopefully it would correct, or at least reduce, the attacks of unregulated heartbeats. I couldn't run at all for two weeks after that. In fact, I was worse than before the surgery. By week 3, with the blessing of my cardiologist, I started ramping up my training. I had 7 weeks left until GNW. 4 weeks out I reached 100 km per week for the first time in 8 months. I had niggles all over in protest to the rapid acceleration in mileage. I strung together 3 weeks of 100 km, which left me one week to taper. Still, my longest run since March was little more than 30 km. I would be running on muscle memory. And my muscles have some very ugly memories from this course. I had no other choice; as the only person to have finished every GNW I felt a responsibility to keep this unique streak alive.

Standing on the oval at Teralba, I flicked on my Garmin. I was wearing a 310XT with a foot pod. This would allow me to turn off the GPS but still have a rough guide to distance and pace. But, most importantly, it would spare the battery so that I could monitor my heart rate for the entire race. The screen lit up and my heart sank, figuratively. My heart rate registered at 120bpm, standing still and at rest. Oh crap. That is almost AF territory. In fact my first thought was that I was in AF. I felt the pulse in my neck, regular but fast. I was sure I wasn't in AF. I tried to relax



Andy Hewat at the finish

*"to me it was a stepping stone to reclaiming my life.
My life as an ultrarunner"*

Leslie and Mick all jumped in to help refill my bottles and sort through my drop-bag and reload my pack. I walked out eating a can of rice. I did this at each CP. It allowed an easy transition back onto the course, gave me time to digest and reduced eating times at CPs.

My heart rate had settled a little more now so I ran until it hit 130 bpm; then walked again until it dropped to the low 100s. Repeat. All the way along the road until finally dropping into the Congewai Valley. Again, I eased into the long downhill to spare my quads and keep my HR down. I climbed onto the road and ran steadily all the way to the school and CP2. I felt great. I was really starting to enjoy this. I passed several runners then crossed some others on their way back out from the school. The six previous times I have fought with this road and it went on forever. Today I skipped along leisurely and it was over in no time. I was really enjoying this.

Tim was at the school to crew me. Di helped out as well. It was quick and easy. I gave another blood sample. Answered the questionnaire again: any nausea, stomach cramps, bloating, confusion, vomiting? Nope, I feel great. Reloaded, refueled, I walked out with customary rice in hand.

The climb out of the Congewai Valley is the biggest of the entire course. It destroys many runners. Two-thirds the way up I found a guy lying on his back, pale with zinc cream plastered on and bathed in sweat. "You OK?" "Yep, just overheating." Lucky this is a cool year, I thought to myself. The several false summits didn't phase me. I climbed like I was out for a Sunday stroll, easy and casual, constantly checking my Garmin and keeping things under control.

Past the tower I started running again along Cabans Road. I came up behind a walker clearly not well. He was swaying across the road with the occasional stumble. I stopped

to check on him. It was Roland from Switzerland and he was not well, but had resolved to walk down to Watagan Creek Road and get a ride out. "Have you spoken to your crew?" "No, no reception." I knew it was a long drive in for the crew and once we drop to the road there is no phone reception. So I tried to ring Dave B to get a message through. Voicemail only. So I rang the radio operator at Somersby School who would be able to pass the message on. That done I checked he was OK to walk out and got back to business.

Reaching Watagan Creek there was a new footbridge so dry feet for a change. Very welcome. The climb out of the valley is brutal. No other word for it. But once again it just ticked away and soon I was refilling at the unmanned water drop at the top. Last year I had met Dog here in the back of Dave's 4WD. No-one here this year. Somewhere along the road I did encounter Dave B driving into the water drop. He stopped and we chatted. He commented that I looked fresh and, surprisingly, I actually felt it. The late afternoon sun was filtering down through the trees and I was out for a day in the bush, and really enjoying it.

The race was on to get into CP3 before dark. I started pushing a little harder and watched as my HR crept up and my threshold for what I would allow went up with it. I started dropping into the basin. I slipped on a leaf-covered step and slid down several steps; bump, bump, bump, hitting the back of my head hard on the steps as I went. I lay there doing the mental check. Legs? Fine. Arms? Fine. Head? Sore, but OK. Only one crushed finger that I had landed on. It was sore but nowhere near as bad as the little toe I broke 2 weeks before the race. I could feel that all day swelling up in my shoe.

Approaching the basin, darkness finally overtook me and I started crossing paths with runners coming back the other way. I pressed on without my headlight, feeling my

and breathe slowly. It lowered a bit but was still over 100bpm when I lined up for the start.

Dave Byrnes sent us on our way right on 6am. I walked from the start, close to Bill Thompson, who usually walks the whole way. And second last place with the sweep car flashing right behind me. Once off the bitumen and onto the bush track I tried some slow jogging, but my heart rate would jump straight up. So I walked for the first couple of hours with only the occasional trot on the downhills. Even on the long drop into Heaton's Gap I restrained and shuffled down easily, putting my ego away. This would help spare my underprepared quads.

I passed a few runners on the monster climb up to Heaton's Lookout; then a few more, including Susannah and Tanky, as I scurried through the rainforest. The path was little more than a crushed leaf litter footpad through the trees. First time ever no leaches. Bill was right behind me, his powerful walking stride matching my run/walk routine and we walked into Checkpoint 1 together. Allison,

*"I was asleep before my head hit the dirt, and the alarm went off in the blink of an eye.
I could have lain there for hours, but I had a job to do"*

way and relying on night vision. I was rewarded by the most spectacular show of fireflies dotted throughout the trees. They flickered like little Christmas lights trying to guide me on my way. It was one of those magical moments that make it all worthwhile.

CP3 is always a welcome sight after the long haul from the school. Tim was there to help, as was Seris with her heavily bandaged and grazed face, courtesy of a bad fall that forced her to pull out. Dog was stretched out on a cot under a blanket. I tried to convince him to come with me. I offered to walk with him. We had plenty of time. I knew how much he dreaded a DNF at CP3 after last year. This one would be hard to take. I figured if I could get him to CP4 he might improve, or at the least have a 100km. No chance. We shook hands and I was off. It always hurts to see those around us fail and reminds us of our own vulnerability.

I partnered up with a guy leaving CP3. I never caught his name but discovered later it was Richard. It was his mate I had encountered halfway up to the comm tower laying on his back. I always find the turnoffs deceptive after leaving the basin. The tracks go for much longer than I remember and I start to doubt my navigation. This time was no different, with the tracks going on and on. Finally, we peeled off and were dropping to Cedar Brush trailhead. I continued to preserve my quads, which by now were starting complain on the downhill, so it was a very leisurely cruise to the road. I passed some runners after climbing the fence. And then some more along the road, checking their maps. The full moon lit up the valley so I turned my light skyward to run in just the moonlight. The trees were hulking silhouettes and a misty fog lay across the fields. It was almost surreal in the moonlight; another one of those purely magical moments. I realised I was running solidly so

I watched my Garmin closely; all good. I kept the heart rate under control, but managed to peel off a solid 11km, and reached the school at Yarramalong right on midnight. Wow, I was about 2 hours ahead of expectations. I would need every bit of that buffer.

CP4 was buzzing at midnight. I was weighed and gave blood again. Ticked all the boxes and surprised everyone with how good I was feeling. Where is the drama? Where are the bad patches? My crew, Tim, had planned to pace me from here to Somersby but had been struggling to get the car shuffled ahead. Turns out he wasn't even there and had been called away on a minor emergency. Jane asked me if I would be ok and even offered to pace me, despite having her face all bandaged and looking rather battered. Despite her generous offer, I said I was alright and, once fueled up and loaded, headed off into the night eating and walking per my routine.

The section from CP4 to CP5 goes through the dead of the night; I always struggle here. This time would be no different. A veil of fatigue descended on me and I couldn't shake it. Fatigue has been an ongoing symptom of my illness. I haven't worked a full day in over 6 months. I have been tired in races before, but this time there was no shaking it. Nick Barlow flew past me. He had been sleeping in the checkpoint and said he felt like a new man. I was jealous. I couldn't take caffeine and was craving some spark to keep me moving. I thought of napping and looked longingly at patches of grass but everything was wet with the dew, and I figured it would pass. It didn't. I shuffled the new road section, back onto the trail and past the old water drop site. The dreaded sleep monsters were heavy on my shoulders; I started hallucinating. Keep going. If I could make it to sun-up I knew I would feel better.

Finally, I broke from the forest into the farmland around Ourimbah Valley and I simply could go on no longer. I was literally falling asleep on my feet. I was staggering. I would wake-up suddenly while walking off the road. Constant microsleeps while on the move. The sun was coming up and there was no magical revival. I picked a small patch of gravel off the side of the road, set my phone alarm for 15 minutes, and collapsed in a heap just as I was. I was asleep before my head hit the dirt, and the alarm went off in the blink of an eye. I could have lain there for hours, but I had a job to do. I wasn't refreshed but I was now wide-awake and ready for the big climb into Somersby.

CP5 was subdued early in the morning. I had lost a lot of time, taking over 6 hours stumbling through the night from Yarramalong. I had soup and refilled for the next leg. I still did not think about the finish; I focused only on the next checkpoint at Mooney Mooney. Rachel Waugh was here after having a bad time of it and we walked out together. But she was keen to get it over and took off before we hit the trailhead. I was moving well again and, despite the fatigue, felt good. Running alone allows you to reflect on many things. I found myself lost deep in thought and smiling contentedly as I picked my way over the rocky terrain. I was loving every minute of it. I was back where I belonged out on the trail.

CP6 was rewarding, knowing beyond this I was on the home stretch. Nothing would stop me now. I was an hour and a half ahead of my 12pm deadline. I knew I could finish easily inside the cut now. My gear sorted I was off in no time. I almost dawdled down to the swing bridge. Suddenly I was in no hurry; the finish time was irrelevant. In fact, I realised even if I didn't finish now I had proven to myself that I could run ultras again. That made me smile again. That was all I really wanted from this race. A finish would be a bonus.

"It was like the pain was there just to remind me that I was very much alive and doing what I love to do: running an ultra on trail"

Richard, whom I had run with the night before, caught me up and I hung onto him and his fresh pacer for a while. The day was heating up and, when out of the breeze, it became stifling hot. The soles of my feet were feeling very macerated. I could feel the pain but it didn't seem to bother me. We climbed and dropped, and then climbed some more. In the distance the gunshots from the rifle range rang out. A helicopter droned constantly overhead extracting felled trees. You could hear the rotors straining as the huge trees swung, pendulum-like, below the chopper.

I found myself alone again and sat in the rock pools cooling off and having some tinned spaghetti. I was really enjoying this and in no hurry for it to end. One last big climb to the unmanned water drop and I was there an hour inside the cut-off.

Susannah and another runner, both with pacers, caught me while I refilled. We chatted and then I decided it was time to finish this thing. I ran most of the way from there to the finish, walking the uphill or when my heart rate nudged above 130bpm. I passed Richard again and kept going, ticking off each familiar landmark as I went.

The road to the Warrah Lookout went on forever. My feet burned now, like someone was applying a small blowtorch to them. My achilles ached with every stride. It felt like there was barbed wire in my sock digging in with every flex of my ankle, but the pain was detached. Really weird. More surreal time. It did not belong to me. I could feel it but it made no impact on my stride. I was on autopilot, in cruise control. I felt myself smiling almost in defiance of the physical discomfort. It was like the pain was there just to remind me that I was very much alive and doing what I love to do: running an ultra on trail. There was nothing else I would rather be doing. There was no other place I would rather

be. I thought of the finish that was now irrevocably mine. I pictured the beach not a mile in front of me. I had run it many times before, but never had it meant so much. Never had I been faced with the prospect of giving up running before. Never had I faced my mortality the way the illness and treatment had forced me to do. I had embraced what I needed to do and proven I was capable. Seems melodramatic now, but at the time I had bottled my emotions for 34:49 hours. I had reigned in every bit of energy and channeled it into one focus: getting to the finish. And now I was nearly there and the relief was overwhelming. These emotions that had been surging just beneath the surface now burst forth and washed over me in wave after wave of relief and pride. Tears streamed uncontrollably down my face. I didn't care. There was no-one to see me. It was cathartic and uplifting at the same time.

I ran hard, as hard as you can after 6,000 metres of climbing and 172 km of running. I passed Nick, who had passed me so long ago in the early hours of the morning. I dropped from the Warrah Trig onto the gravel road. I ran UP the hill. I hit the singletrack. I dodged and weaved. Wave after wave of emotion continued to wash over me. Tears welled in my eyes and the path was a blur. I was on the trail but could not feel it. Yet another surreal moment. I dropped the last few steps and hit the sand. I could see the finish at the other end of the beach. I could see the crowd of supporters gathered. I could see the banners and the marquees; they couldn't see me. I wasn't quite ready for this all to end. I wanted this feeling to soak in. To bask in this glory. I stopped. I sat down on a rock and buried my head in my hands and purged the doubts, the fears and the darkness that had hung over me for months.

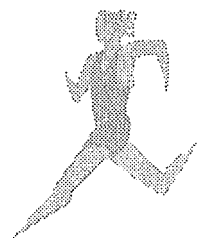
Not more than a couple of minutes passed but with it passed those

months of anguish and despair. It was long enough for me to regroup, and I got up and ran again. Weightless. The soft sand carried me forward; I swear it felt like I was floating across it. I could see the finish line getting closer. I could hear the cheers and the clapping. A bell was ringing but the real clamour was now inside me. My heart beat loudly. My heart beat proudly. I had done it. I had overcome the physical limitations and run on sheer will. I ran across the soft sand without breaking stride. I pumped a fist against my chest, discretely, acknowledging to myself that my heart had got me there. A little private celebration. The cheers and clapping carried me up the beach under the finish banner. I touched that little wooden post signifying my sixth straight 100 mile finish with a sense of relief that words will never do justice to. I hugged Dave and thanked him for giving running back to me. For giving me back what I love. I might not be fully cured and this might be as good as I get but I now have the measure of this disease and I am not done with yet.

Post script:

I got to thank my cardiologist 3 weeks after the race. Not just for the treatment but for giving me my life back. Somehow the thank you just didn't seem enough.

The next day my friend, who has been fighting a losing battle with cancer, died. Although not mentioned in my race report, she was always on my mind at GNW, and provided me much inspiration in not only getting to the start line, but making it to the finish. Her journey is over and she is now at peace.



GNW100 MILES RESULTS 2011

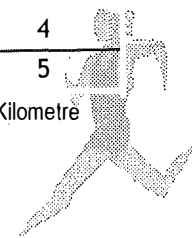
Overall Place	Time	Last Name	First Name	Category	Gender Place	Category Place
1	22:01	VIZE	Andrew	M18-39	1	1
2	22:01	COOPER	Matt	M18-39	2	2
3	22:01	MARTIN	Levi	M18-39	3	3
4	23:01	O'LOUGHLIN	Jonathan	M18-39	4	4
5	24:01	McCLELLAN	Darren	M18-39	5	5
6	24:01	ROBINS	Darrel	M40-49	6	1
7	25:01	QUINLAN	Meredith	F18-39	1	1
8	25:01	GALLAGHER	Ian	M18-39	7	6
9	25:01	BAKER	Jess	F18-39	2	2
10	25:01	MURPHY	Philip	M40-49	8	2
11	27:01	PICKERING	Gary	M50-59	9	1
12	28:01	PARKER	Gareth	M18-39	10	7
13	28:01	NIKOLAEV	Nikolay	M18-39	11	8
14	28:01	GUEST	Steven	M40-49	12	3
15	28:01	ANNETT	Noel	M40-49	13	4
16	28:01	TURNBULL	Chris	M18-39	14	9
17=	29:01	BLEAKMAN	Dan	M18-39	15=	10
17=	29:01	BENAYOUN	Stéphane	M40-49	15=	5
19	29:01	HANNEY	Roger	M18-39	17	11
20	29:01	EVISON	Geoff	M40-49	18	6
21	30:01	WARNER	Marcus	M40-49	19	7
22	30:01	HONG	Keith	M18-39	20	12
23	31:01	EVERY	Paul	M40-49	21	8
24	31:01	VAZQUEZ-RECIO	Luis	M40-49	22	9
25	32:01	MIDDLETON	Alexis	M18-39	23	13
26=	32:01	DRUMMOND	Steve	M40-49	24=	10
26=	32:01	LADYMAN	Rodney	M50-59	24=	2
28	32:01	HUGHES	Michael	M18-39	26	14
29	32:01	SCOINES	Robert	M50-59	27	3
30	32:01	REDDING	Mark	M50-59	28	4
31=	33:01	CHU	Margaret	F40-49	3	1
31=	33:01	WOOD	John	M40-49	29=	11
31=	33:01	WYE	Graham	M50-59	29=	5
34=	34:01	WAUGH	Rachel	F18-39	4	3
34=	34:01	CARTER	Adam	M18-39	31	15
36	34:01	HEWAT	Andrew	M40-49	32	12
37	34:01	BARLOW	Nick	M40-49	33	13
38	35:01	HARVEY-JAMIESON	Susannah	F18-39	5	4
39	35:01	DANIEL	Richard	M18-39	34	16
40	35:01	HUBER	Dan	M18-39	35	17
41	35:01	BROWN	Greg	M50-59	36	6

GNW100 KILOMETRES RESULTS 2011

Overall Place	Time	Last Name	First Name	Category	Gender Place	Category Place
1	11:36	DAVIES	Brendan	M18-39	1	1
2	12:48	STEPHENSON	Shona	F18-39	1	1
3	12:50	GAMBLE	Malcolm	M40-49	2	1

•	13:34	WHITTEN	Philip	M18-39	•	•
•	13:59	WAUGH	David	M18-39	•	•
4	14:52	HODDER	Jeff	M50-59	3	1
5	15:13	BYRNES	Sharon	F40-49	2	1
6	15:16	SIMS	Michael	M18-39	4	2
•	15:21	SMITH	Damian	M40-49	•	•
•	15:39	JONES	David	M18-39	•	•
•	15:42	CLEAR	David	M50-59	•	•
7	15:43	VASQUEZ	Alonso	M40-49	5	2
•	15:45	HEATON	Kevin	M40-49	•	•
8	15:55	LAFFERTY	Lise	F18-39	3	2
9=	15:56	MARKEY	Gavin	M18-39	6=	3
9=	15:56	LAYSON	Andrew	M50-59	6=	2
11	16:02	O'SHEA	Matthew	M18-39	8	4
•	16:09	CAMERON	Robin	F50-59	•	•
•	16:27	THOMAS	Peter	M18-39	•	•
•	16:42	PEARCE	Brendan	M18-39	•	•
12	16:43	JUDD	Gavin	M18-39	9	5
•	17:03	DOKE	Marie	F40-49	•	•
13	17:54	EMR	Mark	M18-39	10	6
•	18:12	FAHEY	Paul	M18-39	•	•
14	18:28	McGRATH	Michael	M40-49	11	3
•	18:39	GOUCHER	Jeff	M40-49	•	•
15	18:47	MURPHY	Jason	M18-39	12	7
16=	18:49	CAMERON	Katherine	F40-49	4	2
16=	18:49	CAMERON	Angus	M40-49	13	4
•	18:54	DEAR	Kirrily	F40-49	•	•
•	18:55	CAMPBELL	Seth	M40-49	•	•
•	18:57	HOWELLS	Raymond	M40-49	•	•
18	19:06	KRANZ	Adam	M18-39	14	8
19=	19:21	OSBORN	Jamie	M40-49	15=	5=
19=	19:21	SHIELDS	Philip	M40-49	15=	5=
21	19:27	MORRELL	Sandon	M18-39	17	9
•	19:48	VEZEY	David	M40-49	•	•
22	19:49	BLACKMORE	Kieron	M50-59	18	3
23	19:59	O'CONNOR	Kathleen	F18-39	5	3
•	19:59	AUSTIN	David	M40-49	•	•
24	20:17	TEMPLE	Neil	M40-49	19	7
25	20:25	ENGLISH	Stephen	M50-59	20	4
•	20:25	CAMPBELL	Grant	M18-39	•	•
•	20:35	JAMES	Ray	M60+	•	•
•	20:45	BELL	Tamyka	F18-39	•	•
•	20:47	NG	Seow Kong	M50-59	•	•
26	21:19	KNIGHT	Nigel	M18-39	21	10
27=	21:35	MOLONEY	Mallani	F18-39	6=	4
27=	21:35	SWAIN	Elizabeth	F40-49	6=	3
29=	21:38	WALSH	Kate	F40-49	8	4
29=	21:38	FOX	Robert	M50-59	22	5

• Runners who entered the 100 Mile event had the option of finishing at (or after) 100 Kilometres and being included in the Official 100 Kilometre event results. The runners in this latter category have a dot instead of a placing.





Moe 6hr/50km

The loneliness of the long distance runner

by Barry Higgins

When I ran my first Victorian 6-hour track championship in 1996, just after my first ever marathon (the Melbourne), I was the ripe old age of 58.

The incredible Ian Cornthwaite nudged 80kms, 13kms ahead of second placed Michael Grayling. I was quietly thrilled to finish ahead of the legendary Tony Rafferty; although I suspected Tony was warming up for a "real" ultra, like the Colac Six-day event. And the lovely Dawn Parris dented my male ego when she edged me out by almost a lap.

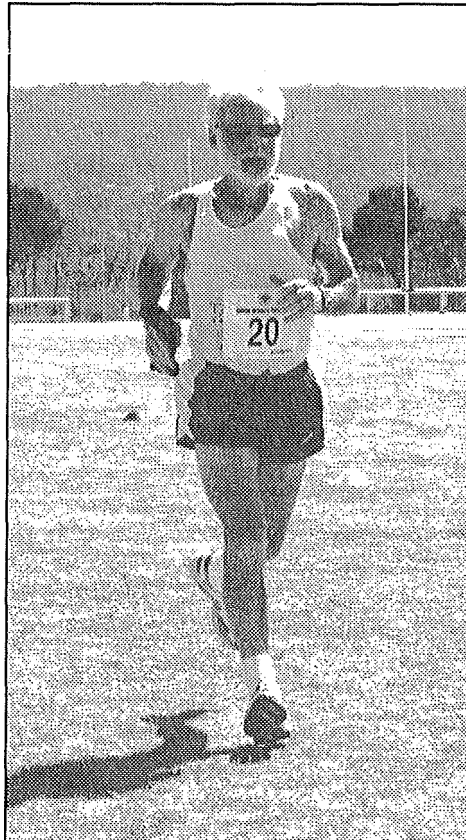
Geoff Duffell, then the AURA mainstay of our club and the motivator of our ultra-events and state championships, checked my miserable 57.647km six-hour distance. I was intrigued at my first experience of "dropping the bags" to accurately measure distances achieved. To our surprise it was an Australian age-group record. As Geoff bluntly, but honestly stated, it was "a very soft record." (In my defence, I had two 15-minute sessions on the massage table - which I enjoyed more than the track.)

The next year, 1997, former world champion and record holder Linda Meadows was outright winner with 75.958km, ahead of the omnipresent Kelvin Marshall, 73.374km, and I was third outright, albeit with a humble 52.602km. In the 50km race Ken Matchett set a number of world and Australian 75-79 age records.

Fast forward to 2001: I can't find any records of 1998 - 2000, nor recall the details of those years; a bit like my memories of the swinging 60's! While Warren Holst won in 2001 with 75.769km, the magnificent Shirley Young, at age 71, kicked my butt and taught me a lesson about ageism and sexism. She was outright fifth and first woman, with a new world age-group record of 59.384km. What a

legend! The records show I stumbled to the 46.904km mark, ahead of 76-year-old Stan Miskin with 43.406km - another role model.

In 2002 Jevvan McPhee ran 72.0km. The first woman, Lee Graham,



*Barry at Eden Fun Run -
photo courtesy Barry Higgins*

reached 59.2km, ahead of me (55.2km), Shirley Young, 54.8km, and Peta Mullens with 50.8km. Lee's age was nearly the exact average of Shirley's and 14-year-old Peta's ages.

Bruce Renwick (73.793km) was second to Roger Maximiw in 2003, and I sat on the sidelines and counted Bruce's laps as he demolished my Australian record for the 55-59 age group. The legendary Stan Miskin, then aged 78, surpassed

the marathon distance, while Fred Brooks (whom, I suspect, was already an octogenarian) also ran well.

In 2004 world age-group record holder Ken Matchett, now in his eighties, again ran the 50km event. Ken often wore his running singlet bearing the message "Life begins at 80."

In 2008 I had just returned from Europe and our son's wedding, plus a run in the marathon Seine Eure in France. With a bad case of the dreaded travel virus I staggered just past the marathon finish, accruing 44.4km. Winner was "Doc" Lachlan Fraser, just three months before the 2009 bushfires destroyed his hometown of Marysville. Lachlan established the Marysville Marathon after the fires, and was inspirational in helping drive the recovery of his traumatised community.

Late last year, fifteen years after my first ultra, I arrived home after a few months interstate on the day before the 2011 championships - the same event. I was severely underdone. And at age 73 why did I decide to run it? And why did Shirley, Ken, Stan, Fred and all of us still run ultras into our ripe 'old' age? There are myriad reasons that we read and talk about often, but one significant motivation is well summed up by the evergreen Norm Yarger. Norm asks rhetorically, "Why do I keep on going in the face of adversity?" His answer: "Out there I meet someone really important to me - ME. And I am still learning more about ME, so I don't want to quit yet."

I regarded the event as a training run, and plodded on until my body complained and I was forced to walk, which I did alongside some of the other participants. However, with the usual supportive community atmosphere, I didn't feel bad about not being able to run. The lap

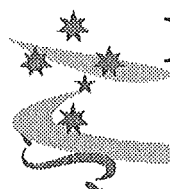
scorers, resting relay team members, and support teams encouraged every runner.

Earlier, Ryan Wissmer and David Staehr regularly lapped me, but gave all of us lots of encouragement as they passed. I spent some time jogging and walking with regulars Bruce Ohlenrott and Steve Jordan, and Anna Orr at certain times. In fact most of the field encouraged each other, and chatted throughout the afternoon and evening. Many were old acquaintances from previous years or other events such as the Coburg 6-hour.

Afterwards, dual title winner Anna said, "The support of fellow runners, who would've been in just as much pain as me, but still continued to add words of encouragement as they passed, never ceased to amaze me. I love the fact that you can meet some pretty interesting people, and make good friendships in these types of runs. I'm looking forward to doing more ultra-marathons - that don't involve running around in circles, and hopefully (have) nice scenery and changes!"

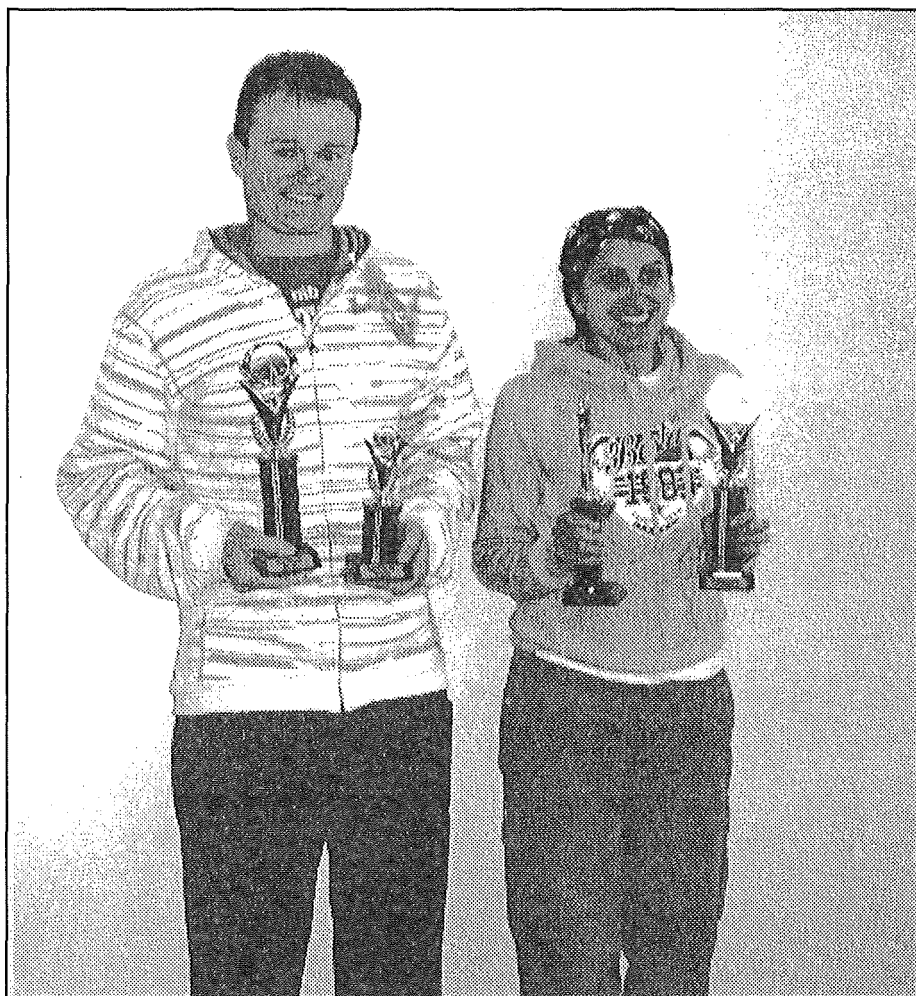
Veteran race-walker Brian Glover, with his wife Jacqui as his support crew, travelled from Portland to complete his twelfth track championship in the Valley. Karyn O'Neil and Michelle Thompson are also regular entrants. Jeremy Nagel and I talked about the meaning of the universe and more, in his first ultra. Steve and Bruce gave Jeremy a lift back to Melbourne; they planned to talk him into tackling the Eureka Tower Sky Run with them next morning. Amazingly, Anna, with some of her fellow Traralgon Harriers, also went to Melbourne and ran a creditable time in the Sky Run.

As Alan Sillitoe wrote in his iconic story *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, "It's a treat, being a long-distance runner." And as Kevin Tiller (CoolRunning) explained, "Anyone can become a distance runner and there is certainly no need to be lonely about it." Especially on the Joe Carmody Track at the six-hour championships.



Moe 50k/6 Hour Track Championships

By Chris Kelly



Chris Kelly with Anna Orr

The Moe 50k/6 Hour Championship is a prestigious race that has consistently attracted athletes from a range of disciplines (walkers, joggers, runners), each with their own goals and objectives. This year's race, like those before it, saw runners from far and wide drag out their well worn sneakers for another round of gruelling punishment. There were no cannons to start this race off, just the voice of Greg Semmler whose cry of "GO" triggered instant movement from the competitors who immediately began to jostle for the best position. It was made clear from the start that Ryan Wissmer (in his first ultra) and David Staehr were going to be the ones to beat. Fuelled by electrolytes, they set a scorching pace, overlapping rivals

at will and threatening to blow the race apart.

As the race entered the afternoon, the weather started to have an effect on the athletes. An increase in the heat and stronger winds forced competitors to increase their hydration levels and to slap on the sunscreen. Everywhere you looked there were little duels between two athletes, such as between Luke Stratford and me, and between Jeremy Nagel and Anna Orr. Each of these battles were absorbed by the crowd and allowed for an enthralling race. As well as the individual battles that were occurring, there was also competition between teams. There were two teams in this year's event; the first was the Beyonce Boys and

the second, the Misfits. Both teams comprised some excellent runners, which ensured there was never a dull moment as the camaraderie of team mates and the desire to win resulted in the competition being at its peak. Eventually it was the Beyonce Boys who would prove too strong for their opponents and come through with a well deserved victory.

Adding to the atmosphere, and the general feeling of good will in the event, was the strong showing from the vets. The attendance in this year's event included (amongst many others) long time competitors Barry Higgins, Brian Glover, Karyn Oneil and Steve Jordan and was fantastic, with each proving they can mix it up with the young guns. Their performances prove the adage that age is only a number.

As the race entered into the final stages, and the race markers were handed out, there was a sigh of relief from all competitors and crew. Competitors were thinking

food/rest, while crew were thinking TV and home; well done to all. The final results for the 50k were Ryan Wissmer, 1st, David Staehr, 2nd, and me, 3rd. In the women Anna Orr took 1st place. In the 6 hour event I was fortunate to be 1st with Luke Stratford 2nd and Rob Sutton 3rd. Anna Orr (in her first ultra) was again 1st with Karyn Oneil 2nd. Michelle Thompson succumbed to a long-term injury and had to withdraw at the 35 km mark, resulting in 3rd place.

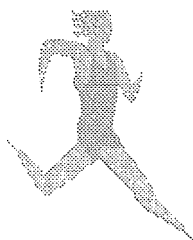
Additional mentions need to be made to other athletes who put in outstanding performances. One of these was Nick Schilling, who was showing good form until injury forced him to retire. Unfortunately, every race has casualties, and Nick was one of them in this race. Secondly, Jeremy Nagel, who is a new name on the scene, showed some great technique as he paced himself around the track (watch this space). Thirdly, there was Luke Stratford who, as usual, put in a gutsy performance that somewhat optimised his year,

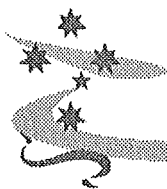
which has included some stand out times of sub-9 hours in 100km races.

Finally, the crewing members for each athlete need to be recognised; the crewing at this event was fantastic. Everybody involved were full of support and encouragement for all competitors. One example of this came from my own support crew, where my father Clem fronted up for yet another event. I always drag my father along, and at 70 years of age and a former professional boxer, he has been helping out as an aid for ultra runners over the last four years. There are so many people like this, and without their help life would be so much harder.

Overall, it was a fantastic event that attracted a wide array of athletes. All those involved should be thanked and congratulated. A special thanks needs to go out to Greg Semmler and his crew, who on short notice took on the event management role and managed to pull off a great event.

6 HOUR				
Rank	Time	Last Name	First Name	Gender
1	65.200	Kelly	Chris	M
2	60.200	Stratford	Luke	M
3	54.372	Sutton	Rob	M
4	52.998	Orr	Anna	F
5	50.400	Nagel	Jeremy	M
6	47.289	Olenrott	Bruce	M
7	47.200	Higgins	Barry	M
8	46.600	Glover	Brian	M
9	43.331	O'Neil	Karyn	F
10	42.996	Jordan	Steve	M
11	35.664	Thompson	Michelle	F
12	25.000	Schilling	Nick	M
50 KM				
1	3:23:04	Wissmer	Ryan	M
2	3:52:45	Staehr	David	M
3	4:16:00	Kelly	Chris	M
4	4:27:00	Stratford	Luke	M
5	5:28:18	Sutton	Rob	M
6	5:32:08	Orr	Anna	F
7	5:53:30	Nagel	Jeremy	M
TEAMS				
1	82.800 km	Beyonce Boys		
2	66.000 km	Misfits		





Razorback Ultra

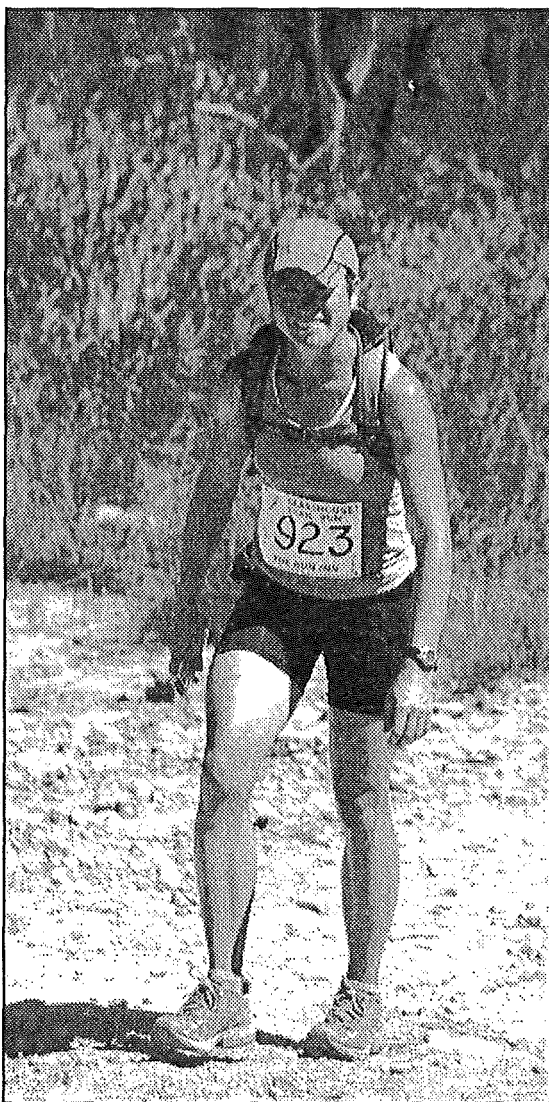
By Peggy Macqueen

Quoting Mark Twight, an American alpinist who specialises in suicidal mountain climbing routes, Aron Ralston believes 'It doesn't have to be fun to be Fun'. Aron ought to know a bit about what is and is not Fun having sawn his own hand off with a blunt knife to free himself from a rock fall in Utah. But Mark Twight (and Aron Ralston) are right. It is all down to your personal definition of Fun and one of my, and quite likely your definitions, includes testing the limits of one's running endurance (perhaps not to the extremes Twight had in mind). In combination with a brisk early morning, cold mountain air, snow gums and never-ending expanses of alpine heath, I cannot imagine anything better. A second, closely related definition of Fun might include a cosy pub, baked freshwater trout with garlic and lemon, homemade chips and a pot of Coopers Stout. Happily, both types of fun can be had at Harrietville, northeastern Victoria.

If you haven't been to Harrietville to run in one of Paul Ashton's Running Wild endurance events, and you have definitions of fun similar to those above, then go there. In fact, you don't even have to go to Harrietville. Paul (and Graham Smith) organise Fun all over Victoria, in its nicest and highest places. Their Razorback Run, though, includes the windswept peaks of Mount Feathertop and Hotham and the meadow-like Razorback Ridge. The air is cold, the trails are steep and the views are breathtaking. Sometimes the air is very cold. It sleets; meandering trails become treacherous rivulets and you can forget the views. You don't see much through swirling cloud - not even your hand, which you also won't feel. If this still fits your idea of Fun, as it does mine, and undoubtedly Aron and Mark's, then

you would have revelled in the most recent Razorback Run.

The Alps are both dangerous and attractive places to organise an endurance event. Dangerous, due



Peggy Macqueen NOT running the Razorback

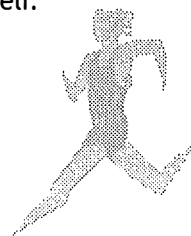
to the natural wildness of the region and the dramatic changes in altitude and weather conditions; attractive, due to the natural wildness of the region and the dramatic changes in altitude and weather conditions. Paul takes these elements to heart and invents runs that focus on the

attractive, with a healthy respect for the dangerous. The result is a series of events that insist on personal responsibility and enjoyment in majestically wild places, but provide a safety net for the unexpected. This is precisely the mix that endurance trail runners and walkers want and they should thank whichever Running God they pray to for people like Paul Ashton.

Which brings us to the majestically sodden 2011 Razorback Run. November holiday makers at the Harrietville Caravan Park were woken by the sound of unhappy runners sheltering from rain in a picnic shed. Paul bounced around enthusing about the rain and mist. None of the runners were moved to enthuse much, but it was nice of Paul to try. It didn't look like we were going to be needing our mandatory snakebite bandages. In fact, it was unlikely we would need our mandatory water. I thought, wistfully, about the extra non-mandatory thermal I had left in the caravan.

Leaving the bitumen, the Feathertop track to the treeline started and ended as a muddy fight through water-logged undergrowth. So much for brisk early mornings in the mountains. I admit that at this point I was unable to see the Fun in it. On the bright side, I only fell over once, was keeping warm and could still see the runner ahead of me. My new race food on trial - Arnotts Shortbread Creams - was going down well. From the treeline, wind speed went up and body warmth down. I had ghostly glimpses of the runner moving through boulders higher on the mountain ahead of me and when he passed me on his way back from the summit, he seemed to be enjoying himself.

"On the bright side, I only fell over once, was keeping warm and could still see the runner ahead of me"





A runner on the wet high plains

Of course he was! Coming back off the summit it felt like all the hard work was done. All that was left was a jog along the Razorback, up Hotham and down Swindlers Spur, and up Machinery Spur and back up Hotham and... thus began the mental ups and downs of long distance running. Fleeting snatches of misguided optimism, interspersed with interminable stretches of cold realism.

The Razorback was pretty cold. I had warmer memories from 2010 of alpine flowers, butterflies and views across shaded valleys; loping easily along a pretty, undulating track. The Razorback of 2011 was icy, windy, flower-less and emptied of butterflies. It was also *much* hillier. Perhaps when you can't see the slopes around, it makes the ones you're on seem steeper. By now my Arnotts Shortbread Creams and I were on our own. The runner who had been ahead of me at Feathertop had taken a left hand turn after the summit to go down Diamantina Spur. As he did so, he stopped and waved in a friendly way at me. I waved in a friendly way back and

he nodded and kept going. Later I realised that he had been looking for confirmation of direction, not competitor camaraderie. I didn't know where he was going or which of the many route options he thought he was going to do. As it turned out, I sent him the wrong way. No matter, not a lot of people seemed to take their planned route. Wind, sleet and cold can have a modifying effect on the distance you feel like travelling.

In Mt Loch carpark, a desolate expanse of gravel near the Hotham summit that can only be improved by a blanket of snow, Connie and Adrian provided sugar and a check-in sheet I was too frozen to sign. The inside of their Subaru was warm and inviting. Connie had been curled up reading 'Freedom' by Jonathan Franzen. In that novel environmentalists rail against the ugly process of mountain top removal - a fairly self-explanatory method used by mining companies interested in the quickest way of getting at coal. I'm usually quite an environmentalist myself, but blowing the top of Mount Hotham away with high-powered

explosives suddenly seemed attractive. Two hours later, zigzagging up Machinery Spur past, strangely, the entrance to an old-fashioned mineshaft that still provides gold to a market somewhere, a patch of blue appeared above me. Sun shone through the gums, drops of water sparkled and birds sang in the undergrowth. This was the first of two moments of sun that day. The patch of blue only lasted around a minute, but made it all worth it. The mountain top could stay.

Returning to soulless Mt Loch carpark under a cloud and high winds, I again forged my own signature badly on the check-in form and resisted the temptation of a warmed Subaru. The wind was now driving icy rain into my face, my eyes were streaming and I was running up the main road to a summit I couldn't see.

I was tired with the effort of shivering, one of my socks was crammed down the front of my shoe and my pack, with the now soggy Arnotts Shortbread Creams, had rubbed a painful hole in the lower part of my back. I passed a cyclist coming the other way intently watching the yellow road markers through the mist, rigid with cold, knuckles blue with the effort of braking. Weirdo.

I lost my way between the summit of Hotham and Diamantina Hut, a distance of around 500 metres and basically unblemished by trees. When I finally fell out onto the main road and crossed to the Razorback track, Graham materialised out of the mist. A kindly ghost in a lumberjacket. He still doesn't know how pleased I was to see him. Crashing in the wrong direction through alpine heath and regrowth is painful and lonely, and demoralising when you thought you were on a direct downhill run to the pub. The Razorback was still butterfly-free and strangely hillier than it should have been, but at least in this direction I was closer to home.

"I'm usually quite an environmentalist myself, but blowing the top of Mount Hotham away with high-powered explosives suddenly seemed attractive"

I allowed myself a quick mental image of the trout, homemade chips and stout.

It is an oddity of nature that the track going down Feathertop is longer than the same track going up. This might seem impossible, but it is true. Don't ever think you are nearly home coming down from Feathertop. You are not.

I fell over a second time, this time due not only to mud, but also to tired legs and unrestrained and distracting mental images of baked trout. There was no real damage aside from a shattered Arnotts Shortbread Cream, but I cursed myself fairly unreasonably and loudly for my lack of concentration, surprising some aging bushwalkers coming up the trail. Harrietville was too far, rain was too wet, rocks were too slippery, alpine heath was too spiky, mud was too muddy, Arnotts Shortbread Creams made me feel sick. What was the *point*?

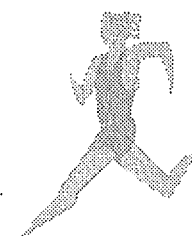
Toward the bottom of the mountain, the second fleeting patch of blue appeared in the sky. Sun shone through water-laden orange and yellow flowering cassias leaning like a cathedral arch over the trail. Perhaps I would have missed the moment if the trail had been shorter coming down.

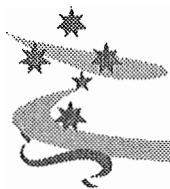
In the end, Fun does not always have to be fun, but somehow, it is.

"I fell over a second time, this time due not only to mud, but also to tired legs and unrestrained and distracting mental images of baked trout"

Razorback Run November 2011

Name	distance	Time
Stephanie Gaskell	68km	DNF
Peggy Macqueen	68km	9.22.45
Karen Pedley	68km	13.34
Roz Barker	64km	DNF
David Cole	64km	DNF
Karen Cole	64km	14.15
Jacqui Hansen	64km	DNF
Mathew McCabe	64km	DNF
Arnulf Riedl	64km	10.51.08
Karl Riedl	64km	10.51.08
Doug Strohfeld	64km	14.15
Clare Weatherly	64km	14.17
Gillian Fowler	68km	11.04
Miles Bouvier Baird	58km	DNF
Stewart Downs	58km	10.09
Michael Edwards	58km	14.00
Charles Blumer	38km	6.56
Terry Cornall	38km	6.33#
Steve Lee	38km	5.24
Mike McDermott	38km	8.10
Lucy Bett	22km	4.36
Gerard Fauvrelle	22km	3.25
Zoe Geyer	22km	3.55
Corey Lee Kelly	22km	3.25
Josh Leiner	22km	3.50
Eloise Matthews	22km	3.34
Prue Martinotti	22km	3.34
Keith McIntosh	22km	4.50
Catriona Miller	22km	2.55
Andrea O'Connor	22km	4.36
Euphemia Russell	22km	
Kim Shore	22km	
Mark Speechley	22km	5.25
Lauren Starr	22km	2.48
Ai Suguta	22km	5.25
Steven Swann	22km	3.49.16
Clive Vogel	22km	3.34
# Did not summit		





Running Penguins and Chips: The Bruny Experience

By Bernadette Briglia

"You're doing WHAT? Why on earth are you doing that NOW?" were the most predictable responses I got when I mentioned the Bruny Island Run. Any female over 60 should apparently be home knitting, or looking after the grand children. The more obvious question is *"Why not?"*

If I needed reasons to explain my running, the primary ones would be my partner, my dog, and my grandmothers. Tony, my partner of 40 years, is guilty of introducing me to running about that long ago. He competes successfully in age-group triathlon/Ironman events and I like to attempt to keep up with him. The other resident in our house is a (loosely defined) "cattle dog," who needs large amounts of exercise. Both of my grandmothers died from stroke-related causes, and I've inherited a very scary cholesterol reading.

More simply put now, I'd just go crazy, or crazier, if I stopped.

If those reasons weren't enough, we live in a beautiful rural area adjacent to an undulating equestrian trail. So it's all too easy to pull on the runners every second day, get out the back gate, and just keep going. This, in a good non-training week will get close to 50k. With this base level of fitness, some additional work made an ultra seem like an attainable goal. Although I still compete, bitumen-based fun runs had lost their appeal a long time ago, so it was time for something completely different.

Not wishing to be a liability to race organisers or, to be honest, make a total fool of myself, it seemed like a good idea to try a longer distance before fronting up to a starting line. So, in April 2011, I ran an unofficial 56k on the Mornington Peninsula, along a route that, unhappily, has ceased to be an annual event due to the vagaries of litigation and financial

constraints. While I managed to complete that comfortably in less than 7 hours, somewhere in the process, between Sorrento and Portsea, I festively decorated several agapanthus plants with breakfast. After all, they are noxious weeds.

At that stage every other part of the body felt that they could have managed another 30k, but with a loathing of gels and fuelled by spoons full of homemade blackberry jam, I had to admit that nutrition and gut issues needed some work. Tony has also reminded me, on several occasions since then, that demanding a coffee with milk at the half way mark may not have been a great idea.

Assuming we were going to get that under control, the next question was which ultra? Basic requirements were: less than 80k, cooler weather, a scenic route with something to look at, and definitely not a circular track. Undulating, fine. Mountainous, not fine. Most importantly, I needed somewhere my two daughters would be happy to come and act as support crew, and have a fun weekend at the same time. Bruny ticked all the boxes, so that was it. For the rest of the year training was upped, where possible, mainly by adding another 20+k run in per week. On reflection, more would have been better. Have we all heard that one somewhere before?

The passengers on the flight to Hobart, in all probability, wondered why the crazy old lady was wearing a face mask; but after all that work I wasn't about to let the sneezers and the coughers ruin the plan. Hobart is a beautiful part of the world, but it's hard to relax pre-race and next time I'd book in more days after the run to enjoy Tasmania. So on to Bruny, with the scenic ferry ride followed by a quick drive to get a feel for the course - both a good and a bad idea.

After a pasta dinner (OK, so what else can you have?), and what seemed like two hours sleep, the alarm went off at 3:35am to allow time to prepare for a 5am start. Thinking realistically that this could all take more than 8 hours, we didn't want to finish at midnight. No. 1 daughter, Sandi, had made a huge "Team Biggles" sign for the back window of the little yellow rental car, and that sight was enough to get me through some of the tougher bits later on.

The very relaxed, but wonderfully organised, Paul and team had already sent some solo runners off in the dark at 4.30am. The crew gave Sandi copious amounts of sports drink and two Bruny (running penguin) water bottles for the car, while I pinned on the number for solo runners - featuring that excellent graphic of, yep, the sweaty penguin.

When you have experienced the feeling of setting off in the cool, pale, first light of dawn all alone you will never start a city fun run again, ever. In the first half-hour stretch there were wallabies, echidnas and lambs on impossibly green paddocks. As you run on a hilly, but manageable, soft dirt road, past views down to cozy houses in sheltered bays, you have brief illusions of being able to do this all day. Then you turn on to the main road and reality gradually sets in. The only other people on the road so far had been one team and one solo runner who had started earlier and while traffic now started to appear, it was only one car every twenty minutes or so, all keeping a wide berth and waving encouragingly.

The flattish middle section of main road is still beautiful with masses of different water birds, including black swans, in every view of the sea. The Winners' gels - the fuel of reluctant choice (after much trial and error) kept heading in the right

direction every hour or so and, more importantly, helped down by constant small sips of water, stayed there. Alonnah seemed to take forever to appear, partly due to a few significant "ups" that I hadn't registered from the previous day's drive. The well-placed 2k markers obviously produced mixed feelings. Excellent work, you've knocked over 42k, only a bit more than another half marathon to go. A bottle of water over the head was enough to temporarily recharge the energy levels in the suddenly warmish sunny morning.

Around the 45k mark I was afraid the wheels were starting to fall off, along with two toenails. Every body part was starting to ache or complain and a fellow solo runner nearby began to rather violently revisit his nutrition. We exchanged commiserations about lost breakfasts and toenails and soldiered on. A bandaid and a change of shoes was enough for me. The sight of his support car, complete with happy kids cheering on Dad, while pouring chocolate milk down the side of the car, seemed to do it for him.

The last 15k or so has some significant inclines, and even though I train on and quite enjoy a good hill, the significant distance already covered adds a new dimension to the way you feel about them. This dirt section of the course also has larger chunks of gravel than the previous unmade bits, making it harder to maintain a relaxed rhythm (assuming you had one in the first place).

At this stage no.2 daughter, Pippa, started to run the downs and walk the up hills on the rough dirt road with me. We did break in to song at the more desperate times, which again on reflection, says I could have worked harder. BonJovi, Queen and even the Lion King -yes, it got THAT bad at one point- may have been heard floating tunelessly through the brief bursts of freezing, horizontal rain. It wasn't until the lighthouse came into view in bright sunshine, and a screaming south westerly wind, that I was absolutely sure I was going to make it.

After 7hrs and 43mins, as the lighthouse door was reached, a little girl bounced up with the solo runner's certificate featuring the final penguin, which will probably end up in a frame. Then it was off to Alonnah Pub for complimentary pumpkinsoup, chips (yay!) and carrot cake, along with the presentations, including, for the solo runners, a \$20 gift voucher from the cheery folk at Running Edge in Hobart and much appreciated six-packs of liquid refreshment for various teams. Overall, it was an event featuring top organisation and incredible generosity. Some of the teams, especially those dressed in pink skirts; yes, including the men; and others with much leopard-skin print, added another dimension to the celebrations, and the team names get better every year.

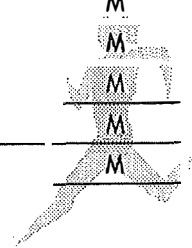
However, it is not all frivolity, and I'm in awe of the achievements of those at the top end of the results. The winning National Australia Bank team was certainly taking things seriously, finishing in 3.41.55. Paul Johnson won the men's solo event in 5.35.41 and Amy Hinds was first home in the women's group in 5.46.16 and second overall. Both Amy and Jacqui Guy (second this year in 6.03.16) have

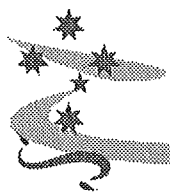
now both won the women's section of this event in very speedy times on two occasions.

What this experience has highlighted for me is the absolute courage, strength, determination and sheer athletic ability required to sustain a decent pace over that last third of the distance. In my 30's, while managing to run a 3:37 marathon, I now know that, even if ultra marathons had been as much part of the popular running scene as they are now, I would never have been able to keep that up over the longer distance. It sometimes helps for us mere mortals to get off the couch and give these things a go in order to appreciate the depth of these achievements.

So back home and post-run, there followed a day or so of walking strangely and going down stairs backwards, before the body bounced back to relative normality. Fairly quickly I think, due to the significant proportion of dirt road along the route. Back on a relaxed warm down run on our track the following Thursday, I had only one thought: *"So which one do you do next?"*

Overall Rank	Performance	Last Name	First Name	Gender
1	5:35:41	Johnson	Paul	M
2	5:46:16	Hinds	Amy	F
3	5:49:46	Ransom	Brent	M
4	5:57:34	Warn	Scott	M
5	6:03:16	Guy	Jacqui	F
6	6:04:42	Allen	Bev	F
7	6:06:56	Chamberlain	Matthew	M
8	6:23:04	Young	Greg	M
9	6:30:10	Beeston	Phil	M
10	6:32:34	Heitz	Marie	F
11	6:48:35	Sutton	Andrew	M
12	6:57:06	Seamon	Chris	M
13	7:18:43	Appleby	Steve	M
14	7:20:24	Hanson	Shane	M
15	7:43:33	Briglia	Bernadette	F
16	7:44:17	Abel	Guy	M
17	8:08:11	Wilcox	Chris	M
18	8:40:35	McKenna	Peter	M
19	8:42:46	Williams	David	M
20	10:33:10	Crotty	James	M





Coast to Kosciuszko...was a cracking race this year!

By Paul Every

In the morning darkness, 42 runners mingled with their support crews on the sands of Boydtown Beach. Camera flashes, visible from Eden across the expansive waters of Twofold Bay, alerted the town's early-rising residents of the unusual activity on the secluded beach. Dawn would herald the start of the 2011 Coast to Kosciuszko Ultramarathon, with the runners soon winding a path through the verdant forests and farmlands of the Towamba Valley.

With a tough 240km before them, only the fastest athletes would see the summit of Mount Kosciuszko the following morning. For some, they would be descending the mountain to the Charlotte Pass finishline deep into their second night of racing. For others, their aspirations would dwindle on the sparse Monaro Plains or on the relentless climbs over the Beloka Range and into the heart of the Snowy Mountains.

Coast to Kosci always bestows a mix of fortunes on its competitors; from dreams being realised, to incrementally unfolding punishing nightmares, all dished out with both stark, brutal realities and moments of sublime reward. 2011 was certainly no different.

As the day warmed the runners approached the first sustained climb, the 7km ascent of Big Jack Mountain that draws runners from the Towamba Valley floor at the 58km mark, to the expansive, rolling grazing lands of the Monaro Plains. As a more than significant bump on the course profile, Big Jack affords the more audacious athletes the opportunity to make a strategic move.

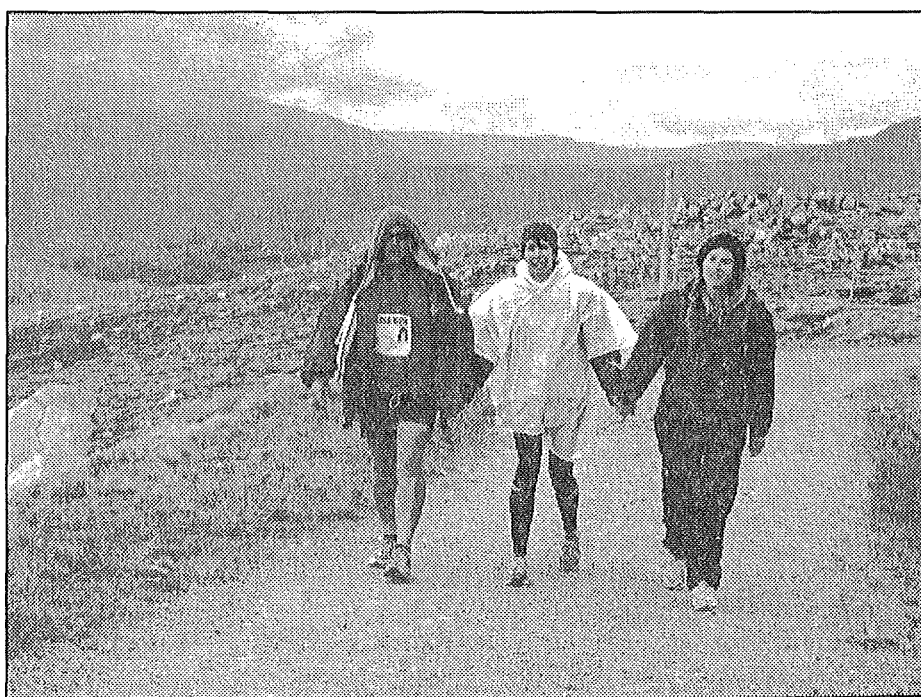
Current Australian 100km champion, David Eadie, was the first to wrest the initiative, storming up the mountain to lead the race toward the small town of Cathcart. Despite his strong running, the move was hardly decisive with GNW 100 Mile record

holder Andrew Vize, Swiss athlete Christian Fatton, and C2K debutant Ewen Horsborough, all in close pursuit.

Similarly, German runner Julia Fatton signaled her dominance with her authoritative running on the steep climb. She moved from sixth place among the women's field to within sight of race leader Pam Muston, and would leave



Jane Trumper (middle) at Coast to Kosci - photo courtesy Katrina Ablett



Lisa Lucas and crew - photo courtesy Katrina Ablett

only dusty footprints for classy runners such as English World 24 Hour representative Marie Doke, defending champion Sharon Scholz, newly lauded GNW 100 Mile record holder Meredith Quinlan, and the best-dressed woman in Aussie ultras, 24 Hour tough nut, Susannah Harvey-Jamieson.

With performances ranging from victory at Glasshouse 100 Mile to a strong finish at Badwater, Pam came to C2K 2011 as a far more accomplished athlete than she did with her startling debut win in 2009. Past Big Jack, Pam was soon battling with Julia through Cathcart, but with 70km of the race behind them, Julia was soon to steadily forge ahead and display the talent that was rewarded with a bronze medal at the last IAU World 24 Hour.

Meanwhile, the leading men were displaying some of the tightest racing in the event's history, with Ewen, David, Andrew and Christian still separated by little more than one kilometre as they left the unsealed road and hit the bitumen of Snowy River Way at 107km. Despite the close racing, the leading quartet maintained their relative positions from late afternoon, throughout the night and the following morning, with third placed Andrew only sumitting Kosciuszko a few hundred metres ahead of Christian.

Ewan's winning time of 27 hours and 27 minutes was an outstanding performance; well paced, allowing him to run strongly over the entire 240km and never faltering on the unforgiving 41km grind from the Thredbo River crossing to the summit.

However, the standout performance of the race was that of Julia, obliterating the women's course record by over two hours, to breast the tape in 30 hours and 11 minutes. Julia earnt fifth outright, finishing only one place behind her husband. Pam and Sharon rounded out the podium. Interestingly, since American Carol la Plant recorded the first female finish at Coast to Kosci in 2006, the women have set a course record each year.

Despite runners enduring temperatures of up to 31C, storms that forced some to shelter under trees, light snow falls and continually buffeting winds, conditions were generally regarded as favourable. Runners enjoyed a mild evening (or evenings for some), resulting in around half of the returning athletes recording personal bests.

Of the 36 finishers, 17 had conquered the race from the sand to the summit previously. The following morning, 19 elated new C2Kers were crowned with their Akubras at the race presentation, along with a much overdue, and richly deserved, Akubra for race pioneer Carol la Plant, visiting from California with husband Phil.

While we can only ponder what triumphs and

surprises the Coast to Kosciuszko Ultramarathon will unveil in 2012, it is interesting to reflect on the relevance of this year's results. With 2011's relatively benign weather, and the leading four men racing in close competition, three of whom well assisted by pacers, it does highlight the quality of Jo Blake's 2009 course record of 26:01, where he ran solo, well ahead of the following field. It appears while we may expect Jo's benchmark to stand for a while yet, Julia's time sings a seductive and melodious siren call to the top women dreaming of a sub 30 hour finish.

....but we all have the best part of year and many long training miles yet, before that morning when we stand on the beach and gaze pensively inland, knowing that Kosciuszko awaits.

Pl	Time	Last Name	First Name	M/F
1	27:27:20	Horsburgh	Ewan	M
2	28:08:54	Eadie	David	M
3	29:00:41	Vize	Andrew	M
4	29:15:26	Fatton	Christian	M
5	30:11:25	Fatton	Julia	F
6	30:40:49	Murphy	Phil	M
7	32:26:04	Heaton	Kevin	M
8	32:43:25	Mason	Rob	M
9	33:12:38	Hall	Rob	M
10	33:13:15	Muston	Pam	F
11	33:26:35	Scholz	Sharon	F
12	34:33:26	Doke	Marie	F
13	36:18:02	Harvey-Jamieson	Susannah	F
=13	36:18:02	Moloney	Nic	M
15	36:48:36	Nikolaey	Nikolay	M
16	37:14:54	Clear	David	M
17	37:27:49	Marshall	Kelvin	M
18	37:49:31	Spink	Lisa	F
19	38:06:38	Bennett	Peter	M
20	38:28:26	Silk	Tom	M
21	38:40:56	Lockwood	Glenn	M
22	39:35:23	Evison	Geoff	M
23	39:39:58	Schwebel	Ron	M
=23	39:39:58	Lucas	Lisa	F
25	39:42:45	Marti	Christian	M
26	39:47:50	Trumper	Jane	F
27	40:28:15	Middleton	Robert	M
28	42:57:31	Allen	Trevor	M
29	43:16:43	Simpson	Shane	M
30	43:33:20	Wallace	Greg	M
31	43:37:46	Blackmore	Kieron	M
32	43:39:32	Billett	David	M
33	43:44:37	James	Ray	M
34	44:03:06	Sutton	Robert	M
35	45:36:13	Mak	Christopher	M
36	45:42:14	Bremner	Kerrie	F



Kurrawa to Duranbah

50K or 30K Solo, or 2 x 25k Relay

by Amanda Mugbridge

Race time for the 50k is 5am, where we begin just north of Kurrawa Surf Club (QLD). The event is organised by Ian Cornelius, who quietly briefs us on the race and then it's just a simple 'Go' and we are off! We run down along Hedges Avenue, on our way towards Coollangatta, where the turnaround is at Duranbah NSW. It appears a long way in the distance as we run along the path beside the ocean. The scenic course takes us past Nobby's, where the stairs lead us up and over the hill towards Burleigh, and there is a check point perched on the edge of the national park with a great view of the surfers catching waves. From there you do a U-turn, go back down the hill through the park and head towards Tallebudgera, along the road towards Palm Beach where, thankfully, we turn off and run along the peaceful Jefferson Lane, where there is limited slow moving traffic. Then we pop out at Currumbin, up and over their beautiful bridge, and enjoy the coolness of the breeze and the sights of the creek with the many stand-up-paddleboarder's (SUP's) enjoying the day. Down along the ocean once again, past the surfers at Elephant Rock, where we, too, wished we could enjoy having a cool swim in the crystal clear water. As we pass another (one of many) drink stations, the volunteers offer support, hydration and encouragement.

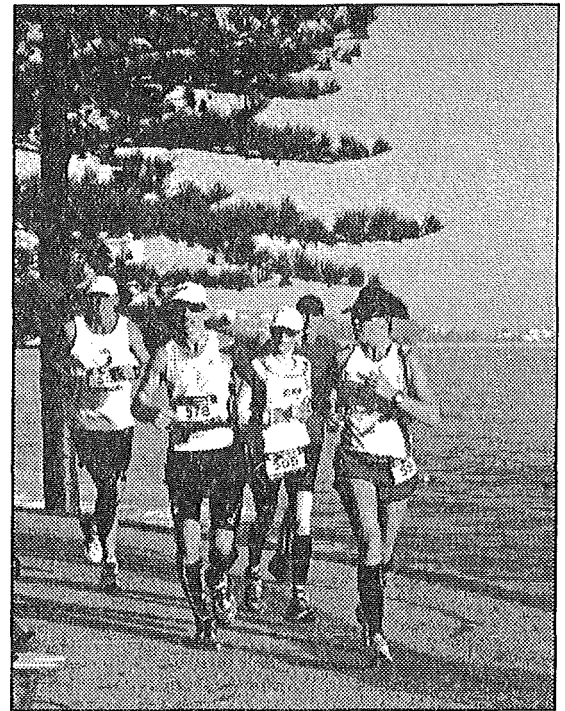
The day is still early and we continue onto Tugun, along the never ending Golden Four Drive to Kirra, then Coolangatta, and around the front of Rainbow Bay along the track, dodging the bush turkeys and early beach walkers. We run up the steep hill to Point Danger, have a quick glimpse at the swell down below, then wind our way down towards the turnaround post at Duranbah. This is where there is another checkpoint and refreshment station before we retrace our steps and head back to Kurrawa.

The day is very hot and each drink station is a more than welcome sight, as are our own support who follow us all the way, keeping a caring watch on us, especially from the turn around. Quite a few of us struggle as we search for the shade and wonder why our bodies aren't performing as strongly as usual. This is my 4th K2D, and each time I enter I always expect to do better than the previous year, but you need to keep those ambitions in check as the weather and temperature are your masters for the day. My finishing time was 6:40:10; unfortunately my running partner was quite unwell on the day and continued to deteriorate but, amazingly, still continued on to the finish. Good on you Cossey!

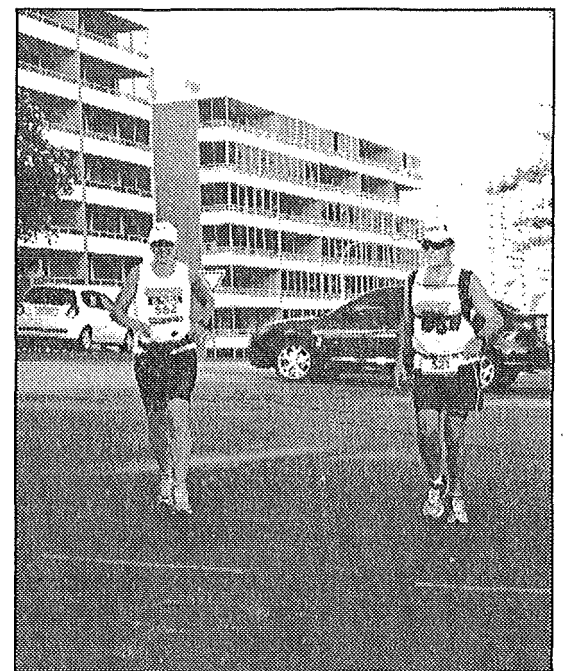
Incredibly the winner of the 50k was Jason Sewell who had the flu on the day but ran an incredible 3:26:19, just 40 seconds off the race record. The first female was Glenda Banaghan with 4:09:11. Amazing times!

I would like to thank all the volunteers and our very personal support person, Paul. Without these people most of us would end this great event in a mental and physical mess. They wait patiently for many hours until, in the distance, they see us approach ready with a cool water or Endura, and always some inspiring words to help us continue. Although not a long ultra by some standards, K2D is certainly an endurance event due to the heat at this time of year.

I look forward to next year.

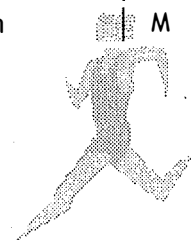


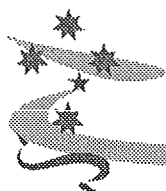
Kerrie Williamson (in front) and others along the Gold Coast photo courtesy Ian Cornelius



Amanda (left) in K2D 50k photo courtesy Ian Cornelius

PI	Time	Last Name	First Name	M/F	PI	Time	Last Name	First Name	M/F
1	3:26:19	Sewell	Jason	M	49	5:14:17	Becker	Gert	M
2	3:44:01	Warburton	Caine	M	50	5:14:17	Parker	Luke	M
3	3:49:29	Creek	Justin	M	51	5:14:42	Barrett	Mark	M
4	3:51:02	McKay	Keith	M	52	5:20:38	McEwan	Paul	M
5	4:06:47	Banfield	Antony	M	53	5:23:47	Swan	Greg	M
6	4:08:30	James	Peter	M	54	5:26:46	Carolan	Ronan	M
7	4:08:41	Bamber	James	M	55	5:28:12	Armstrong	Wayne	M
8	4:08:50	Richter	Adam	M	56	5:33:20	Cubis	Natasha	F
9	4:09:11	Banaghan	Glenda	F	57	5:34:09	Heal	Sarah	F
10	4:11:14	Bishop	Jordan	M	58	5:36:07	Barnes	Chris	M
11	4:14:44	Joyce	Sarah	F	59	5:37:29	Walker	Errol	M
12	4:19:27	Duffus	Andrew	M	60	5:37:40	Parke	Iain	M
13	4:22:50	Rudd	Jeff	M	61	5:41:34	Ryan	Benjamin	M
14	4:23:54	Mibus	Tymeka	F	62	5:42:50	Cox	Gary	M
15	4:24:17	Battams	Matthew	M	63	5:44:03	Davies	Peter	M
16	4:24:33	Wadham	Rodan	M	64	5:49:51	Tomlins	Katie	F
17	4:25:17	Nichols	Gavin	M	65	5:53:36	Evans	Brian	M
18	4:25:22	Archer	Matt	M	66	5:53:43	Afflick	Jean-paul	M
19	4:26:26	Quadrio	Rick	M	67	5:53:59	Fysh	Joanne	F
20	4:27:44	Callan	Kevin	M	68	5:54:27	Tomlins	Belinda	F
21	4:32:39	Sullivan	Keith	M	69	5:54:54	Wells	Robert	M
22	4:38:20	Williams	Damien	M	70	5:56:47	Borbidge	John	M
23	4:38:22	Garred	Adam	M	71	5:59:50	Charles	Andrew	M
24	4:38:40	Pesut	Geoff	M	72	6:02:26	Griffiths	Rob	M
25	4:39:55	du Plessis	Nerina	F	73	6:07:36	Langley	Jodie	F
26	4:43:30	Foster	Simon	M	74	6:08:15	Lyons	Sean	M
27	4:44:40	Eakin	Karen	F	75	6:09:03	Wood	Anne	F
28	4:44:46	Traves	Matt	M	76	6:09:05	Corr	Sean	M
29	4:45:06	Salt	Andrew	M	77	6:16:26	Hayward	Chris	M
30	4:45:31	Delaney	John	M	78	6:17:04	Prentice	Glenn	M
31	4:47:28	Hart	Kathy	F	79	6:17:05	Prentice	Marlene	F
32	4:50:35	Herrero	Lara	F	80	6:18:38	Cox	James (Jim)	M
33	4:50:35	Marcus	Dustin	M	81	6:20:40	Slater	Keith	M
34	4:51:10	Johnson	Luke	M	82	6:21:49	Stoddart	Ryan	M
35	4:51:57	Lucas	Stephen	M	83	6:24:33	Cooper	Jason	M
36	4:52:18	Van Gorp	Nicole	F	84	6:25:20	Keeble	Dominique	F
37	4:53:01	Maish	Stuart	M	85	6:25:21	Hew	Charlie	M
38	4:54:12	Ullmann	Jeremy	M	86	6:35:13	Parkes	Christopher	M
39	4:58:20	Kennedy	Steve	M	87	6:35:13	Trindorfer	Peter	M
40	4:59:25	Ayers	Natalie	F	88	6:38:22	Martin	Justin	M
41	4:59:25	Williamson	Kerrie	F	89	6:40:13	Mugridge	Amanda	F
42	5:01:34	Schett	Martin	M	90	6:41:37	Mullins	Hiroko	F
43	5:02:56	Korkmaz	Erol	M	91	6:43:25	Smith	Cassie	F
44	5:05:04	Hooper	Craig	M	92	6:53:43	Williams	Geoff	M
45	5:13:00	Last	Geoff	M	93	7:10:39	Cossey	Alan	M
46	5:13:09	Kirkpatrick	Graeme	M					
47	5:13:27	Chan	Karen Woon	F					
48	5:13:59	Kane	Rick	M					





Six Inch Trail Marathon

My First Foray into the World of Ultra Marathons

by Mark Caldwell

I have been asked by Karen from AURA to write a piece on running my first ever Ultra Marathon. I think this will be more of a challenge than actually running the 46km trail that made up the 6 Inch Trail Marathon...

A bit about me firstly. I am a resident of Perth, WA and I emigrated from the UK 4 years ago with my family. I have a beautiful wife and 3 great children. I got in to running about 6 years ago when I was regularly travelling to the US from the UK and spending lots of time in Chicago. So, in October 2005, I ran my first marathon in Chicago. I have followed that up with a couple more half marathons and also the Perth City to Surf marathon twice (including a PB this year of under 4 hours).

So why run an ultramarathon? Maybe because of a quote I read in one of Dean Karnazes' books that stuck in my mind: "Any idiot can run a marathon but it takes a special kind of idiot to run an ultramarathon"! Or maybe because my wife Annie keeps telling me that as I get closer to 40, the urge to do long distance running is my version of a mid life crisis. (I think she is quite happy with this type of mid-life crisis as it doesn't involve other women or fast cars or motorbikes!)

Hence, having completed a couple of marathons, and because I am a special kind of idiot, I decided to sign up for my first ultra. I am sure most of the people reading this know better than I do, but there appears to be some question over what defines an ultramarathon; is it 30 miles and up, or is it any distance over 42.2km/26.2 miles? The 6 Inch Trail Marathon is only 46km, so I am sure some purists would argue it isn't a real ultra. For me it was real enough for my first one.

For my previous long distance runs I have always tried to cram a lot of training into the last few weeks in the build up to a race. Then during,

and after, I always vowed that I would prepare better next time and get more longer runs in. Well, that was the plan for the 6 Inch. At the end of August I had just completed my 2nd City to Surf and felt good and thought I could just maintain a reasonable training schedule through to December for my first ultra. Best laid plans are never guaranteed! I was in the middle of a pretty busy time at work, having started a new job in July, whilst completing my final paper of a post-grad diploma....not to mention quality family time!!

Anyway enough of the excuses, I thought I had a reasonable amount of fitness and if I could get a decent number of runs in and stop the chocolate and alcohol for a month (normally try and do that for 3 months pre-race, but new job was proving particularly sociable) then I would be fine. After all it was only going to be 4kms more than City to Surf and the 2nd half of the Perth course is pretty hilly. I would be fine.

Having looked at the website, and also seen some posts on the CoolRunning forums, the time I was aiming for was around 5 - 5.5 hours (the advice was to add 1 - 1.5 hours to best marathon time). It was also suggested to do some test runs along the course. With hindsight I may have benefited from a couple more of these! I did manage to get one test run on the start of the course though which helped enormously. Not only did it give me some much needed practice on the trail, but also meant I had a dry run at the very brutal opening 3 kms (up a very steep hill all the way). You could say it was a good warm up to the rest of my run. It also gave me an insight in to what to expect for the real run on race day. Having done all prior races and the majority of my training on roads, trail running was a very different experience both mentally and physically. Mentally, like any long distance race, it is a case of just knocking off the km's one by one, but with the uneven terrain you can't just zone out like you can on a regular road race it. So I managed to tick off a trail run of 3 hours and, though feeling a little nervous, was ready for my first foray into ultra marathon running.

Race day weekend arrives and on the Saturday my family and I travelled down to Dwellingup with some friends. We were booked in to one of the chalets at the local caravan and camp parks. With less than 24 hours to go it was time to start final preparation. I picked up my race number and dropped off a spare drink for aid station 1 (I was going to be carrying my Camelbak, but thought after 23kms some extra electrolytes would be in order). Plenty of water and pasta were on the menu, an early night and up at 3.15am to grab a light breakfast, and then the short drive to the start in North Dandelup.

Race day - my first ultra. I got to the start in plenty of time and had my hydration system checked off. There were 140 runners registered for the marathon, slightly less than the 40,000 that ran my first marathon in Chicago a few years back. Since my practice run I had been thinking about what to do at the start. Would I be able to run for the full 3kms up the hill or just see how far I would get and then walk the rest and use it as my warm up for the remaining 43kms? A number of my fellow runners seemed to be going for this option. I would realise through this race that the main challenge was going to be to finish and that some of the inclines would certainly feel so steep that the only option was to walk up them as quickly as possible.

I managed the first 750m before having to walk. I was soon running again though and started to get into a reasonable rhythm. The benefit of the real event over my training run was that there were other runners on the course. It is considerably easier to maintain a good rhythm with others around and also keeps you on the right trail (the Munda Biddi Trail does have a number of tracks that

run off the main trail, that without the sand markings from the race organisers, could have added extra unwanted km's to the race - 46kms was far enough).

I didn't need to walk much after that until the first aid station. There were some walks on some of the hills but I think even if you had been cycling, rather than running the Munda Biddi Trail (it is a mountain bike trail after all) then there would have been some walking involved. Some tight and narrow paths made for an interesting run. The first aid station came round before too long, around 23 km's into the race, and I used this as an opportunity to walk for a short time and pick up my extra Gatorade. This gave me the boost I needed and made me think I could get to the end.

My strategy for the rest of the run was pretty simple. Try and keep running and, if need be, walk up the hills. I had a time in mind somewhere between 5 and 6 hours, slower than my best marathon time of 3:57, but then this was a trail run and of course there was an extra 4kms!

The second half of the run was interesting to say the least. Seven or eight off-road motorcyclists charging past at 7 am on a Sunday morning when you are out for a run is slightly

off putting. Spewing up dust and dirt is not what you want after 25 - 30kms. Then there was the long downhill stretch over a very rutted path. Unlike smooth road surfaces, there were certain parts of the trail that did not allow for the usual catch up on lost time on the downhill stretches. I did enjoy the trail run and think the technical aspects of it make you want to repeat the experience.

Aid station 2 was a welcome sight. Half a banana and some jelly sweets certainly gave me a welcome sugar boost. A quick call out to a marshal confirmed that I didn't have too far to go now - about 12kms, and looking at my watch I was on track for about 5.5hrs.

This last 12kms proved (as you would expect) the toughest. Having not completed a training run of more than 30kms, this was going to be the most difficult phase. One big difference though between a usual big road race and the 6 Inch Trail Marathon was that the runners seemed to be helping each other along. Encouragement and chatting was prevalent along the course. The last 5kms was when I really needed this encouragement/ My quads were starting to tell

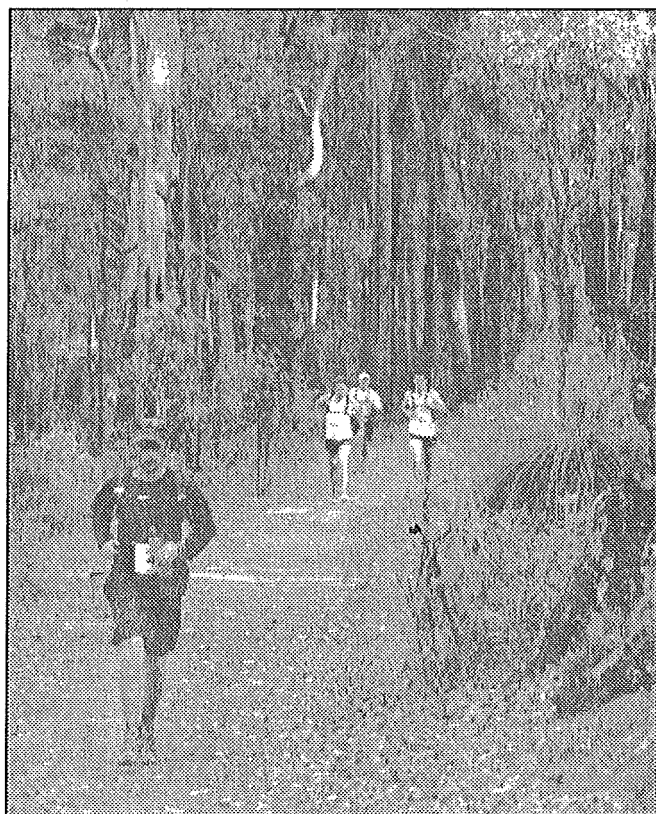
me they had run over 40kms but I was getting positive calls from fellow runners - the 6 Inch Trail Marathon for me didn't feel like a race against other runners - the challenge was to finish, not to beat anyone else or even beat a specific time.

A couple of the other runners had GPS watches and confirmed there were only a few km's left to go. That made me feel pretty good and I knew that the last few kms would be a gradual downhill jaunt. Some final words of encouragement from a fellow runner pushed me on to run the last stretch. As I came out of the forest to cross the road towards the finish line my family and friends were there to cheer me on. Another incentive to finish strongly.

In just over 5.5 hours I had completed my first ultra marathon. I felt remarkably good; I have felt worse after shorter runs. I really enjoyed the added challenge of a longer run and the fact it was on a trail. So what next to continue my mid-life crisis? I would definitely like to do the 6 Inch Trail again - next challenge is to get closer to the 5 hour mark. I am going to get involved in the Perth Trail Series runs and am tempted by the Kep Ultra, too - that will require some serious training though so I better start the hill training now.

PI	Time	Last Name	First Name	M/F	20	4:22:51	Johnson	Tom	M
1	3:31:04	Hill	Gerard	M	21	4:24:59	Bernhard	Yvonne	F
2	3:45:10	Berg	Craig	M	22	4:28:54	O'Keeffe	Mark	M
3	3:45:41	Coombes	Brett	M	23	4:29:17	Raudino	Tony	M
4	3:48:30	Shelley	Lauren	F	24	4:31:58	Dolinschek	Martin	M
5	3:48:31	Roberts	James	M	25	4:34:19	Hendry	Clarke	M
6	3:49:03	Barton	Michael	M	26	4:38:06	Riley	Phil	M
7	3:49:41	Matthews	Kevin	M	27	4:39:10	Twine	Rick	M
8	3:51:01	Fawkes	Nathan	M	28	4:43:53	Taylor	Mike	M
9	4:00:46	Law	Callum	M	29	4:44:00	Whelan	Fiona	F
10	4:04:07	Bennett	Jo	F	30	4:45:36	Rutherford	James	M
11	4:07:48	Gray	Jeff	M	31	4:46:04	Hearn	Mick	M
12	4:11:18	Fozdar	Jamal	M	32	4:46:15	Rehn	Nicki	F
13	4:12:56	Imbert	Mark	M	33	4:46:40	Smetherham	Glen	M
14	4:17:29	Glass	Leah	F	34	4:46:40	Mcglinn	Ron	M
15	4:18:37	Penter	Graham	M	35	4:48:37	Flahive	Martyn	M
16	4:19:06	Davis	Steve	M	36	4:49:10	Dowling	Paul	M
17	4:19:23	Gehne	Stephan	M	37	4:50:57	Cilliers	Gert	M
18	4:20:32	Ankers	Paul	M	38	4:52:08	Stewart	Brad	M
19	4:21:35	Oborne	Jodie	F	39	4:52:13	Walker	Mathew	M

40	4:52:36	Hefferon	Beck	F	91	5:51:29	Brajevic	Dean	M
41	4:53:15	Whitfield	Kellie	F	92	5:56:47	Bissett	Sarah	F
42	4:53:22	Knight	Andy	M	93	5:57:38	Deering	Bill	M
=42	4:53:22	Collings	David	M	94	5:59:47	O'Connor	Terry	M
44	4:53:31	Melville	Shannon	F	=94	5:59:47	Shaw	Fiona	F
45	4:54:30	March	Karen	F	96	6:01:56	Caravia	Lucia	F
46	4:57:51	Jacoby	Petra	F	97	6:12:30	Marti	Ursula	F
47	4:59:34	Powell	Frank	M	=97	6:12:30	Marti	Christian	M
48	5:00:41	Braund	Ian	M	99	6:23:33	Cox	Dean	M
49	5:01:27	Allen	Rick	M	100	6:23:39	Watkinson	James	M
50	5:02:21	Brookes	Neil	M	101	6:24:43	Turner	Mike	M
51	5:05:09	Wholey	Grant	M	102	6:25:35	Buchanan	Juliette	F
52	5:06:45	Giles	Sophie	F	103	6:39:09	Robson	Paul	M
53	5:08:09	Fieberg	Barbara	F	104	6:41:24	Graham	Robert	M
54	5:08:24	Baker	Phil	M	105	6:44:15	Friend	Lisa	F
55	5:10:17	Darwin	Keith	M	=105	6:44:15	Medway	Samuel	M
56	5:10:18	Boyes	Peter	M	107	6:49:36	Tonich	Paul	M
57	5:10:26	Ilton	Heather	F	=107	6:49:36	North	Nathan	M
58	5:11:01	Whitfield	Allan	M	109	7:00:50	Hagan	Karen	F
59	5:11:15	Bush	James	M	110	7:10:36	Bank	Leanne	F
=59	5:11:15	Bonnick	Simon	M	=110	7:10:36	Paisley	Cheree	F
61	5:12:19	Baird	David	M	112	7:17:57	Dunks	Grantley	M
62	5:14:06	Wall	Ed	M	113	7:23:31	Snashall	Danica	F
63	5:14:37	Hewitson	Matt	M	UNOF*	6:18:32	Bray	Louise	F
64	5:15:57	Lewis	Shane	M	UNOF*	6:20:46	Elkins	David	M
65	5:16:15	Dufty	Phil	M	UNOF*	6:20:31	Hazell	Ruth	F
66	5:17:14	Boyd	Adrian	M	UNOFL*	6:20:46	Paull	Chris	M
=66	5:17:14	Penfold	Glen	M	UNOF*	6:20:46	Watts	Hayden	M
68	5:17:15	Ratcliffe	Allison	F					
69	5:17:51	Kling	Neill	M					
70	5:18:33	Furse	Nigel	M					
71	5:19:50	Wallis	Nick	M					
72	5:21:08	Donkersloot	Rob	M					
73	5:23:55	Richards	Jaci	F					
74	5:29:56	Wigger	Francis	M					
75	5:30:02	Wigger	Karl	M					
76	5:30:25	Phillips	Jonathon	M					
77	5:30:42	Adams	Rob	M					
78	5:30:45	Bowman	Amanda	F					
=78	5:30:45	Williams	Kylie	F					
80	5:35:24	Boyce	Robert	M					
81	5:36:10	Milbourn	Benjamin	M					
82	5:36:15	Kowalski	Chris	M					
=82	5:36:15	Acosta	Evody	M					
84	5:36:19	Bell	Andrea	F					
85	5:38:50	Boudville	Neil	M					
86	5:38:25	Caldwell	Mark	M					
87	5:39:24	Evans	Rachel	F					
88	5:45:58	Chrystie	Kyle	M					
89	5:49:26	Lewis	Dylan	M					
90	5:50:43	Watson	Hunna	F					



Mark Caldwell on the trail -
photo courtesy Ninian Melville



The Narrabeen All-Nighter 12 Hour Race

by Michael Bedward

I first heard about this race when chatting to my friend Amanda at a Sydney fun run in 2010. "You'd love it," she told me. Later, I looked at the race website and saw that it involved running for 12 hours through the night, doing laps on a short course. I also noticed that Amanda had won that year's 100km women's race. The race seemed far beyond anything I could do. But the idea stuck and a little over a year later I found myself lining up at the back of a small field of starters for the 2012 race. I reasoned that if I wanted to try ultramarathons, this event should be the perfect introduction: safer and less involved for a newcomer than a long trail run, less mentally challenging than a track event, and tailor made for insomniacs.

The atmosphere at the starting area was busy but informal, with the small field of runners bolstered by support crews, race officials and volunteers. My partner, Annie, was there to support me and our table was set up with a ridiculous over-supply of running snacks that I'd prepared in a fit of nervous energy the day before. My teenage son, Max, was also there, working as a race volunteer.

The conditions seemed perfect for the 8pm start, not too hot and with a slight breeze. I chatted to a friend, Daniel, also doing the event for the first time, wearing his homemade huarache sandals over thick socks and accompanied by his running partner Rocky the dog. I had brought my own huaraches, which I generally wore for long runs, but had opted to start the race in Vibram FiveFingers. Several other runners were wearing Vibrams too, and I added this to my mental list of things to feel confident about. Then the start sounded and we were off.

The out-and-back course followed the path along the southeast shore of Narrabeen Lakes and the waters looked like a postcard in the gentle evening light. I fell in with a small

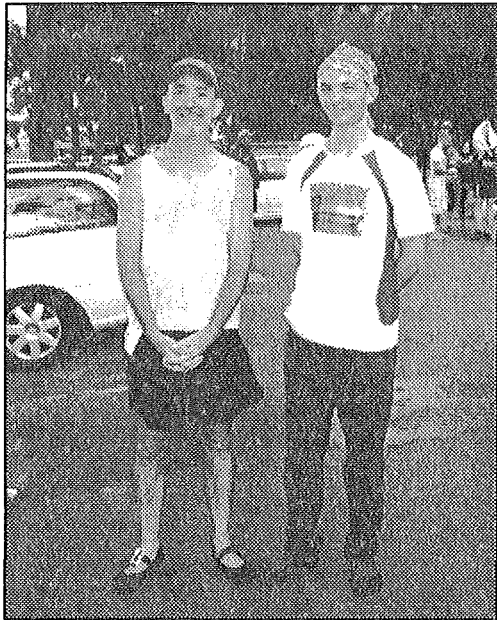
group, chatting and trotting along at a comfortable pace. It wasn't long before we saw the lead runners who had already reached the far turn-around and were heading back, looking determined. As the night wore on I would increasingly marvel at the strength and pace of the leading men and women. Each lap was 3.33km, or three laps for 10km, which was easier to think about - not that I really wanted to. Despite harbouring a small ambition to reach 50 miles, my real goal was just to last the 12 hours. If I could manage that, whatever distance I reached was bound to be further than I'd ever gone before.

The first lap passed very quickly and, back at the start, I realised it was because I'd already forgotten my race strategy which was to walk-run as systematically as possible. In my limited preparation for the event, I'd bought a cheap interval timer which could cycle through two intervals, one for running the other for walking, beeping after each. I'd experimented with various intervals in training, but not enough to be confident about what length intervals would be sustainable. Annie pointed out that I could easily tweak the times as the race proceeded, depending on how I was going. I belatedly switched on the timer, set for 13 minutes of running and two minutes of walking, clipped it to my race belt like a bright green plastic lucky charm, and set off again.

Over the next few laps I followed the run-walk rhythm dictated by the timer, stopping for a short break at the table with Annie after each one. I was enjoying everything about the race. An almost full moon shone on the lake as I made my way along the path. Other runners passed singly or in small groups, at many different paces. Night set in and I grabbed my waist torch, switched to its lowest setting to cast just enough light to help avoid the small bumps and dips along the path.

At around 20km I started to feel mildly nauseous. I put this down to nerves because it seemed so early, but the nausea grew steadily worse over the next couple of laps and my pace dropped markedly. Back at the table, Annie went through the list of running snacks but I couldn't stomach any of them. All I could think was that I was less than three hours into the race and already flagging. Maybe this wasn't going to be my night. I had some ginger beer, hoping that the sugar and ginger would help. Then I reset the timer to do only five minutes of running between walk breaks and set off at a crawl for another lap. The nausea and fatigue lifted miraculously over the next few minutes and all things seemed possible again. Perhaps I'd just done the first few laps too fast. I left my timer on this easier setting and got back into a comfortable run-walk routine.

I had been told to beware of 'sleep monsters' and had heard the time between midnight and dawn referred to as the 'dead zone', but as the race got into the wee small hours I continued to feel comfortable and time seemed to pass more quickly than it had earlier in the night. I'm sure it wasn't passing so quickly for Annie, sitting at the table waiting for me to trundle into sight at the end of each lap. Being a runner was definitely the easier role. Every lap was broken up by meeting other runners, passing small landmarks, and watching the possums try to nab food from support tables. I fell into habits. Each time I passed the far turn-around point I would stop at a fountain-style bubbler and put my face in the cold water. Back at the start area I would treat myself to a short sit down. I'd told myself beforehand that I shouldn't do this for fear of stiffening up, so it was enjoyable as a guilty pleasure, although Bert, at the support table next to ours, was concerned about how I started each lap bent over into a chair-shaped posture. (Bert was



*The Narrabeen All-Nighter 12 Hour Race
by Michael Bedward*

crewing for everyone's friend Ann Owen, who ran solidly all night and secured second place in the women's category despite suffering a severe cramp in the closing minutes).

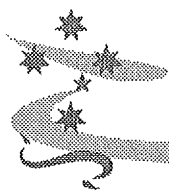
The first sign of dawn approaching was a chorus of kookaburras. As the sky brightened I dispensed with my torch, feeling more confident now that I was going to last until the end of the race. I was also within a few laps of reaching 70km and this became my focus.

Reaching 70km a little before 7am was a great feeling but on the next lap I suddenly and unexpectedly ran out of puff. Looking back I think I'd focussed so much on 70km, especially while Annie was back at the car trying to catch a little sleep, that I'd turned it into an end-point. I walked the whole of the next lap, feeling disappointed. Heading back, I came within view of the 500m point, which for the last hour of the race was the new turn-around point. Most people were already doing their short laps and to my dismay they all seemed to be flying. I trudged back to the start, more or less resigned to walking the rest of the race, but some way into my first short lap I caught sight of Cathy, a fellow first-timer who was still running. Inspired by this I finally got back into a run, or a shuffle at least, and managed to keep this going for my remaining short laps. At 8am the final hooter sounded, there was a terrific cheer from everyone, and the race was over.

It's hard to imagine a better introduction to the world of ultra-marathons. The event was wonderfully well organised, there was a

huge amount of friendly encouragement from everyone there, and it was a privilege to see the top competitors in action at such close quarters. I'm already looking forward to next year's race.

Pl	Male	Fem	Name	Distance	100 Km
1	1		Darren McClellan	130.051	8:55:56
2	2		Jonathan Blake	124.632	9:28:12
3	3		Malcolm Gamble	122.355	9:41:53
4	4		Gary Mullins	114.918	10:22:31
5	5		Matthew O'Shea	112.792	10:31:59
6	6		Josh Strahorn	112.751	10:39:32
7	7		Zac Braxton-Smith	111.401	10:55:52
8	8		Mark Williams	106.690	11:15:06
9		F1	Margaret Chu	103.630	11:41:01
10	9		Michael Terawsky	102.828	11:39:30
11	10		John Doughty	102.398	11:44:41
12	11		Peter Nuttall	101.994	11:52:35
13	12		Paul Every	101.029	11:48:46
14		F2	Ann Owen	99.157	
15	13		Joseph McCann	97.383	
16	14		Jason Murphy	96.611	
17		F3	Karen Woon Cheung Chan	96.592	
18	15		Aaron Ruig	96.500	
19	16		Simon Trusler	95.850	
20	17		Suwandi Teow	92.862	
21	18		Glenn Hooker	90.667	
22		F4	Carol Adams	89.014	
23	19		Steven Houldsworth	86.535	
24	20		Stephane Moulin	85.422	
25		F5	Amanda Smith	84.355	
26	21		Robert Apps	84.000	
27	22		John Nuttall	83.333	
28		F6	Sarah-Jane Marshall	82.202	
29	23		Daniel Taylor	81.282	
30	24		Wayne Gregory	77.601	
31	25		Michael Bedward	76.500	
32	26		Thomas Sampson	76.387	
33	27		Mark Mikulandra	75.369	
34		F7	Ana Mullins	75.252	
35		F8	Helen Pretty	74.338	
36	28		Jonathan McQuade	72.768	
37		F9	Cathie Wiltshire	72.401	
38	29		James Sylvester	56.833	
39	30		Andrew Meagher	56.667	
40		dnf	Dionette Wilson	50.000	
41		dnf	Sharon Byrnes	40.000	
42	31		Fernando Gonzalo	33.333	
43		F10	Valerie Apps	33.333	
44	32		Tony Spano	30.000	



BOGONG TO HOTHAM

January 8, 2012

Reflections from the Race Director, Andy Hewat

So what went wrong?

The weather, that's what. A ferocious summer storm whipped up gale force winds and driving rain, so severe that for the first time in the race's 27-year history the event was abandoned mid-race. The events that unfolded throughout the day meant that this year the big story wasn't about who would win the race but rather how we would safely end the race and get all the runners and volunteers off the course.

This year many of Australia's best trail runners made the pilgrimage to the Victorian mountains. The course had been cleared of massive fallen trees in the lead-up by Parks Victoria. All the ingredients were there for a cracking race with a serious tilt at the 16-year-old race record. Only problem was that someone forgot to tell the weather gods.

The Albury-Wodonga Amateur Radio Club provides a safety net of radio communications across the course; they have done so for many years. Small teams hike in, many the previous day, to remote key junctions along the course. Due to the severe geography some of the signals need to be repeated from site to site so that all communications are routed through Greg Sargeant, who is positioned on Mt Hotham summit. Greg is the coordinator of the radio volunteers. They provide a critical role of recording and reporting runners' movements across the course and this year their job would not only be tougher than usual it would extend to caring for hypothermic runners.

Eighty five runners started at Mountain Creek campground at 6am in light drizzle. It was warm and humid. No one had any idea what was about to unfold. The weather deteriorated as my wife, Wendy, and I drove up the mountain. As soon as we reached Falls Creek, on the way to Langford Gap, I rang Greg to check in. Put simply, he described



Oliver Zambon at B2H

the worst conditions he had seen in 18 years of working the race. Later we would learn of wind gusts up to 140kph and rain up to 90mm for the day.

I rang Brett Saxon, my assistant and Langford Gap Checkpoint manager, and warned him of the conditions. He was following me up the mountain and I mentioned I was considering cutting the race short because of the weather; "It's your call" were his words.

I got out of the car at Langford Gap and was blown sideways. Rain was coming in horizontally. I saw Marcus Warner, who had pulled out of the race the day before, but was covering the race online for Ultra168. I told him I was considering the options but was about to give Andy Kromar a call to confer. Andy was the Parks Victoria ranger on duty and was also on his way up to Langford. He also holds the race record so knows the race and local conditions better than anyone. By the time I got back to my car, a matter of metres away, I had made my decision; no conferring

was needed. The race was off. At least it would end here at Langford Gap. First call was to Greg to put the word out to all the checkpoints. I could hear the relief in his voice and almost feel his Toyota 4WD rocking in the wind from here. No, that was my van and it really was rocking in the wind.

That was the easy part. Now the hard part really began; coordinating everything and everyone until they were all home safely. Brett arrived and I informed him. No explanation needed. I asked Marcus to post the race abandonment online for any crew who might be following. Meanwhile, Greg was relaying the announcement across the network and as runners reached a checkpoint they were told to expect to stop at Langford. The radio crews and volunteers heading to the second half of the course were stopped and turned around. I rang the Omeo Bus company owner/driver who was planning to bring a 24-seater bus to Langford at 1:30pm to collect any runners that missed the cut-off. He agreed to come straight up with a 44-

"There were stories of being blown along by the tailwind and others of being blown right off the track"

seater bus but that would still take an hour (roughly 10:30am).

Shelter? We would still need somewhere to protect the runners once they arrived until we could get them off the mountain. Brett, who himself directs a series of trail races under the banner of Trails Plus, had some extra heavy-duty 3x3m marquees. As someone commented, these aren't the sort you would pick up at Bunnings, but rather were heavy solid frames with very heavy quality canvas. Despite their weight it still took a small army of us to get each marquee up. An adult on each corner, and a couple in the middle, and even then occasional gusts would still lift us all off the ground. And still the driving rain came down. At one point I found myself getting dangerously cold and jumped in the van to put heavier wet weather gear on. It is important for the organisers to still take care of themselves or they can't function to look after the runners.

We directed Wendy to park my van broadside to the wind as we held the marquees down and then we lashed two of them to the roof racks and a nearby fence, and a third to these two. Within minutes of getting the marquees up they were filled with runners; but not B2H runners. Twenty or 30 elite squad runners from camps at Falls Creek had been out training and now found themselves inadequately prepared and dramatically exposed. A couple were in a bad way and Brett grabbed me to assess one in a particularly distressed state. We found a car about to depart and wrapped him in blankets and sent him back down to Falls Creek with strict instructions to be cared for when he got down there.

Four hours after sending them off, runners started to arrive at Langford Gap. I would tick each one off in my head. Every runner home safe was one less to worry about. As runners came in, or were withdrawn from the course, the radio operators and the checkpoint-timing volunteers double-checked and crossed them off. Up to date entrant lists and contact details became critical.

Damon Goerke was first in, just ahead of Mick Donges, with Andrew Tuckey a little further back. None of the leaders knew of the abandonment as they had past the last checkpoint by the time it was announced. Andy Lee had been up with them in the mix but had missed a turn. Beth Cardelli was the first female, well ahead of Bryony McConnell and Stephanie Gaskell. As runners came in they were ushered into the shelter and offered warm blankets or their drop bag. Some were exhibiting early signs of developing hypothermia and they were wrapped up and put into the next car to leave. Others sheltered in the warm bus once it arrived.

Some runners came in exhilarated by the extreme elements. Others looked battered and shaken. There were stories of being blown along by the tailwind and others of being blown right off the track. Runners had heard trees creaking, cracking and crashing down. All seemed immediately accepting of the decision to cancel.

A small army of helpers had assembled at Langford Gap. Rick, Judy and Mike were all planned to be at the Omeo Road checkpoint. They all came to help. Any crew cars leaving would fill all seats to get runners off the mountain. One of the volunteers, Grace, rang her husband (they were holidaying at nearby Falls Creek) to bring their 7-seater van to help with transport. It was a real collaborative effort.

The message came through that four runners were holed up in Ropers Hut with the volunteers there. Three were suffering signs of hypothermia and another had rolled his ankle. Rick took his 4WD in to collect them, and Andy Kromar followed shortly after, so that between them they could evacuate all the injured runners and the volunteers from Ropers. Importantly, we had keys to enter the Park and suitable vehicles to get there.

While the radio volunteers were being coordinated by Greg, I was still keeping close tabs on their withdrawal. The radio operator and runner volunteer who were

hiking into the infamous Pole 333 were greatly relieved when they got the message to return. They told me later they were struggling to make headway and were fearful of hypothermia for themselves had they needed to stand exposed in those conditions for four hours. When Brett and Darren hiked into 333 the next day to retrieve the supplies that were packed in on the Friday they found them all floating in a small pond that had developed.

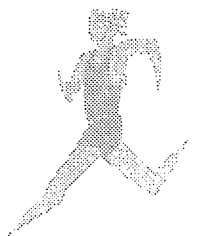
Every one of the runners became my primary focus, and every one that was ticked off that list was one closer to achieving the ultimate goal of getting everyone home safely. Wendy was set up in the front of my van with a timing iPad recording every runner as they came into the marshalling area. Mario was the radio operator at Langford. His 4WD was set up a short distance up the track, alongside the aqueduct, so that he could record the number and time of every incoming runner. We were double-checking every runner as they entered the aid station. I spent much of the day working with Mario, as he was my vital communication link across the course. Communications were the key to the success of this whole process. Running the short distance back up the track from his car to the checkpoint was incredibly tough into the howling headwind and rain. A taste of what the runners faced on the high plains.

Eventually the sweeps came in and we were nearly done. We just needed to see the last volunteers safely out from Big River and Ropers Hut and they soon piled out of Rick's 4WD. All present and accounted for.

B2H is a classic trail race but the mountains create their own weather systems. It is a cruel and unforgiving environment. All those involved would take with them a heightened sense of respect for what Bogong to Hotham can dish out. While the cancellation would mean disappointment for the runners, the primary focus of safety overruled everything else. We inherently take on risk with our sport; unfortunately the weather surpassed acceptable limits of risk and forced the abandonment. There will always be next year.

Bogong to Hotham			
Pl	Gender Pl	Name	Time
1	1	Damon Goerke	4:02:28
2	2	Mick Donges	4:03:58
3	3	Andrew Tuckey	4:11:37
4	4	Brendan Davies	4:18:27
5	5	Clarke Mcclymont	4:18:37
6	6	Oliver Zambon	4:18:46
7	7	Oskar Booth	4:19:02
8	8	Chris Wight	4:24:27
9	9	Matt Cooper	4:25:07
10	10	Caine Warburton	4:30:07
11	11	Dave Coombs	4:30:10
12	12	Michael Clarke	4:35:22
13	13	Ian Franzke	4:36:23
14	14	Michael Miles	4:37:52
15	15	Andrew Lee	4:40:34
16	16	Daniel Trevena	4:45:31
17	17	Daniel Nunan	4:49:18
18	18	Noel Annett	4:59:47
19	1	Beth Cardelli	5:00:10
20	19	Marc Person	5:02:27
21	20	Gary Noall	5:05:27
22	21	Brian Jones	5:07:06
23	22	Roger Hanney	5:07:46
24	23	Jonathan Worswick	5:09:16
25	24	Rowan Walker	5:09:33
26	25	Dan Beard	5:10:01
27	26	Lee Rice	5:10:31
28	27	Jason Wheeler	5:16:22
29	28	Daniel Langelaan	5:16:55
30	29	David Wilson	5:21:01
31	2	Bryony McConnell	5:22:11
32	30	Aaron Grigg	5:22:56
33	31	Richard Juckes	5:24:25
34	3	Stephanie Gaskell	5:25:16
35	32	Rod Cutler	5:28:51
36	33	Alan McLennan	5:29:06
37	34	Luke Doyle	5:31:25
38	35	Steven Guest	5:32:46
39	36	Matt Meckenstock	5:34:50

Bogong to Hotham			
Pl	Gender Pl	Name	Time
40	37	Scott Mitchell	5:34:54
41	38	Trevour Pitt	5:38:01
42	39	Neil Hawthorne	5:38:24
43	40	Kim Cook	5:39:48
44	41	Arnulf Riedl	5:42:06
45	4	Delina Rahmate	5:46:03
46	42	Lars Drageryd	5:48:41
47	43	Philip Murphy	5:49:57
48	44	Chris Yates	5:50:01
49	45	Daniel Morris	5:51:28
50	5	Catherine Seal Yates	5:51:53
51	46	Michael Collins	5:53:29
52	47	Gary Pickering	5:54:12
53	48	Pete Goss	5:54:38
54	49	Peter Thomas	5:55:06
55	50	Dave Malcolm	5:56:52
56	51	Shane Hutton	5:57:01
57	52	Gareth Parker	5:59:00
58	53	Nathan Timms	5:59:58
59	6	Katherine Macmillan	6:00:46
60	54	Brett McClen	6:02:22
61	55	Andrew McDonald	6:07:24
62	56	Dave Byrnes	6:10:55
63	57	Rudi Kinshofer	6:13:35
64	58	Daniel Horsley	6:13:59
65	59	Theo Vlachos	6:19:02
66	60	Benjamin Rickey	6:19:26
67	7	Julie Sager	6:19:57
68	61	Luke Goodfellow	6:29:01
69	8	Tayebeh Alirezaee	6:39:08
70	9	Felicity Copp	6:55:28





Two Bays Trail Run

By Kevin Mannix



When an event is set up in its first 'official' year it will often set the tone for many years to come. In January 2011 the Two Bays Trail Run, in its inaugural sanctioned year, was a huge success. All the boxes were ticked and executed brilliantly, from the opening of entries to the packing up of trucks post run. So could it be repeated? Will the entrants rave once again in 2012?

The answer is an emphatic "YES."

Staying at our family holiday house in Safety Beach on the eve of the event, Saturday 14th January, I decided to drive down to the start line to say hello to the guys setting up. At 8.30pm, almost 11 hours before the start, the entire start/finish area was complete and the only soul in sight was a lonely security guard ("poor guy won't get to run tomorrow," I thought). The event was ready to go, it looked superb and the efficient organisation reeked of the indefatigable Rohan Day (race director) and Katrina Ablett (assistant RD).

The next morning, 6am: event day, the scene had come alive and proceedings were underway. The marquee with tables set up for race bib collection was coping well. Many runners had wisely picked up their bibs on the Saturday. The friendly atmosphere and wry smiles of all the runners ("ha ha, this will be painful, what are we doing?") was evident early, and when Rohan called up the 'priority start' runners (which was anyone in beach gear) the feel of the day was set. The 28km 1st wave runners were away at 7:02am, with Dan Hornery flying off with intent to go back to back and match his 1hr 52mins from 2011. I was also interested to watch my younger brother take off for his first trail race. Go Ben. At 7:12am the 2nd wave of the 28km took off. So with little time to locate the satellites on the Garmin, the main event of the 56km was ready to go. The Jolly

Roger flag was dropped and away we went.

From the start at the information centre at Dromana the course is 2km of road (up) and then onto the trail that climbs the rest of Arthur's Seat, with some steps to negotiate along the way. Once up the top, the trail has some undulations along the ridge before a steep 1.2km descent down to McLaren's Dam. At about 7km you encounter a couple of km of paved and dirt road, then through a 1km bush section, with short, steep ups and downs, until you come out at the corner of Browns & Hyslops Rds. Up to the end on the dirt of Hyslops Rd for 2km, and then it's on to the beautiful trail which runs all the way to Cape Schanck, with Boneo Rd to cross approximately 6km before the end. This section from 12km to 28km is, for many, the highlight of the trail - easy surface, beautiful flora, rolling hills, wooden bridges and boardwalks with scenic views from the hillside single track. Once you're at Cape Schanck you smile, turn around and enjoy the trail back with the obverse view. So it's a great course.

Then add to that the many highlights of the event. The checkpoints were alive and buzzing with amazing volunteers clapping, cheering and helping everybody with their fuelling needs. The most extensively marked trail you'll find; orange ribbons adorning trees on every corner, t-intersection, crossroad and deviation of the trail. You'd have more chance getting lost on the freeway driving down from Melbourne. The big bell at the 28km mark (Cape Schanck) for the 56km runners to ring as they turned. Novel and fun for all until you start running back and remember your legs are aching. Quirky signs, strategically placed, along the course for the amusement of cramping runners like the one in the tunnelled tree area at the Cape Schanck end, "Smile, there's a lighthouse at the end of the tunnel" or "Aaahh...the serenity" in the middle of Green's Bush. The spirit of the runners - the

slower runners were generous and giving of the single tracks to the quicker runners and, in turn, there was much encouragement voiced the other way. This was the case in 2011 also and seems to come from the vibe of the day. And the weather - sure, that one's luck, but when you get a cloudy, moderate 20-odd degree day in January to run 56km, you have even more reason to smile and run well.

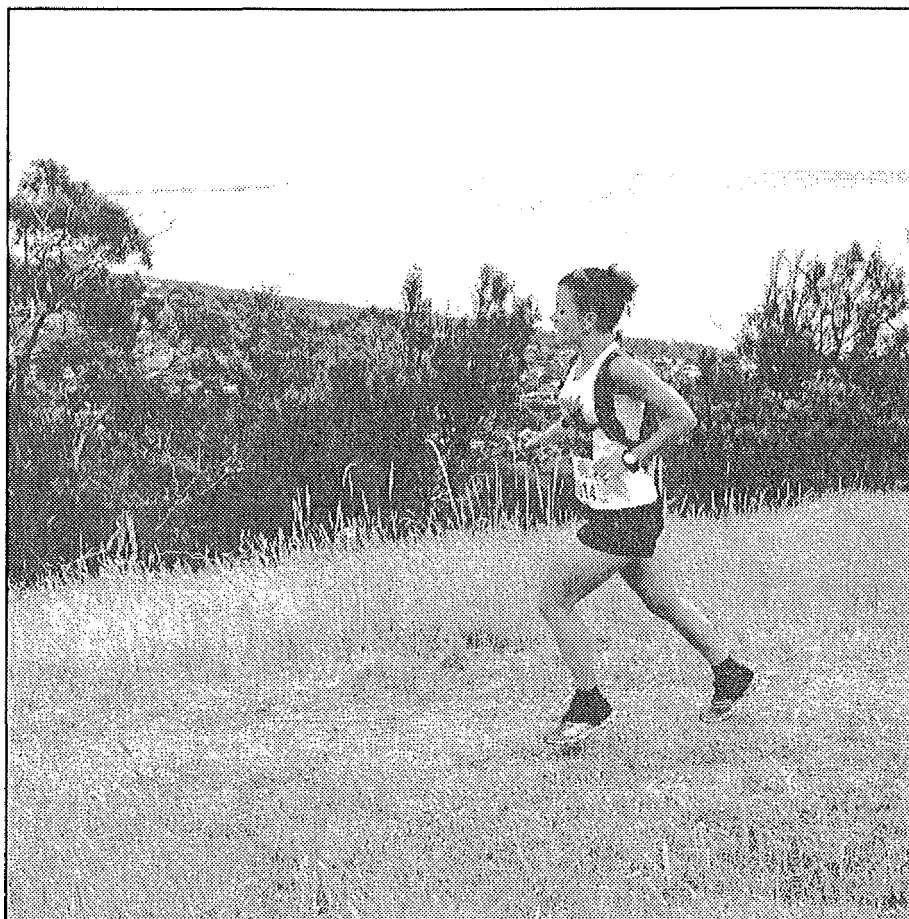
So what about the racing? Well another huge step up from last year. In 2011 there were many quick and well-known runners in the 28km, but the 56km was considered for the long ultra runners. This year the class in the 56km came from all corners of running. Mick Donges, resident of the Blue Mountains and an Australian representative with pace and climbing speed, was a huge inclusion and added to the band of quick marathoners who are wise enough to train specifically when needed - David Venour, Magnus Michelson, Nick Harrison, Richard Does and Adrian Polidano to name a few. And for the girls we had the fast improving Kirsten Bull, Colleen Middleton, Louise Sharp and the experienced, in-form Nikki Wynd.

From the start the pace was 'nuts' up front and, despite Arthur's Seat being steep and approximately 3.5km to the top, Mick Donges and the others were flying. Magnus Michelson led out and gained a one minute or so lead on Mick, but may have gone out a touch quick in the excitement. On the return, at approximately 40km, Mick moved up to join Magnus. Then, with some hills ahead, he pulled away and ran home strongly. An incredible time by Mick - 4hr 12min, smashing the course record by 36 minutes. That may well have been the only course record I'll get to hold and it was amazing and slightly unnerving to see it brutalised by so much. Magnus came in 2nd, 12 minutes later, and David Venour ran a smart and fast 4hr 26min to come in 3rd, 2 min behind Magnus.

Personally, it was fantastic to run against the faster guys and to chat along the way with the likes of Nick Harrison, a 2hr 10min marathoner at his peak, who ran wisely with an impressive 4hr 35min coming in 5th in just his second ultra. The fun of having my wife Jo, the kids, and my Mum and Dad at checkpoints was also a personal highlight.

For the girls, Kirsten Bull ran a cracking first 28km, and then stuck it out on the trip back when tired, to break the women's course record by 6 minutes in 4hr 57min. A very impressive time that placed her 11th overall. Louise Sharp ran a slick 5hr 12min to come in 2nd and Colleen Middleton, last year's 28km winner, was 3rd in 5hr 16min.

The post race smiles were abundant and much thanks and appreciation goes to Rohan for a fantastic event and day, ably assisted by Katrina, Brett Saxon, Andy Hewat, Clarkey and the many fantastic volunteers. Many thanks also to Samantha Gash who reported live to Twitter and the web, and to Steve Taylor and Steve Howe from fstop5 sports photography for the terrific photos.



*Kirstin Bull running strong at TwoBays
photo courtesy fstop5*

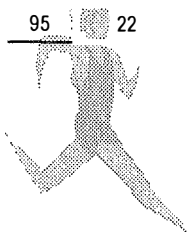
Can't wait for TBTR 2013.

Pl	M/F pl	time	First name	Last name	Gender
1	1	4:12:30	Mick	DONGES	Male
2	2	4:24:34	Magnus	MICHELSSON	Male
3	3	4:26:57	David	VENOUR	Male
4	4	4:34:39	Chris	WHITE	Male
5	5	4:35:33	Nick	HARRISON	Male
6	6	4:41:26	Kev	MANNIX	Male
7	7	4:44:19	Richard	DOES	Male
8	8	4:48:29	Adrian	POLIDANO	Male
9	9	4:52:59	Clement	SCOTT	Male
10	10	4:56:34	Daniel	TREVENA	Male
11	1	4:57:20	Kirstin	BULL	Female
12	11	5:04:27	Toby	WIADROWSKI	Male
13	12	5:06:59	Steve	CALLAHAN	Male
14	13	5:07:48	Paul	ROBERTS	Male
15	14	5:10:05	Stewart	DOWNS	Male
16	15	5:11:57	Brad	FULLER	Male
17	2	5:12:39	Louise	SHARP	Female
18	3	5:16:02	Colleen	MIDDLETON	Female
19	16	5:16:36	Sean	VINTIN	Male
20	17	5:17:02	Phil	KLEIN	Male
21	18	5:17:41	Stuart	ELLIOTT	Male
22	19	5:18:32	Andrew	SELBY SMITH	Male
23	20	5:19:16	Garth	CALDER	Male

Pl	M/F pl	time	First name	Last name	Gender
24	4	5:19:52	Véronique	CHAMBERLAND	Female
25	5	5:19:55	Nikki	WYND	Female
26	21	5:20:16	Martin	EDWARDS	Male
27	22	5:20:40	Bryan	ACKERLY	Male
28	23	5:22:54	Stephen	PAINE	Male
29	24	5:24:13	Daniel	LANGELAAN	Male
30	25	5:24:25	David	OVEREND	Male
31	26	5:27:19	Eric	LOUW	Male
32	6	5:31:36	Femi	COPPI	Female
33	27	5:32:46	Simon	MARCUS	Male
34	28	5:33:10	Trav	TREMAYNE	Male
35	29	5:34:54	Sven	KUNKEL	Male
36	30	5:36:02	Simon	TROTTER	Male
37	31	5:36:04	Michael	SILVESTER	Male
38	32	5:39:06	John	GULLIFER	Male
39	7	5:40:25	Margaretha	FORTMANN	Female
40	33	5:40:55	Glen	SMITH	Male
41	34	5:41:18	Anthony	LEE	Male
42	8	5:42:01	Natalie	WALLACE	Female
43	35	5:47:06	Ben	CARRUTHERS	Male
44	36	5:47:20	Chris	COLLINS	Male
45	37	5:48:44	James	CHADIMA	Male

PI	M/F pl	time	First name	Last name	Gender
46	38	5:52:49	Dion	PERRY	Male
47	39	5:53:20	Jacob	PETERSON	Male
48	9	5:53:51	Katherine	MACMILLAN	Female
49	40	5:55:30	Graham	PENTER	Male
50	41	5:56:32	Michael	JOHN	Male
51	42	5:57:22	Matt	MCNAMARA	Male
52	43	5:57:24	Andrew	DIMMER	Male
53	44	5:57:41	Sid	JAYASINGHE	Male
54	45	5:57:59	Greg	RANKIN	Male
55	10	5:59:57	Lisa	LUCAS	Female
56	46	6:02:05	Jarrod	KANIZAY	Male
57	47	6:02:40	Theo	VLACHOS	Male
58	11	6:02:45	Ang	GEARD	Female
59	12	6:03:09	Sharryn	MACGOWAN	Female
60	48	6:05:06	Luke	TYRRELL	Male
61	49	6:06:59	Shane	LAWTEY	Male
62	50	6:07:00	David	WILSON	Male
63	51	6:07:21	Nicholas	CROOKS	Male
64	52	6:07:24	David	BEED	Male
65	53	6:08:46	Damien	COOKE	Male
66	54	6:09:40	Ewen	VOWELS	Male
67	13	6:09:50	Nicole	BARKER	Female
68	55	6:11:11	Jamie	SMITH	Male
69	56	6:13:05	Andrew	PAYNE	Male
70	57	6:13:37	Michael	DALE	Male
71	14	6:13:37	Karen	PATE	Female
72	58	6:14:43	Craig	ROBINSON	Male
73	59	6:15:18	Greg	SWAN	Male
74	60	6:19:20	Peter	MULLINS	Male
75	61	6:20:00	Drew	CUMMINGS	Male
76	15	6:20:13	Belinda	DAWSON	Female
77	62	6:22:10	Shaun	BREWSTER	Male
78	16	6:23:29	Anna	MOORE	Female
79	63	6:24:20	Sean	SMITH	Male
80	64	6:26:15	Wil	MONTE	Male
81	65	6:26:53	Steven	GOOSSENS	Male
82	66	6:27:09	James	GUY	Male
83	17	6:27:24	Rosa	LAW	Female
84	18	6:28:28	Terrie	STEVENS	Female
85	67	6:28:55	Scott	LEYDIN	Male
86	19	6:36:11	Sarah	WARREN	Female
87	20	6:37:17	Jane	KILKENNY	Female
88	21	6:37:17	Annie	REID	Female
89	68	6:37:24	Stephen	CORNER	Male
90	69	6:37:36	Owen	EVANS	Male
91	70	6:39:19	David	JENNINGS	Male
92	71	6:40:27	Craig	THOM	Male
93	72	6:41:54	Matthew	MORGAN	Male
94	73	6:43:45	Brian	THORNE	Male
95	22	6:44:01	Jessica	GRAY	Female

PI	M/F pl	time	First name	Last name	Gender
96	74	6:44:38	Bruce	PAYNE	Male
97	75	6:46:00	Seb	DWORKIN	Male
98	23	6:46:10	Gayle	COWLING	Female
99	76	6:48:35	Dale	VINING	Male
100	77	6:49:35	Christian	JOHNSON	Male
101	78	6:49:54	Tom	WHITEHOUSE	Male
102	79	6:55:29	Joachim	LUMBROSO	Male
103	24	6:55:34	Monica	POLIMENI	Female
104	80	6:56:50	Jess	CREASEY	Male
105	25	6:57:19	Diane	EDWARDS	Female
106	81	6:57:56	Ryan	O'CONNELL	Male
107	82	6:58:30	Barry	GREEN	Male
108	83	7:00:09	Bret	BUTLER	Male
109	84	7:00:10	Adam	SEARBY	Male
110	26	7:00:35	Naomi	HOLMES	Female
111	85	7:00:52	Richard	MCCORMICK	Male
112	27	7:04:55	Di	BICHARD	Female
113	86	7:05:07	Frank	PALERMO	Male
114	87	7:05:54	Alan	MARLOW	Male
115	28	7:06:08	Grace	BAILEY	Female
116	88	7:06:13	Mathew	DARCY	Male
117	89	7:08:55	Andrew	KING	Male
118	90	7:10:10	Owen	PIPER	Male
119	91	7:12:31	Erwin	JANSEN	Male
120	92	7:13:31	Mark	STCLAIR	Male
121	93	7:15:45	Angus	SEARCY	Male
123	95	7:18:52	Ian	ASHLEY	Male
122	94	7:18:52	Anthony	MCCARTER	Male
124	96	7:23:23	Greg	ROBINSON	Male
125	97	7:23:55	Khan	THOMPSON	Male
126	98	7:24:57	Andrew	HOWARD	Male
127	99	7:34:41	Martin	TALENTO	Male
128	29	7:35:40	Cheryl	SYMONS	Female
130	101	7:38:21	Dean	GODFREY	Male
129	100	7:38:21	Brendan	MASON	Male
131	30	7:39:59	Thornelene	EGERTON	Female
132	102	7:39:59	Jonathan	SUTCLIFFE	Male
133	103	7:40:05	Sammy	HARRISON	Male
134	104	7:42:49	Bernd	MEYER	Male
135	105	7:44:58	John	LINDSAY	Male
136	31	7:46:47	Vanessa	BOLTON	Female
137	106	7:49:00	Matthew	BELL	Male
138	32	7:49:29	Eliza	ALLAN	Female
139	107	7:52:32	Theo	KOSSART	Male
140	108	7:53:12	Jeremy	NAGEL	Male
141	109	8:06:41	Murray	ROSE	Male
142	110	8:13:00	Simon	VANDESTADT	Male





Mansfield to Mt Buller

by Robert Boyce, RD

Mansfield to Mt Buller was my first ultra and I had only done two marathons before. It had been many years since I had travelled to the top and was not sure what I was in for. The first 30km is fairly flat and very scenic. Then you hit the mountain. It was that hard - a long day and I swore that I would never do it again. However, I did try again the next year and it was just as tough. That was 6 years ago now and I have been the race director since then. I couldn't beat the mountain so I joined it.

The race is held around the Australia Day weekend which probably limits the numbers. But this year we had a big field of 27, with many regular faces. Brian Gawne, having done all previous races, was lining up for his 19th race and Kelvin Marshall for his 18th.

The race starts at 6am to try to beat the heat. This day was going to reach the mid-30s. Not as hot as some years but still very hot if you don't get to the mountain early where the temperature decreases as you climb.

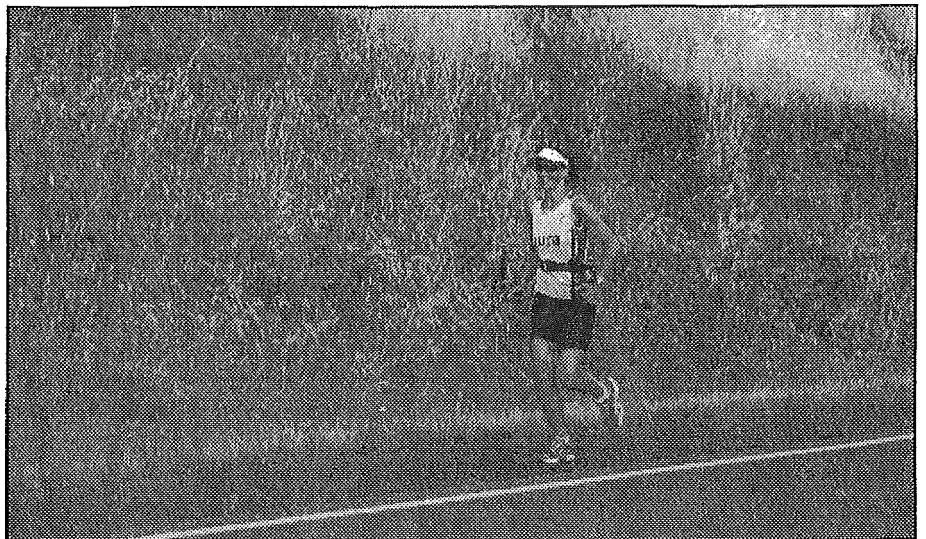
Doc Lachlan started out fast and led the way for the first part of the race with Thomas Brazier (Killer) and Justin Scholz not far behind. Nikki Wynd, the AURA female Athlete of the Year, was leading the women and catching many of the men. By the start of the mountain the lead had changed. Thomas was in front with Justin not far behind. Toby Wiadrowski was third with Rob Hall closing in. Nikki was still leading female and Natalie Wallace moved up through the field to second.

In all the previous years that I had run the race and race directed, the temperature dropped when you started the mountain climb. This year at the top of the mountain the temperature was still in the mid to high 20s. This made the running even harder.

Thomas and Justin had a great tussle, with Thomas just beating Justin by



*Rob Hall, Nikki Wynd, Toby Wiadrowski and Phill Le Marinel
- photo courtesy Anna Maria Drouin*



Natalie Wallace - photo courtesy Anna Maria Drouin

17 seconds. This was Thomas's first ultra and being in his early 20s, I'm sure we will see him on the podium again in the near future. Justin was the bridesmaid again but still with a new PB. Toby ran solidly, as in all races, and was not far behind in third. Nikki racked up another first place, continuing on from her great form last year. Natalie was second with a very good run and Sharon Scholz, still working through some injuries, finished third.

Everyone finished. Even with the extra heat, the times this year were very good overall. Brian Gawne was

glad to nail number 19 and confirmed he will be back next year for his 20th. As with all races the end of the race is what we look forward to. I have always liked the end of this race. With its small field, and most needing a lift back to Mansfield, everybody stays to the end, cheering each runner as they finish. With a few beverages and snacks, and fellow ultra runners to relive the race and trade secrets with, it makes for a great end to the race. I like the small fields but would love to see you next year for the 20th edition. Just don't tell too many runners about this great race.

Mansfield to Buller 50km

– Sunday 29 January

by Dan Beard

I remember Kerrie Bremner asking in the 2010 Coburg 6 Hour run what I was training for, and me answering "The Coburg 6 Hour" as it was the longest run I had ever done. Nearly 2 years later, I found myself running my first race where my overall position and time were not the number one goal. I was still going to give it a crack, but I was carrying a pack as some weeks previously I had entered the Alpine Challenge 100mile event and my main aim was to get the body used to running with extra weight. My second goal was to run a better race than last year where I went out far too hard on the 'flat' opening 30km and blew up where the race really starts, at the foot of Mt. Buller.

Rob Boyce got us moving as the daylight began to kick in and the day itself was a cracker. It didn't take long for the sun to start to heat up. In the distance we could all see Buller, which I am still undecided as to whether this was a good motivator or an intimidating target. The first 10km rolled along pretty comfortably with Lachlan Fraser shooting to the front early, and Justin Scholz, Rob Hall, Toby Wiadrowski, Nikki Wynd and Tom Brazier, amongst others, in pursuit. I managed to have a bit of a chat with Brett Saxon and Mark Swinkels before settling into a slightly quicker pace with Natalie Wallace (2nd placed female) and Peter Bignell, who was still talking about pulling the pin at 30km due to lack of running in the lead up.

The temperature was starting to increase but I kept my pace fairly even and enjoyed running with Kelvin Marshall. He told me how he ran a 6 hour trail race 3 days earlier on Australia Day and kept me entertained with a few other stories from events. By the bottom of the hill I was marginally slower than last year but feeling much stronger. I still



Dan Beard - photo courtesy Anna Maria Drouin

had in the back of my mind that I had only returned from Queensland and a 3 week family holiday a day and half earlier, and while I had run plenty up there, I hadn't really exceeded about 100mtr in elevation. Mt Buller stands at 1,800mtr. I plugged away and was still moving well at 38km, passing a couple of runners, where last year I had people coming past me like I was going in reverse. Seemingly out of nowhere I saw another runner ahead. I pulled up reasonably quickly to find out it was Darren Mooney. He was looking pretty tired and I put a bit of distance on him; I thought it was the last I would see of him. By 45km the pitch of the road gets pretty sharp and I was finding the going a little tough. I walked a few of the steeper sections but was still aiming to catch whoever was in front.

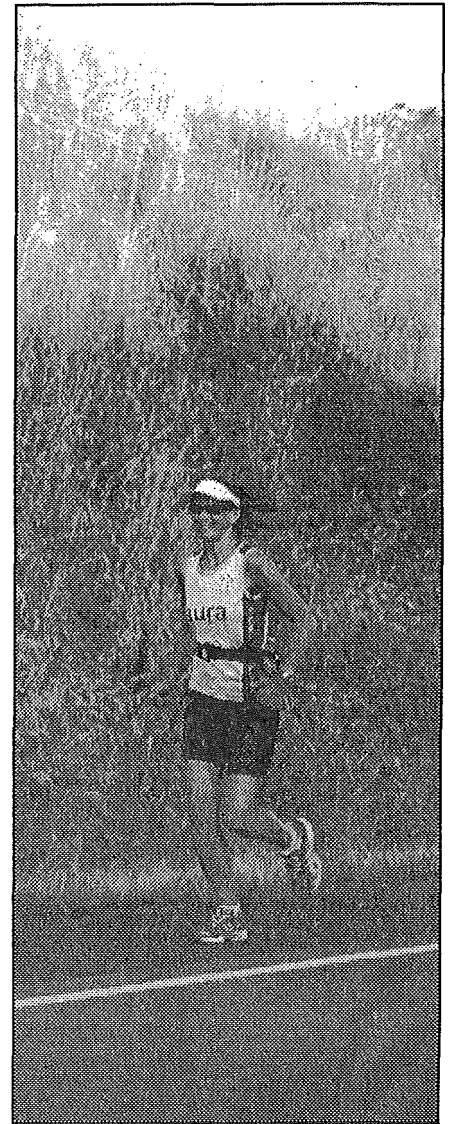
The finish line is also the 46km mark with a 2km up and down to the summit. What was a bit disconcerting was finding 1st place Tom Brazier and 2nd place Justin Scholz already finished and sitting back looking relaxed. I grabbed some refreshments and started to the top in a walk/run. My pace picked up momentum when I saw Moons gaining ground pretty quickly. The "cat and mouse" was on, with Lachlan Fraser

within striking distance if I had the legs. The other leaders were charging down the hill and I saw good mate Toby in 3rd, Rob Hall 4th and Nikki Wynd, 1st female, all looking strong. I lost a little bit of time on the ascent to Moons but picked up some on Doc (Lachlan). I backed myself to hold off Moons on the downhill, which I did but did not make up any ground on Lachlan, even when he pushed his beautiful daughter in a pram for the final 200mtr. I was pretty happy with 9th place and even more pleased with a sub-5hr run, which I missed last year when it all turned pear-shaped. It was great to see Pete Bignell push through for a 50km finish, too.

For me this run, along with pretty much every other run, is about testing myself and finishing. It is as much about the journey as the destination. It is about the people you meet along the way - people like Rob Boyce Senior, who organised the event and put on drinks afterwards, and Rob Boyce Junior who manned the aid stations and gave me a lift on the way down the hill. And a big thank you to all the other volunteers who selflessly gave of their time so that we runners can achieve our goals.

"By 45km the pitch of the road gets pretty sharp and I was finding the going a little tough"

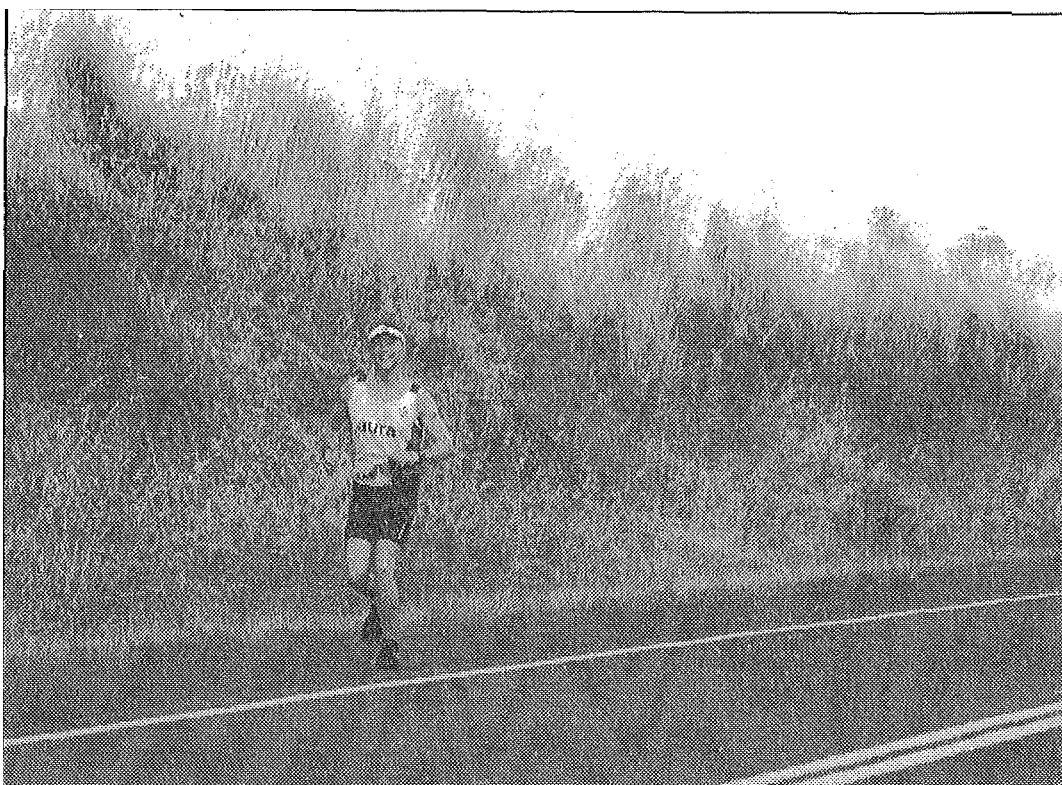
Overall	By Gender	First	Last	Time
1	1	Thomas	Brazier	4.28.09
2	2	Justin	Scholz	4.28.26
3	3	Toby	Wiadrowski	4.37.20
4	4	Robert	Hall	4.41.00
5	5	Thomas	Robertson	4.41.09
6	1	Nikki	Wynd	4.42.10
7	6	Stuart	Elliot	4.45.17
8	7	Lachlan	Fraser	4.56.08
9	8	Dan	Beard	4.56.45
10	9	Darren	Mooney	4.57.15
11	10	Greg	Swan	5.07.08
12	11	Kelvin	Marshall	5.08.36
13	2	Natalie	Wallace	5.17.10
14	12	Phill	Le Marinel	5.20.50
15	13	Dave	Byrnes	5.24.45
16	3	Sharon	Scholz	5.32.02
17	14	Peter	Mullens	5.48.34
18	4	Kerri	Comer	5.53.36
19	15	Mark	Swinkels	5.59.18
20	5	Melanie	Kitchin	6.02.48
21	16	Peter	Bignell	6.12.25
22	17	Gary	Pickering	6.25.06
23	18	Brett	Saxon	6.28.10
24	19	Brian	Gawne	6.32.21
25	20	Max (R.G.)	Walker	6.37.21
26	6	Jane	Sturzaker	7.17.34
=26	=6	Merle	Want	7.17.34



Above: Natalie Wallace

left: Phill Le Marinel

*photos courtesy Anna
Maria Drouin*





AURA Member Profile

Cindy Hasthorpe

Age: Chronological: 39. In my mind, 26!

Birthplace: Moe, Gippsland, Victoria

Currently living in (suburb, state): Brisbane until March, then back to Gippsland.

Number of years running: Mum said I started when I was 3, to escape her when I was in trouble, to go on adventures with my dog Gooley, and to keep up with dad while working on the farm... so 36 years.

Number of years running ultras: One.

Favourite running terrain (and distance): Trail that is technical. I love jumping logs, dodging shrubs,

and splashing in creeks! Any distance, I am still figuring out what my best race type and distance will be.

Hours and/or distance spent running each week: Depends on how I feel but around 7 - 12 hours. I do a lot of walking too. When I am being particularly conscientious I do some glut med and ab strengthening work (not as much as I should!)

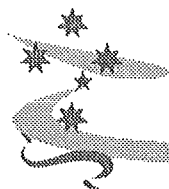
Some ultras completed: Wildhorse 55k, Glasshouse Mountains, Canberra 50k, Commonwealth trail championships.

Running related injuries: Too many to mention! Calf and lower back mostly. All due to not listening to my body, and not doing the strengthening exercises the physios suggest.

Hobbies outside of running: Bush walking, wildlife photography, veggie gardening, hanging out with trees, learning new things and cooking.

Occupation: I am in the process of discharging from the Army. I am a medic within the Army, and classified as an enrolled nurse in the 'outside' world. When I return home I plan to work as a nurse, help my dad on his farm, help my friend on her free range egg farm and do some volunteer work. When I grow up, I wish to become self sufficient on a little farm and probably keep bees. In a previous life I was a research scientist for the Department of Primary Industries, mostly agricultural environmental work.





AURA Member Profile

Tim Cradock

Age: 41 (but feel like I am still twenty something... amazing what running does for you!)

Birthplace: Durban, South Africa

Currently living in (suburb, state): Wahroonga, NSW (the best suburb in Australia for trail running - don't tell anyone otherwise the secret will get out)

Number of years running: 33 (1st race was when I went to boarding school at the age of 8 and finished 4th out of the whole school in the annual cross-country race.... still going strong and loving it!)

Number of years running ultras: 4 (too slow for the short stuff now... gives me a chance to run a few PBs)

Favourite running terrain (and distance): Ultra trails

Hours and/or distance spent running each week: 100km plus (depends on the event I am training for)

Some ultras completed: Two Oceans (South Africa, 2008); World 100km Championships (Gibraltar, 2010, 8hr16min); Comrades (South Africa, 2010); Canberra 50km (2010, 3hr30min); Six Foot Track (2010). I also have a Guinness Book of Records entry - longest distance run by a team of ten in 24hrs (Oxford Striders Running Club, East London, South Africa, 1993).

Running related injuries: Groin (avoid at all costs - difficult to get rid of completely); Torn calf muscle

(usually when I am doing too much speed); Twisted ankles (inevitable when train on trails in and around Ku Ring Gai)

Hobbies outside of running: Family (wife, Jo; daughter, Caitlyn [8] and son Nicholas [6]); Travel (my job takes me to all corners of the globe - luckily); Gardening (time to zone out); Cooking (wife would question this one)

Occupation: General Manager, Migrant & Multicultural Banking, Commonwealth Bank of Australia



Samantha Gash

Age: 27

Birthplace: Bendigo, Victoria

Currently living in (suburb, state):
Collingwood, Victoria

Number of years running: I only started to take running more seriously in 2009 but I took part in cross-country throughout high school and once I started university I began to dabble in half marathons and shorter fun runs.

Number of years running ultras: My first ultra was in March 2010

Favourite running terrain (and distance): Anything off road!! My body seems to best adapt to extreme dry heat, which worked well as my first year doing ultra marathons were mainly in desert locations. In 2011 I started to take part in more mountain based ultras and although I am definitely more challenged by this terrain there is something truly beautiful and empowering by conquering big gnarly climbs. I have had most experience in multi stage races and tend to perform well when I have the chance to condition and build up over a few days. That said I am pumped to tackle more single stage races in 2012.

Hours and/or distance spent running each week: This completely depends on where I am in my training program. Due to my study commitments and being aware that I am a young female ultra runner I have tended to focus more on quality training sessions rather than quantity. That said in the lead up to La Ultra (222km single stage race) I peaked at 230kms.

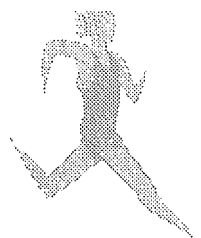
Some ultras completed: RacingThePlanet - Four Deserts Grandslam (250kms in Chile, China, Egypt and Antarctica) and their roving races in Nepal and Australia, TNF100, Hells Hills (Texas) and La Ultra: The High.

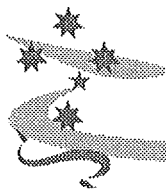
Running related injuries: occasional issues with my left ankle, which seems to lock up and with my right knee, which compensates from a tight ITB.

Hobbies outside of running: I am passionate about travelling and exploring different cultures on foot - whether that is through hiking or running. I also spend a great deal

of time promoting, fundraising and creating awareness for several non-profit organisations. I am an ambassador for Ray Zahab's non-profit called Impossible2Possible and I am a patron for Nutrition Plus, which promotes healthy living within Indigenous Communities. I am a public speaker and discuss my experiences and lessons through ultra running combined with the importance for community development.

Occupation: Graduate Lawyer at Baker & McKenzie





AURA Member Profile

Sean Smith

Age: 37

Birthplace: Indiana, USA

Currently living in (suburb, state):
Launceston, Tasmania

Number of years running: 15

Number of years running ultras: 2

Favourite running terrain (and distance): Trail, 50k is most comfortable

Hours and/or distance spent running each week: Around 120km a week

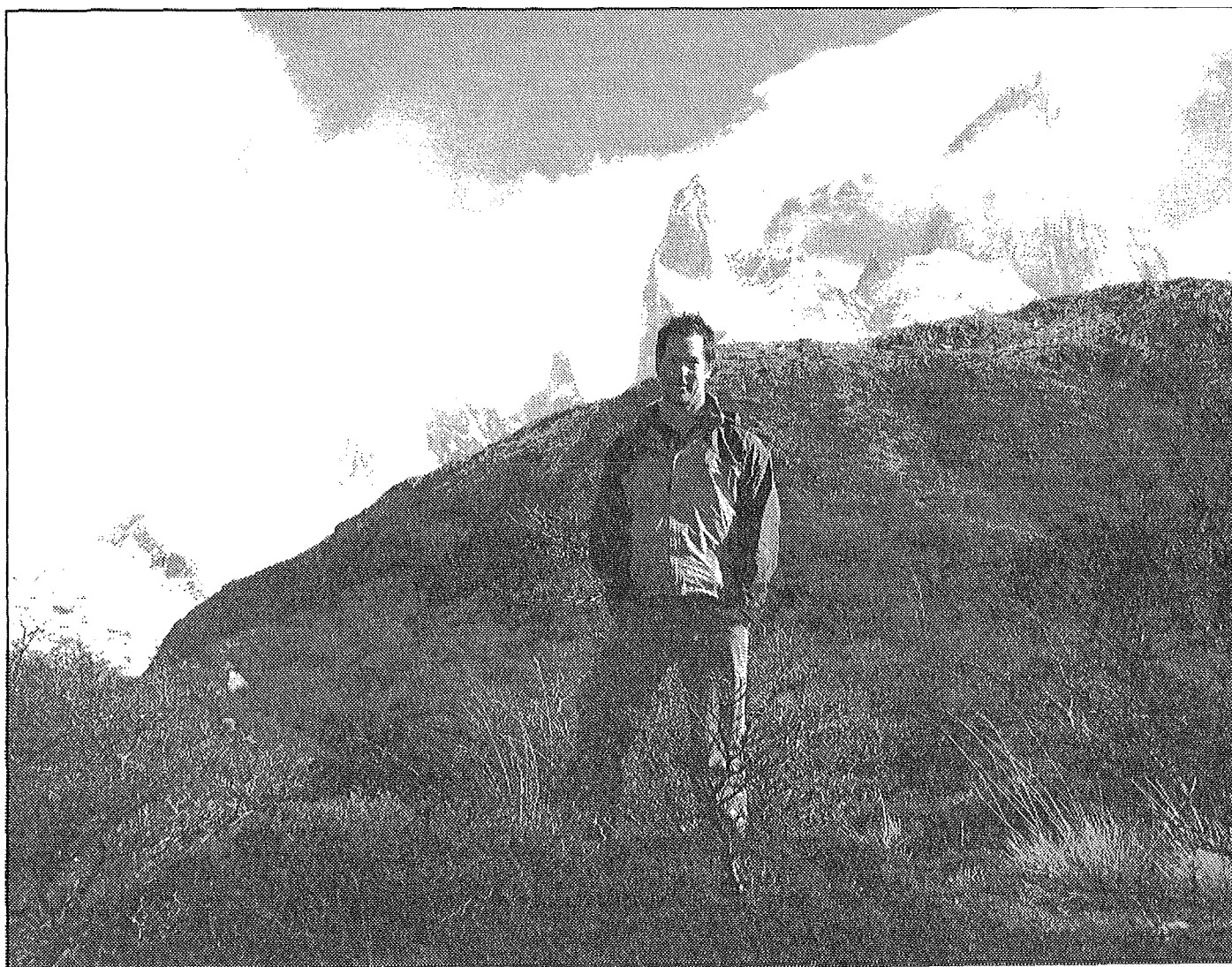
Some ultras completed: Bruny Island 64km 2010, Marysville 50km 2011, Two Bays 56km 2012. Upcoming - Tarawera 100km New Zealand, Sri Chinmoy 12hr Sydney.

Running related injuries: Plantar Fasciitis, totally horrible and cured with training barefoot & utilising minimalist footwear as well as a complete change in stride and technique.

Hobbies outside of running: Long distance hiking trails! I have knocked off the Appalachian Trail 3500km USA, Bibbulmun Track

950km WA and spent lots of time wandering around the Himalaya.

Occupation: Student at Tasmania University, Bachelor of Physical Activity Studies.





RUNNING INTO YOUR 50's

By Darrel Robbins

Running into your 50's sounds ominous, but when you only start in your mid-40's it is easy to be so passionate about it. I started out like any other normal runner, mainly with a goal of shifting some weight. I started with some 10km runs, which gradually moved to half marathons. Before I knew it, I was signed up for the GNW 100km. Now the GNW 100 miler is a permanent fixture in my running calendar. There is no other race like it, plus it's run virtually on my backyard. For me, it's home.

I'm often asked by people why and how we do what we do. There's no simple answer to this at all. I think a lot of it comes from an inner drive to better yourself, again and again... but where does it stop? I don't know yet. All I can do is continue to train hard and see if the results continue to match the training. I'm pleased to say that at the moment, they are. And I hope they continue to do so for a fair few years yet.

For this year's GNW there was a massive change from the previous year, as I went from running 10 x 100km/100miles throughout the calendar year, back to doing only 4 events for 2011. This undoubtedly had an effect on some of the improvement I made in my time this year.

As I have said to all my mates and anyone who asks me why I decide to run 175kms, it is all about the 500 metres of sand at Patonga Beach. The pain and emotional roller coaster of running the previous 174.5kms is completely forgotten as you trot down that beach at Patonga. It's pure magic.

Setting out a 13 week training plan, it was all about surrounding myself with great guys and girls to train with. The first few weeks I set about getting my mind right and the body used to the km's ahead. This is a very important aspect of running 100 miles. You have to really want to do it. I decided to drop the kms to 420kms, 530kms and 420 kms for the 3 months leading into the GNW. This is quite a reduction for me as I'm used to running some months with big kms. This was broken down into a typical week consisting 2 x 10-15km high intensity runs, one 10-15km hill session, one easy 8 km run and a big weekend adventure with the boys of Ultra 168.

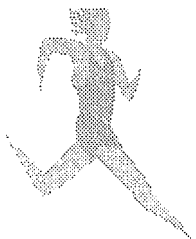
I even managed to fit in some track and speed sessions for the last 8 weeks, which was very unfamiliar territory. With some friendly rivalry and internal banter, there was

no room for being slack, and one memorable training run was a 2am start with thunder storms and lightening to keep us company for 8 out of our 11 hour training run. These types of runs can be a real turning point for you when you train. When most people decide to hide under their doona, you know that if you're out there training hard in the harshest of conditions, you're already one step ahead of the competition.

This year I finished the GNW100 miler in 24 hours 44 mins, and managed to get my mate Spud's age record as well. I don't think he will mind as he has had it for a few years anyway. On to the Zimmer frame age group next year and trying to tackle the cagey old bugger's record. The record is just over 26.5 hours and will be a real challenge if the temps get back to normal next year.



From left to right: Dan Bleakman, Marcus Warner, Darrel Robbins and Andrew Vize (winner of the GNW)
photo courtesy Darrel Robbins





Interview with Kelvin Marshall

by Robert Boyce

Many of you would know Kelvin, or at least have heard of him. I have been very lucky to get to know him as a friend and a competitor. He is truly an amazing ultra runner who will leave you questioning your own running passion.

Kelvin, could please tell us a little about yourself?

I'm 47 years old, a true "creature of the east coast" having lived the majority of my life in Melbourne. I lived in Sydney in the 1990's, where running with the Sydney Striders Club improved my running immeasurably, and for the last 4 years at Palm Beach on the Gold Coast. Palm Beach has been my spiritual home for over 30 years. I've often stayed there whenever I've felt burnt out and in need of a "bit of rehab." Despite having run at least a marathon in every other state and territory of Australia, I have never made it to Western Australia.

I attended primary and secondary school in Caulfield. At best I'd say I had some tertiary education, as I did engineering for one year (which was a good way to learn about alcohol), but I really wasn't into it and had no strong plans for the future. By the time we'd saved the Franklin, where I'd spent December 1982 to early March 1983 protesting in Tasmania (which finally stopped the damming of the Franklin River and ruination of some of the greatest Australian wilderness), I was too late to catch up on the few subjects I'd failed. So I ended up at Caulfield College of TAFE. I got a job in the mailroom at Dun & Bradstreet, a company I'd never heard of and I remember my father saying "down a back street?" when I rang home to say I'd gotten a job. This was to be where I would

work for the next 23 years. For most of those years I combined a 15km run to work with an 8km run home as training.

In 2007, after 23 years, I left D & B. By then I was a burnt out data analyst. So it was off to my "spiritual home" of Palm Beach and a career change. Nowadays I'm an electricity meter reader, walking 7.5 hours a day. In theory, it's the ideal job for a multi day runner, although as yet I haven't had a chance to prove that. I'm also very fortunate to have, in Anna Maria, a partner who runs. When we met she had done triathlons and some marathons, but since then she has also done some 50km+ ultras. I'll admit it's not a conventional relationship, as home to her is Montreal, Canada, but we are usually together in Australia for at least 3 months a year, and in recent times I've spent as much time in Canada as possible. We definitely hope to be together permanently soon.

When did you take up running, and why?

I played lacrosse for Caulfield Lacrosse Club, where I was either a pretty niggly back man or, later on, a very attacking goalkeeper. I played cricket at school, and to be honest I always wanted to be some Dennis Lillee-like fast bowler, but I simply didn't have the talent, or the perseverance to make up for that lack of talent. I also played football where, with some extra height to most of the other boys, I was a good mark but always a shocking kick (my most memorable effort from full forward being 1 goal and 11 behinds).

I played tennis in secondary school,

where I was a reasonably talented player with a shocking temperament (this was when Ilie Nastase and then John McEnroe were the big names and I obviously learnt too much from seeing them on TV). There were way too many bent racquets and tantrums at umpires (and even worse at my unfortunate doubles partners), and I often managed to really self-destruct as I'd go crook at myself. I enjoyed the game but it wasn't good for me, and to this day can't watch it for more than 5 minutes on TV.

Football at Caulfield Grammar was where I got interested in running, as we would train twice a week, but we were told we needed to run 15km a week by ourselves. I realised I enjoyed the running more than the skills training, and also the fact was whilst I was 6 feet tall, I was lightly built and was continually sore and injured. My style of play didn't help as I loved going for a "specky" and often landed badly, and I was also very at home with "the shirt front" - both giving and receiving.

As an only child in a family with no car I spent a lot of time on my feet. Every weekend my father and I would walk with the dog for 4 hours or so. Living on the Nepean Hwy, I remember watching the marathon runners go past in 1985 and saying to myself "I'll do that next year." So my first marathon was 1986, and I swore it would be my last. After ten marathons I did a sub 3hour at the South Melbourne Marathon in 2001, and as far as I was concerned I had achieved what I wanted and needed something longer. I very innocently fronted up to the Bogong to Hotham Ultra in January 1992, which seemed the logical place as I'd hiked around that area many times. Not knowing that mile for mile this was the

"in a family with no car I spent a lot of time on my feet. Every weekend my father and I would walk with the dog for 4 hours"



toughest ultra in Australia (and still is in my opinion), I only just finished. I was thankful that Ross Shilston ran most of the last half with me (only to have me, typically, out-sprint him to the top. Even then I was racer rather than a runner). From then on I found a whole new world running ultras!

So you have been running over 20 years now, what tally to date?

144 marathons and 276 ultra marathons.

It's obvious that nothing has really stopped you, but with all that running, what injuries have slowed you down?

I have sciatic nerve problems on flat courses (particularly going around in circles on tracks) and back problems. Chiropractors tend to think that my back problems are related more to my previous career as a computer programmer rather than my running, but there are times at the end of races I am hobbling like a man much older.

The worst injury during a race was around half way through the first run across France where I had shin splints. Ultimately, Glad Wrap and horse rub fixed that. Sometimes I have stomach problems, as I don't really like the yellow sports drinks but for the most part fairly it's pretty bullet proof.

I've only had three decent sets of blisters in my life - my two attempts at the 24 hour race walk and my first 100 Miler at Glasshouse in 1998 when many hours spent on soaked trails softened my feet shockingly. Otherwise, my feet are also pretty bullet proof and made even more so by using Drymax socks.

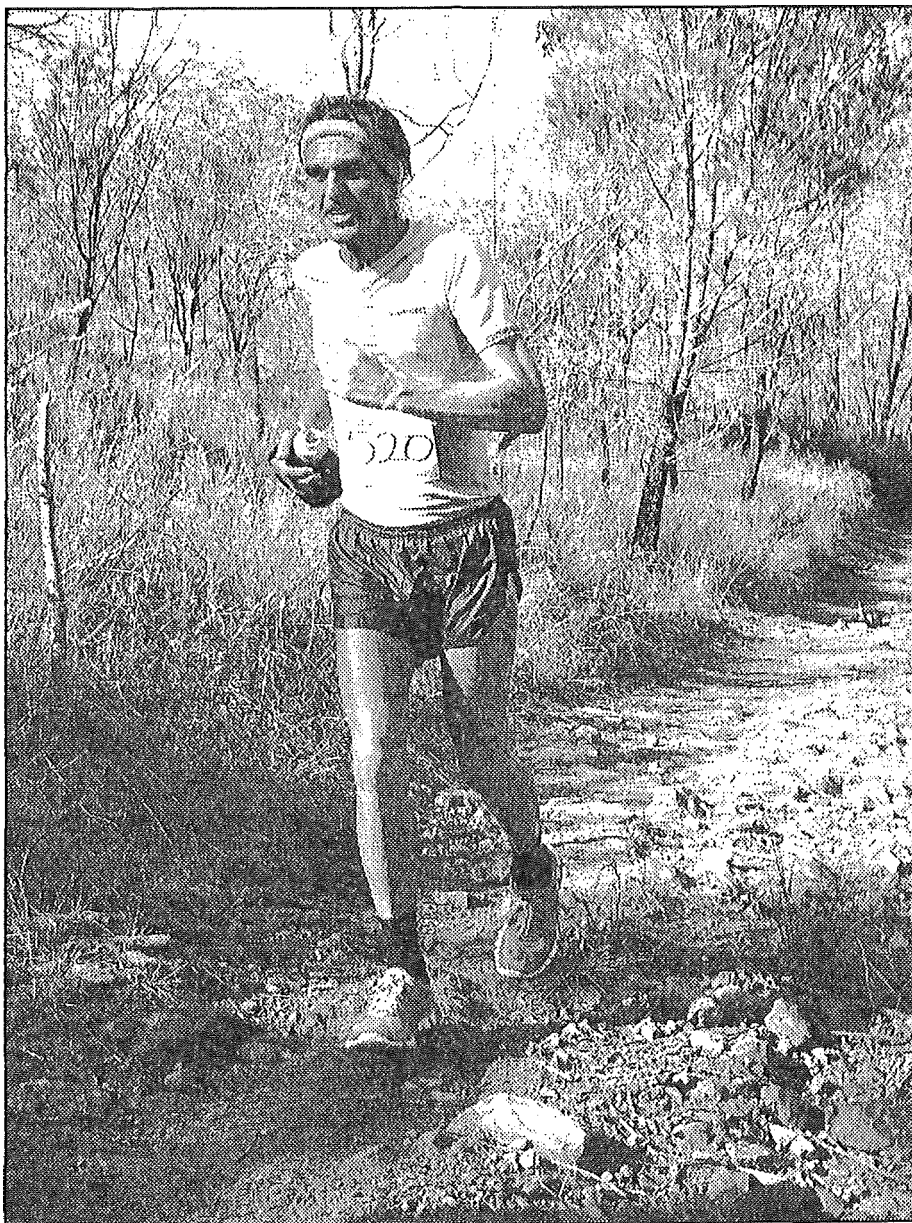
People familiar with me know I have one major problem, which is my inability to handle the cold. Raynaud's Disease means that my fingers have little circulation so, in many races, I wear gloves. I often find that the cold saps my energy in races, and I know I try to avoid as much as possible racing

in colder places such as in the Blue Mountains.

What have been some of your most memorial races, and why?

I have had many memorable races - some memorable for my performance, some memorable for other people's performances, and

win. It was also memorable for the fact that the aim was to finish nearest to 2pm so we started whenever we wanted. At that time Gary Parsons had just run the world record for 1000km at Nanango and he was there at the start, as was the previous winner Steve Roach. Basically all three of us were standing in the rooms at Macinstosh Island waiting



Kelvin Marshall at Wildhorse Criterium 2011

some memorable simply for the fact they were in incredible places.

The old 68.8km "Tamborine Trek" from Surfers Paradise to Mt Tamborine and back on the Gold Coast was a most memorable race as I won it six successive years, and my first time there (August 1995) was my first ever

for someone to start. I finally left with the other runner and dropped him at around 15km in Ashmore. There was a TV news crew following expecting him to win. Gary and I hit the turnaround at Tamborine with still no sign. It wasn't until I'd almost reached Mystery Road that I saw him and I realised that I was way further

"To me these fellows all have one thing in common, they are humble champions and happy to share their knowledge"

than 15 minutes (the difference in our start times) in front. From then on it was just a case of enjoying the downhill and passing earlier runners. First ever win; first ever prize money (a very rare occurrence!).

Words can't really express how I felt that day. Until then I'd always been happy to just finish an event and now I'd proved to myself I could even win. Certainly, over the years my wins have been based more on careful selection of races and using the best of my little ability. That's probably what I'm proudest of with that win. I can never claim to have been "The Greatest" and my times over standard distances (10km 37:00, marathon: 2:49:47, 100km 8:33:19) are far from world class but I always know that when I finish a race I have given my all, and in those races I've won I'm content with the fact I've beaten the runners who have turned up. No point worrying about the ones who didn't.

Some of my other most memorable races have been purely because of where they have been - The Simpson Desert, Death Valley, France, and Germany. Awesome places to visit as a tourist, let alone to be able to spend days racing in.

Who have been some of your great rivals, and why?

The name that springs to mind immediately is Paul Every, born the same day and year as me. There must be some astrological explanation as to why we have had so many runs against each other. He is always a challenge to run against and often has a similar pace. I freely admit I hate getting beaten by anybody. So, on any given day, there can be great rivalries nowadays. Malcolm Gamble is another I've had hard fought races against. I guess the fact he's often referred to (by my old mate Kevin Cassidy) as "The New Kelvin Marshall" in Run 4 Your Life magazine articles often makes

me want to prove the point that the old one isn't quite done with yet! Going back to the 1990's, Jonathon Worswick was always another runner I had great battles with, as well as Dawn Tiller.

I am happy to "bite off more than I can chew" in my races and take on runners of better class than me, sometimes successfully, sometimes not. Certainly I've always regarded my best and most enjoyable races (not necessarily wins) are when I've come from mid-pack and worked my way through the field.

Badwater - you have completed this race three times; any hints for those contemplating the race?

The day that I do this race and am completely satisfied with my result is the day when I feel I can make an authoritative comment. That hasn't happened yet!

I think the main thing is to make sure that you have food and drink that you know your body can handle. As it's so extreme out there any stomach problems can make a huge difference between a finish and a DNF. I've never used a sauna or anything like that in training, and found that training at home in extra clothes only ever gave me heat rash, so it's definitely worth going over there with plenty of time to acclimatise before the race. Ultimately, I would class this as the most extreme conditions I have ever run in, but not the hardest race.

The other main requisite is a good crew. I was very lucky in my first year at Badwater to get four blokes from the US that I'd never met but were so great. Some with knowledge of the race, some with knowledge of ultra running, and some with simply incredible stamina to put up with me. I'm sure not everyone is as lucky as I have been, so anyone contemplating the race should think of people who they'd want to share this experience with, and the capabilities of these

people and the strengths that they can bring to the table.

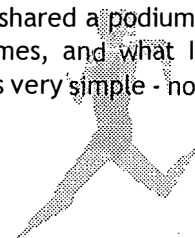
In multi-day races you have been successful. What makes a good multi racer?

I think you have to think about multi-day races as being like going to work. You wake up, you have breakfast, you then spend 8 or so hours doing something (running in this instance) and then finish and have a rest, and then it starts all over again. Certainly you don't think about the finishing day until you have finished the second last day. Otherwise it appears to be an insurmountable task rather than something you chip away at day after day. Also, enjoy the comradeship of the other runners. If all you do is run, your life is dull during a long race and you need input from other people to keep your mind fresh. By race's end these people are like family!

The best thing about stage races is that after a few days you have a better idea of the runners you are against, so you know who you should be racing against and have a target every time. Certainly one thing I can always remember from my first Transe Gaule is that for the first 10 days I'd usually catch one runner with around 5km to go and try to "bury" him with a sprint; it always gave me something to aim for during the day.

Who do you most admire in ultra running?

To me there is one ultra runner who shines out as beacon, similar to Don Bradman above all cricketers, and that is Yiannis Kouros. I've been lucky to have been in a few races with him (only four I think), and to see him run is to see ultra running at a different level. I've felt very privileged to have shared a podium with him a few times, and what I also like is that he is very simple - no



"Cliff Young gave me an interest in ultra running as I well remember him running past home in the first Westfield Race. I couldn't believe this "old bloke" had run that far"

Garmins or other high tech stuff, just his running gear and his ability.

I have to admit I'm totally bewildered by the technology nowadays; I wore a watch once (my first Six Foot track where I was worried about the cut offs). I'm not even vaguely interested in stopwatches, Garmins, iPods, blood pressure or stuff like that. For me, it takes away from the simple purity of our sport - the runner and nature. For a man with a love of music it may seem strange, but that's me. Certainly you'll hear me out there singing to myself at times if I'm having a bad day, just to take my mind off the task ahead. Thankfully, however, (more so for the poor people hearing me) those days are far and few between.

Other, more recent, runners who stand out for me: Martin Fryer for doing amazing distances on tracks and winning in world class fields, David Waugh for bringing trail running to a new level, and Jo Blake for incredible performances in not only some of our hardest races, but also on the world stage. To me these fellows all have one thing in common, they are humble champions and happy to share their knowledge, as well as great blokes and I'm very happy to have raced against them.

Three of my heroes have passed away. Cliff Young gave me an interest in ultra running as I well remember him running past home in the first Westfield Race. I couldn't believe this "old bloke" had run that far and was beating all the young runners. I did a few races with him and was just blown away by his toughness and determination. Nigel Aylott was a great mate and very encouraging in my early ultra career. His love of trails and the outdoors inspired

many and his pure ability at ultra distances meant he was one of the great runners in the 1990's and early 2000's. I would have loved to see him do 100 milers and 100km.

A third hero is Bryan Smith. I think I was only ever once in a race with him (and it was my first DNF back in 1995 at Shepparton!), but I followed his career keenly and was inspired by his Westfields and track performances. **What distant and type of race do you like?**

I have always thought of 50 Miles (80.5km) as my pet distance, although of course in metric Australia there aren't that many races over that distance. It probably explains why I always loved the Banana Coast Ultra (Coffs Harbour - Grafton). I love roads and trails - although I'm convinced my big, clumsy size 13 feet aren't really made for the technical single track stuff.

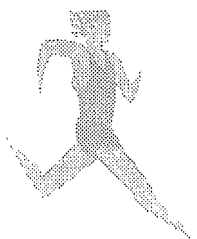
I'm not a great night runner as I've never been 100% comfortable with a headlamp (almost getting a seasick feeling from the light's movement), as well as the fact that most times "night" means colder, which definitely doesn't suit me. Maybe that's why I love Badwater so much - 30 degrees Celsius at night. I do enjoy the 100 mile plus races as a bigger challenge and the fact that you end up seeing more countryside.

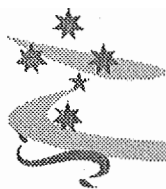
On the track I'm most at home in 6-hour events and in recent times have taken a real shine to doing 6-hour trail races, which are still a reasonably new innovation. Whilst I've only done four stage races (Simpson Desert Challenge - 6 days, Transe Gaule - 18 days across France, Deutschlandlauf - 17 days across Germany), I'd love to do more as I

really enjoy the challenge of backing up day after day and certainly seeing things and places the average tourist wouldn't see.

With that much running, do you have time for any other hobbies? Most people who know me well know I have three passions: Richmond Football Club, The Rolling Stones, and ultra running, not always in that order. I love live music and hitting the dance floor when I get the chance (the energy expended would be at least the equivalent of shortish ultra). I can live quite happily being thought of as a musical dinosaur, as many of the groups of the 1970's and 1980's are my essential playlist. Some of my worst races have been when I've been to a gig the night before and used all my energy and enthusiasm there.

I love Aussie Rules football and was brought up as a Richmond supporter. I certainly enjoyed those times in the 1970's and it has been a thankless task for the last 30 years, but I will be a supporter forever. I love to read a good thriller, murder mystery or something funny along the lines of Carl Hiaasen, although some would say that the day before a race (and definitely the morning before when I'm eating breakfast), I'll read anything.





Can Running Ultramarathons Damage the Heart?

by Robert Shave and Keith George

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It is clear that regular bouts of exercise are good for overall health, especially the cardiovascular system. Regularly stressing the body through moderate bouts of exercise has been shown to improve aerobic capacity, decrease blood pressure, improve lipid profiles and generally reduce the risk of cardiovascular disease. However, whether the adage of "if some is good, more is better" holds true with exercise is currently a matter of scientific debate with some scientists suggesting ultra-endurance exercise may be detrimental to heart health, which has led to attention grabbing media headlines.

Therefore, the purpose of this article is to provide current opinion upon the impact of ultra-marathon running upon heart health, initially by looking at the consequences of a single ultra-marathon performance and secondly by assessing a lifetime of ultra-endurance training and competition

Over the last 10 years we have examined the hearts of runners before and after a number of different endurance races (e.g. London Marathon, Comrades Marathon, and the Western States Endurance Race). To get an idea of how this type of exercise impacts the heart we have employed techniques that are routinely used to assess cardiac function clinically. Using echocardiography we have been able to assess changes in cardiac systolic and diastolic function showing how well the heart contracts and relaxes (or, pumps and fills). This data has been supplemented by the addition of blood markers of cardiac

damage/stress. It is probably the use of these techniques that has led to the concern that has been reported in the media, however, as always the "devil is in the detail" and the detail rarely makes a good headline.

If we study all of the currently available literature examining cardiac function following endurance running events there is clear evidence of a small, but significant, reduction in both cardiac pumping and filling capacity. Interestingly the duration of exercise appears to mediate the type of change that is observed. Shorter duration events such as the standard marathon bring about a reduction in diastolic function, whereby the walls of the heart do not appear to relax as well as they did prior to exercise. Whereas, the "true" ultra-distance events such as the Comrades and Western States races result in both diastolic and systolic changes, meaning that the heart struggles to relax but also does not contract as efficiently as it did at rest.

While this phenomenon, which has been termed "cardiac fatigue" is clearly of interest to physiologists, physicians and sport scientists, the most important question is whether this post-exercise change in cardiac function is clinically meaningful.

The "detail" within the studies shows that the changes in function are relatively small (approximately 5%) and more importantly any changes that occur resolve very quickly within 24 to 48 hours.

What causes these transient changes in cardiac function following ultra-

marathon running is still not understood. However, a number of possible mechanisms have been suggested, although not proven:

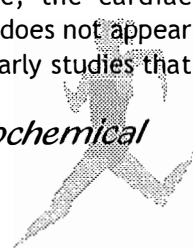
Changes in blood volume - Dehydration stimulated by excessive sweating and limited fluid intake will change the volume of blood circulating through the body. This in turn will reduce the amount of blood returning to the heart and thus its ability to fill and pump.

Desensitization of the heart to catecholamines (hormones related to cardiovascular control) - At the onset of exercise these hormones are released to increase heart rate, increase the contractility of the heart and ultimately to help distribute blood to the working muscles and skin through dilation and constriction of appropriate capillary beds. However, it has been shown that sustained elevations of catecholamines, as seen during prolonged exercise, actually desensitizes the receptors that the hormones bind to and can ultimately lead to a reduction in cardiac function.

Cardiac damage - Using blood markers of cardiac stress early studies suggested that prolonged exercise might result in damage to the cardiac muscle similar to that seen after a "heart attack" and that this damage may explain the changes in cardiac function.

While a number of studies have provided support for the first two mechanisms above, the cardiac damage hypothesis does not appear to hold true. The early studies that

"The early studies that suggested cardiac damage were flawed, as the biochemical assays that were used were not cardiac specific."



"indeed some athletes will die "early" from CV disease, but this is no different to any other subset of the general population"

suggested cardiac damage were flawed, as the biochemical assays that were used were not cardiac specific.

This meant that exercise-induced skeletal muscle damage, that is widely known about and causes DOMS (delayed onset muscle soreness), was causing false positive results from the cardiac assays. More recently, highly cardiac specific assays have shown that heart muscle does release a very small amount of cardiac proteins related to cardiac damage (cardiac troponin) following prolonged exercise. However, as with the changes in cardiac function following prolonged exercise the release is very small and again resolves quickly within 24 to 48 hours.

In summary, running a single ultra-marathon can lead to a small and transient reduction in cardiac function and release of cardiac biomarkers which normalize rapidly and likely do not present an acute risk to cardiac health. Interestingly, this cardiac response is not dissimilar to that of skeletal muscle following prolonged exercise, which also transiently loses contractile function and releases a number of proteins into the circulation.

Whilst the cardiovascular response to a single bout of ultra-endurance activity seems to be physiological, a second question remains pertinent. Can a lifetime of ultra-endurance training and competition lead to cardiovascular health problems?

Clearly this is of concern and great importance to athletes, coaches, scientists and physicians alike. Indeed, some athletes can point to 40 or even 50 years of training for, and competition in, endurance races. This is a massive exposure to high levels of cardiovascular and metabolic work. Given the recent

concerns about cardiovascular (CV) health after single events - should we be concerned about the long-term CV health of ultra-endurance athletes?

In essence we can start here with some common sense. We have not observed an early "mass extinction" of ultra-endurance athletes approaching middle age and the fact that someone can point to 40 or 50 years or more of such training means they have lived and likely enjoyed



the experience for that long.

A number of studies have tried to assess whether athletes, or at least those who are physically active, live longer healthier lives. These studies are difficult to perform and the findings are not always directly generalizable to specific groups like ultra-endurance athletes (who represent a small, albeit growing sub-sample of those people who are physically active).

Despite these issues the evidence generally supports that life-long activity reduces CV morbidity and mortality. Obviously some ultra-endurance athletes will develop CV disease early in life that will lead to disability and indeed some athletes will die "early" from CV disease, but this is no different to any other subset of the general population.

There has also been some high profile reporting of cardiac problems in ultra-athletes (e.g. 3 world-ranked Australian triathletes), but case studies of premature CV death and/or health problems in ultra-endurance athletes are not common and are hardly overwhelming evidence of systematic CV problem in lifelong ultra-endurance athletes.

Beyond looking at morbidity and mortality in ultra-endurance athletes, other studies have assessed current heart health and risk of future cardiac events in active groups of endurance athletes. Some recent studies have assessed the structure and function of the hearts of ultra-endurance athletes who have completed many years of training and competition.

Personally, we collected data at the Western States 100 (from 2007-2009) and assessed heart size and function at rest (again using echocardiography). As a muscle, the hearts grows with training and we observed this in the Western States runners in both the (muscular) walls and the main pumping chamber of the heart; the left ventricles were bigger than what is witnessed in inactive or sedentary people. These adaptations help to provide a greater cardiac functional capacity that the athlete uses while performing endurance exercise.

Specifically, to maintain high exercise intensities (skeletal muscle

"What may happen in some ultra-endurance athletes as they age is that other aspects of genetics or lifestyle may contribute to changes in the heart"

performance) for hours and hours, these muscles must constantly receive adequate blood (and thus oxygen and nutrient) delivery. Only a healthy and trained heart can do this and heart function was healthy in all athletes. Importantly, and unlike a recent Japanese study, we did not observe excessive heart growth (hypertrophy), that can be related to CV disease, in the Western States runners.

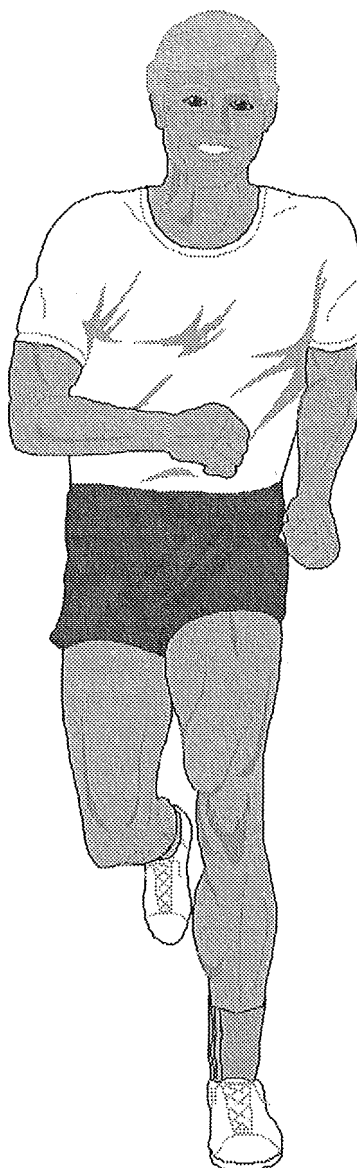
That is not to say there are no documented issues in relation to cardiac structure and function associated with lifelong endurance training. For example, some data suggests that certain types of cardiac rhythm abnormalities (electrical disturbances like atrial fibrillation which we noted in one older Western States runner) maybe more prevalent in active older individuals.

In Belgium recently a group of mainly cyclists were documented to have cardiac rhythm problems, largely associated with the right side of their hearts and indeed some of these athletes did die early. Further, two studies in Germany and the UK, of older or lifelong ultra-endurance athletes reported that some athletes had fibrosis in their hearts. The long-term health consequences of cardiac electrical anomalies and fibrosis in older athletes are not always clear and do require further study.

Importantly, the cardiac health consequences discussed above did not occur in all athletes. Indeed, whilst we cannot calculate the "real" frequency of these types of problems occurring they are more than likely very rare. The clear message here is that these outcomes are not an "automatic" consequence of a lifetime of ultra-endurance training, in that they clearly do not occur in all, or even many, older athletes. What may happen in some ultra-endurance athletes as they age is

that other aspects of genetics or lifestyle may contribute to changes in the heart and the key issue would be to detect these individual early and intervene medically or via lifestyle modification.

A sensible conclusion is that for the vast majority of ultra-endurance athletes, a long life of training and competition will not result in



cardiac problems as a direct or automatic consequence of that training. It is more than likely that ultra-endurance runners will have strong/healthy hearts well prepared for the challenges to the cardiovascular system that come with

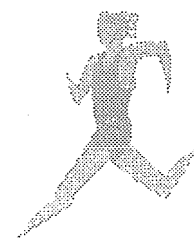
advancing age. Clearly the exercise you undertake may add life to your years as well as possibly years added to your life. As one ultra-endurance runner said to me, "If I didn't do this [training and competing] I would be a sad, fat and unfit couch potato who would likely die early from coronary artery disease."

It is pertinent to finish with a significant caveat. Ultra-endurance athletes do not have any magical immunity to cardiovascular disease. Despite the fact that exercise is good for your heart there are examples every year of athletes who develop serious cardiac issues.

To avoid being one of these people you need to pay specific attention to what your heart is telling you. If you have a strong family history of CV disease, regular check-ups with your physician are important, especially as you get older. Also, if you experience any unexplained sudden collapse or fainting, chest pains and dizziness that are not part of your normal exercise response (or attributable to heat stress, dehydration or hypoglycemia) then consult a physician and ask for a cardiovascular consult.

It is better to be safe than sorry!

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Soochow International

24 Hour Track Race 10/11 December 2011, Taipei, Taiwan

by Martin Fryer

For the past 10 years, the Soochow International 24 Hour Race has been held each December (normally the same weekend as Coast to Kosciusko) at the Soochow University track in Taipei, Taiwan. For international runners, it is an invitation-only event that has food, travel and accommodation expenses paid for in exchange for going head-to-head with many of the World's best ultramarathon runners for 24 Hours on a hard surfaced track, often in testing, humid conditions. The invited runners this year were chosen from trail, track and road disciplines and included many current and past legends of ultrarunning:

Scott Jurek (*USA*: 7 time Western States 100 winner; Hardrock, Badwater & Spartathlon winner; 2nd at last year's World 24 Hour Champs with 266K),

Ryoichi Sekiya (*Japan*: 4-time winner of World 24 Hour Championships, 24 hr PB 275K+ and Spartathlon winner, 2009),

Masuyuki Otaki (*Japan*: 24 hr PB of 271K in 2004 and Spartathlon winner 2000),

Valmir Nunes (*Brazil*: Badwater winner 2007, 1st and 2nd at Spartathlon; 24 hr PB of 273K),

Janos Bogar (*Hungary*: previous Spartathlon winner and World 24 Hour Champion; PB 261K),

Mami Kudo (*Japan*: Current Women's World Record Holder for 24 Hour Track with 254K+, set in Soochow in 2009), and

Edit Berces (*Hungary*: previous 100K and 24 Hour Women's World Champion during 2000-2002 with a 24 hr PB of 250K+)

Other well-credentialed athletes who had previously covered more than 250K+ on track included Emmanuel Fontaine (*France*: incidentally, he is married to 2009 & 2010 24 Hour Women's World Champion, Anne-Cécile Fontaine) and myself (personal

track PB of 259.481K and M45-49 Australian 24 Hour track record set at this race in 2010).

This year I trained hard from mid October through November after having almost 2 months off with an ankle injury following the Caboolture 48 Hour Race in early August. After my success at last year's Soochow race I decided that it was all-or-nothing this year as I had nothing to lose and everything to gain by going for a big total in such competitive company. Such high level competition has always brought out the best of my running in the past, so I set my outrageous goal at 264K (11K/hour average), intermediate goal at 250K+, and low goal at 240K+.

I arrived in Taipei on Wednesday night after more than 10 hours in the air and over 20 hours total travel time from Canberra, but was not fazed as I knew exactly what to expect from this race after going through the experience last year. For the uninitiated, this race comes as a very rude shock when you take into account the travel, the humidity, the foreign culture/language/food, the poor ambient air quality, and the numerous official ceremonies/technical briefings/press conferences, which you are required to participate in both the day before the race and even just before the race! Thus, the challenge is much more than just about running- it is about keeping your cool in the midst of a large number of unfamiliar variables.

Thursday was spent with a sleep-in, a short run with strides and then I headed into town for a big lunch and a light spa and massage, returning to meet my room-mates from France- Emmanuel Fontaine and the French National Coach, Jeff.

Friday's weather continued the persistent pattern of wind and rain and it looked likely that race conditions would also be like this. During the 3 to 4 hours of ceremonies, press conferences and dinner on Friday afternoon/evening I managed

to catch up with my good friends from the Japanese team and also made new friends with some of the other international runners. I was delighted to have some time to talk with Scott Jurek and managed to get a nice, personalized autograph on my copy of "Born To Run" which I had brought over.

After dinner I had a good laugh opening my race packet which had my athlete ID label as "Martin Flyer" - "Flyer" is actually my ACT club nickname and I was told by my two local student helpers that this had occurred because my surname in Chinese was 3 characters designated as Fo-Lai-Yer.

Saturday morning brought the predicted wind and rain and a wet track, with two more ceremonies scheduled in the hour before the race: a race opening ceremony and then another ceremony to officially name Lanes 1 and 2 of the track after Mami Kudo and Ryoichi Sekiya for their World and Asian 24 Hour track records, respectively, set at this venue. This left less than 10 minutes to the start, which triggered a sense of urgency among the runners to finish their last minute preparation of themselves and their crewing areas. My food/drink plan was kept simple: 500 mL to 700 mL fluids per hour with Hammer Perpetuem, regular electrolyte capsules, and occasional gels supplying liquid fuel and small amounts of sweet food and savoury food as supplements every now and then.

Similar to my previous experience of World Championship races, the race started at a frenetic pace and it was clear that the front runners were going very hard from the start. I didn't want to get too caught up in that crazy pace but was still aiming for a 6 hr split of 69.2K, so I couldn't dawdle too much. How the race unfolded is illustrated very clearly in the accompanying Table that I have attached which shows the split times and distances for the main international runners. Nunes, Bogar

and Jurek all went under 4 hours for the first 50K, with Sekiya and Kudo from Japan holding back a little, and myself, Otaki and Fontaine taking it steadily.

By the 6 hr mark, Nunes was still smashing out the laps, with 80K covered, about 5K ahead of Jurek and more than 7.5K ahead of Kudo and Sekiya, with Bogar starting to fade. I fell short of my target split by only one lap at 68.8K but felt

like I had worked much harder than I should have to get that split, so I consciously backed off a bit to bring the stress back to more manageable levels. During the 6 to 9 hour period of elapsed time I sensed a distinct change in some of the front runners (Nunes, Bogar, Jurek) as shown by a slowing pace and some loss of form. This did not apply to Sekiya and Kudo, who both were looking rock solid, moving them steadily up into

2nd and 3rd places, respectively. I have raced against Mami Kudo in quite a few races over the past few years and I never cease to be amazed by her amazing leg turnover, efficiency and speed that she brings to the track - it is a joy to watch and truly deserves the term "awesome."

After a sizzling 7:40 100K split, Nunes self-destructed and was the first of several retirements from the initial front runners.

Splits for International runners

Runner	50K	6h	100K	12h	100m	200K	250K	24h
Nunes (BRA)	3:37	80K	7:40	Retired at 10:41				132.800 K
Jurek (USA)	3:53	74.8K	8:22	136.8K	15:48	Retired at 17:28		170.400 K
Bogar (HUN)	3:55	71.2K	8:55	126.8K	Retired at 15:31			147.200 K
Sekiya (JAP)	4:07	72.4K	8:18	143.6K	13:34	17:25	22:42	261.257 K
Kudo (F) (JAP)	4:07	72.4K	8:20	141.2K	13:53	17:52	23:25	255.303 K
Fryer (AUS)	4:16	68.8K	8:59	130.0K	15:06	19:13	Retired at 20:20	211.869 K
Otaki (JAP)	4:18	67.6K	8:59	130.4K	16:14	23:08	-	209.358 K
Fontaine (FRA)	4:36	64.8K	9:14	129.6K	14:57	18:37	23:34	254.762 K

I also seemed to struggle to hold a decent pace in the 6h to 12h period, and was disappointed to have only covered about 61K (for a 130K split), which was a much greater fade of pace than I normally experience. I knew that even holding 10K/h average for the back half of the race (to make a 250K total) was going to be challenging so I put my head down and tried to keep focused. The 12 hours of consistent wind and rain combined with a wet track was clearly wearing on many of us. The rain didn't bother me but the mixture of the humidity and the consistent, strong, 20 K/h wind experienced on half of each lap (and continued for the whole race) had the effect of making me too cold in a T-shirt, so I eventually put a jacket on like most of the other runners. The problem was that I then felt too hot on the half of the lap that was sheltered from the wind, so I found myself adjusting sleeves up and down regularly, trying to find a comfortable compromise. My hydration appeared to be good,

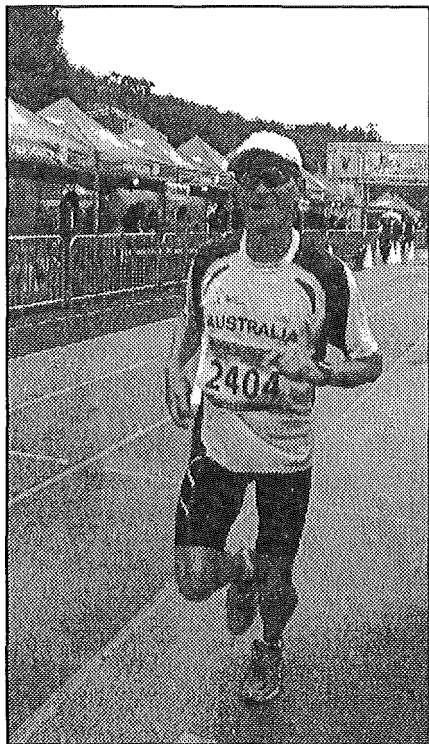
maybe almost too good, as I had managed to take a pee once every hour so far, a distinct change from my early 24 hr races where I thought it was normal to pee only 2 or 3 times during the whole race!

The 12h to 20h part of any 24 hour race is the place where the real consolidation work needs to be done. It is also the time period where races are won and lost due to poor pacing judgment or inadequate nutrition/hydration, and any weaknesses in a runner will rear their ugly head and confront them head on. Both Bogar and Jurek had looked increasingly uncomfortable and distressed during the 12h to 15h zone - both were starting to walk for fairly long periods or take time off the track to try to reinvigorate. Both of them eventually left the race permanently during the 15 to 18 hour zone, leaving the top 4 runners as Sekiya, Kudo, Fontaine and myself at the 18h mark.

I had several sub-goals for this race including cracks at the M50

Australian 100 mile track record (17:56:38, held by Gerry Riley), the M50 Australian 200K track record (Bryan Smith, 21:19:48), and the Australian M50 24 hr record (Bryan Smith, 222.294K), with the big goal being the World M50 track record of 247.210K (Dave Cooper, GBR). I went through 100 miles in 15:06, which took nearly 3 hours off the old Australian M50 record, so turned my focus to the 200K mark. Both the weather conditions and the runners deteriorated badly in the 100 mile to 200K zone, and this was reflected by all of the top runners falling below the 10K/h average except for Fontaine, who was running a masterful, evenly paced race. I battled hard to make the 200K in 19:13, more than 2 hours faster than the M50 Australian record, but felt many times worse than 2010 when I had cruised through 200K almost half an hour earlier and feeling good.

At 20 hours I had around 207K and decided that I needed to spark up back to 10K/h to have a shot at the



*Martin on his way to breaking 2
M50 Australian records
photo courtesy Martin Fryer*

World M50 track record, so I had a No-Doz 100 mg caffeine tablet and some noodle soup and started to speed my lap times from the mid 2:20's towards 2:10. And then the strangest thing happened - my legs started to wind up and the increased speed forced me into an increasing forward lean, which started major spasms in my lower back and gluteus muscles. I had developed a fairly pronounced tilt to the right (probably a gluteus medius weakness) and I actually panicked as I lost voluntary control over my running gait - moving faster and faster and getting more and more spasms until the body rebelled and I fell on to my face about half way around the track. I tried to get up to just walk but I involuntarily started the whole gruesome dance of spasticity again for about another 150 m, this time with a medical crew chasing me, until I eventually, literally, ran off the track through the crew barriers and face planted for good. Looking back at the electronic chip times I did 2:10, 2:07, 2:04, 1:56 and 2:04 for my last 5 recorded laps, which kind of tells the story. I don't really remember much after that except shivering uncontrollably for a while and dealing with several botched attempts by the medical crew at putting IV drips in both arms.

Unfortunately, I never returned to the race, having seized up to a point where I could not even walk and also keeping a very low blood pressure that took many hours to stabilize. So, it was a bitterly disappointing end to finish at 20:20 with 211.869K and 9th place when I could have even walked my way into the 230's or walk/run towards 240K and finished 4th or 5th with a sensible approach. Immediately after the race I vowed that I would retire from 24 Hour Races, but it might be hard to follow through with that threat, as there is a part of me that wants to go back and do it properly next year.

Lessons learnt

It's hard to write a race report when things didn't quite work out but I think it is important to learn from other's mistakes, so it is worth sharing.

After a few weeks of reflection I have recovered from the initial depression and realize that I should be thankful for the wonderful opportunities presented, the experiences enjoyed, the selfless help from my crew (Jenny, Nicole & Kelly), and the joy of meeting international friends, old and new. It was fantastic to meet so many "legends" of ultrarunning and it was a nice bonus to get the Australian M50 100 mile and 200K track records.

No 24 hour race is ever the same. I made the mistake of trying to push for a certain distance goal based on memory of last year's run rather than adapt my effort level to the prevailing conditions. That being said, I have run quite conservatively in these races over the years and I guess that sometimes you have to find the redline in order to understand your limits. Failure is sometimes a necessary side effect of trying to titrate where the "tipping point" is and I will more carefully recognize the symptoms in future ultra races in humid conditions. The fact remains that Emmanuel Fontaine's brilliant, even, pacing with smart run/walk ratios showed that big totals could still be

run. For this race, I experimented by pushing out the time between walk breaks to almost 20 minutes and this clearly didn't pay off for me in terms of consistent pacing and conserved effort.

In terms of fuelling and hydration I thought I had done a decent job. I am not convinced that dehydration was a medical issue, as I had urinated clearly and consistently throughout the whole race. I have normally had caffeine quite sparingly in ultra races and it would seem my sensitivity is high - which is good for firing up the central nervous system and overcoming fatigue, but not if the legs and core are not up to it. I did less core stability training than usual for this race, and I think it showed.

Sri Chinmoy has written many great aphorisms and one is particularly relevant to my ultra experience at Soochow over the last 2 years. "Perfect happiness is enthusiasm minus expectation" seems to resonate true with me as I had such a good race in 2010 when I ran with enthusiasm but without expectation. This year I was similarly enthusiastic but placed a lot of expectation and pressure on myself and I think that was one of the key parts of my undoing. Not to worry - I have recovered exceedingly well and am thankful for the lessons learnt.

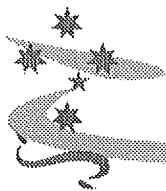


*Ryoichi Sekiya, Martin Fryer and Mami Kudo
photo courtesy Martin Fryer*

Full race results are available at:
<http://ultrarunning.scu.edu.tw/scu-ultra/www/index.php>

Martin "Flyer"

22 December 2011



The Ancient Oaks 100 Mile Endurance Run Running Ultras with Arthritis

by overseas member Jim Schroeder

Since The Keys 100 Mile Endurance Run last May I have suffered with painful hip arthritis. I have right big toe joint arthritis too, however that is fairly easy to ignore and in fact improves as the foot swells in an ultra. The hip arthritis is another matter for obvious reasons.

After Keys I was unable to run or walk much for 3 weeks and I was sure I had been injured. The x-rays and MRIs revealed otherwise. I had known about the arthritic hip joints since 2000 when being treated in Adelaide for sciatica; however, the arthritis remained dormant for 11 years. Unfortunately, it came back with a vengeance. I attempted the Fort Clinch (Florida) 50 Miler in June but DNF-ed at 40 miles, not making the 13 hour cut off. Things seemed bleak to say the least. However, I managed to finish a 56K and 64K in August, The Rio Del Lago 50K in September and The John Holmes 50K in October. Then I DNF-ed the Stinson Beach 50K in November at just 25K, although admittedly it is a very tough mountain terrain course in the Sierra Nevada's.

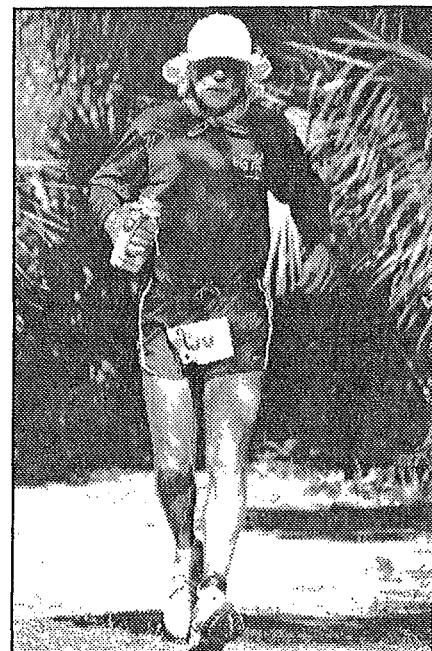
I finally cried "Uncle!" and visited a Melbourne-based orthopaedic

surgeon who specialises in getting major league baseball players back on the field. I was very lucky to have his care as he found just the right drug combination for me (Meloxicam + 1300mg acetaminophen every 6 hours) that put me back on the trails just in time to complete The Ancient Oaks 100 Mile Endurance Run. I finished in 28:08, without much pain and fast enough for 9th male and 14th over all. The time included an hour nap, too. I was elated!

Enough about me already, now onto The Ancient Oaks 100.

The Ancient Oaks (AO) 100 Mile Endurance Run snakes through the Enchanted Forest in Titusville, Florida covering the distance of 100.34 miles in 29 loops of 3.46 miles each. The Ancient Oaks name derives from a grand old (rough estimates of about a 200 year old) oak tree that faithfully watches over participants each loop. It also marks the start of about a 1/2 mile of a particularly vicious root section of the course that challenges runners during the hours of darkness; this time of year there are approximately 11 hours of daylight running and 13 hours of nighttime running in Florida.

AO is invitational, with no fee and capped at 60 runners. Needless to say we all toss some money into the hat to cover the RD's expenses for all the food and drink. The terrific volunteer crew, assembled by RD Mike Melton, made an enormous difference as the long daytime and nighttime hours slowly passed. My favorites included the PB&J's (*Ultramag note for our Aussie readers: peanut butter and jam/jelly sandwiches. Peanut butter and Nutella*



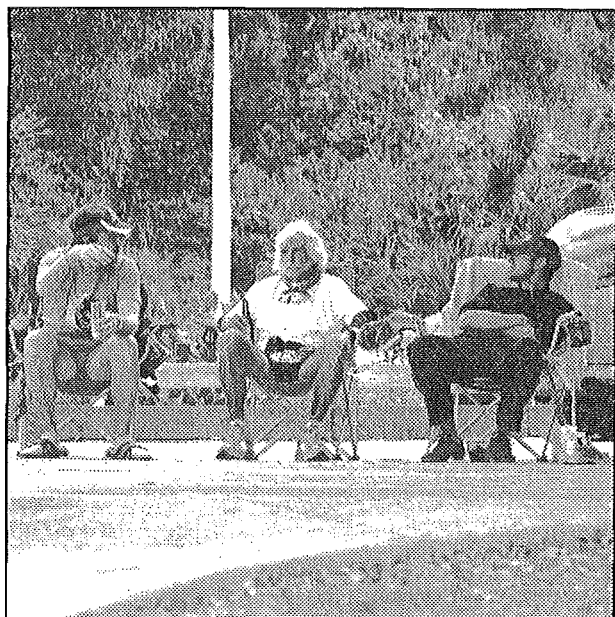
*Unstoppable Jim during the race
photo courtesy Jim Schroeder*

sandwiches are popular too.), grilled cheese sandwiches, pizza at midnight and Egg McMuffins for breakfast. For the AO 100 Mike organised 2-hourly updates to the results link, a very nice feature so that family and friends could track a runner's progress.

In all there were 23 finishers out of 59 (8/14 female, 15/45 male) starters in this year's AO 100. We couldn't complain about the weather, as it remained partly cloudy and cool during the day and night, yet never too cold for comfort.

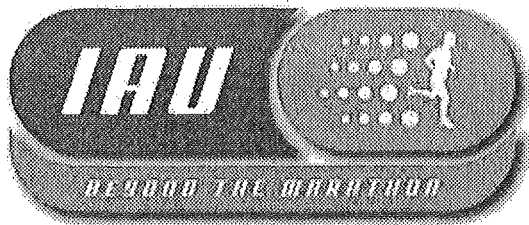
Well known ultramarathoner Brian Krogman, holder of the San Francisco One Day 24 Hour course record of 140 miles and Keys 100 solo record in 16:31, once remarked, "Training for a 100 miler is like training to be hit by a truck!" That would rather accurately describe how many of us felt post-race day.

I hope to see you folks in July for the Adelaide 24 Hour run!



*Well deserved rest
photo courtesy Jim Schroeder*





International News

from the Director of Communications of the
International Association of Ultrarunners (IAU),
Nadeem Khan

Happy New Year to all my friends from the Australian ultrarunning community. On behalf of the IAU, I wish you the very best for 2012 and anticipate that you will be able to accomplish all the goals that you have set for yourself in this year.

IAU has been in existence for 28 years and like any other organisation it has changed to suit the times. However, years after its formation, the original mandate of the IAU has carried on to this day. The association still stands for developing the sport of ultrarunning under the patronage of the IAAF.

Today, IAU organizes four major world events --- 100km World Championships, 24 Hour World Championships, the Trail World Championships and the 50km World Trophy Final. IAU is also involved with Continental Championships. This is in addition to the IAU-labels that are attached to several races around the world.

Every year is unique in its own right. It brings with it new opportunities combined with new challenges. Opportunities open new avenues for us while challenges keep us competent. The two together provide the perfect balance needed to run the international organization of the sport.

The current philosophy of the IAU is to promote the sport amongst nations and continents, in turn signing up more countries to its folds and giving them the opportunity to run on an international level. This viewpoint was the driving force behind the IAU organizing an informational booth at the IAAF World Congress in Berlin (2009) and Daegu (2011).

The presentations have benefitted us in a multitude of ways. In addition to increasing the profile of ultrarunning amongst the 200 plus IAAF member

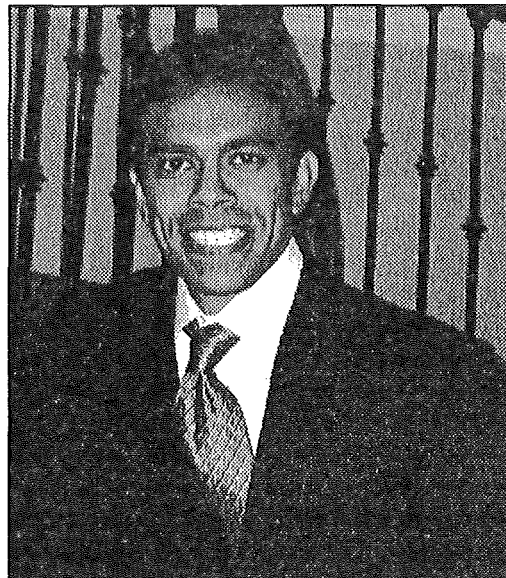
nations, the participating executive members have had an opportunity to discuss future projects with potential bids, the media around the world have taken a notice of the sport, and the IAU has made close contacts with the IAAF.

Furthermore, the promotional opportunities have translated into several new members joining the IAU folds, bringing the number to 52. Kenya, Sierra Leone, Mongolia and Monaco have become official members. There is also interest in several other countries to join in the near future.

With increasing membership we have a bigger pool of athletes and we have to cater to a wider audience. We warmly embrace that challenge and plan projects to put the spotlight on our greatest asset. The Athlete of the Year (ATY) was one such project initiated to bring the athletes front and centre in our activities.

The ATY process initiated in 2010 was a bit changed for 2011. We had revised the process to nominate and vote for the ATY. The new process is now more in tune with the selection steps taken by other world athletic bodies. The procedure also reflects our commitment to involve our federations as an integral part of the process.

The top three finishers at major IAU championships get automatic nomination. Also, any athlete achieving a World's Best Performance (WBP) makes the short list. The remaining spots (totalling around 20) are filled by the general audience through online nominations. The short list of nominees is extended to the member federations and the executive council for voting and they pick their top three choices (first getting 5 points, second getting 3 points, and third getting 1 point).



Nadeem Khan

The process worked very well in 2011. We had a majority of countries participate and cast their ballots. Giorgio Calcaterra (ITA) with his outstanding run at the 25th IAU 100km World Championships won the male ATY. His 6:27:32 in Winschoten gained him an outstanding ranking for the year. Lizzy Hawker (GBR) won the female ATY. Her World's Best Performance (WBP) of 247.076km at the Commonwealth Championships in Llandudno propelled her to the top vote getter.

January has been the customary IAU Executive Council meeting month. At the recently concluded meeting, the Executive Council decided to set September 30th 2012 as the bid deadline for potential world and continental championships encompassing 2014 and 2015. We also discussed several bids that were presented and the progress of the current championships.

In the realm of Commonwealth Running, the Commonwealth Association of Mountain and Ultradistance Running (CAMUR) is preparing to do a presentation for the Commonwealth Games Council England to highlight the importance

of inculcating the disciplines of mountain and ultrarunning in a future Commonwealth Games.

The racing season is all set. Last year was outstanding with four WBPs and several more exceptional times/distances. It was due to the excellent achievements by all our athletes that

defined a brilliant season for the IAU. These performances made our life, as promoters of the sport, easier and very rewarding.

I am hoping that the trend of outstanding running will continue this year. Furthermore, I am looking forward to enhancing the profile

of the sport as we journey through another breathtaking season of international ultrarunning.

Nadeem Khan
IAU, Director of Communications
CAMUR, Media and Communication Officer



Beat the Heat This Summer With Endura

You're pushing yourself as hard as you can. It's only early morning, but the sun's beating down as though it's the middle of the day. You're hot, your mouth is parched, and you're sweating up a storm. The only thing that keeps you going is the thought of diving into an icy cold pool. Well, that pool might not always be easily accessible, but Endura Rehydration Formula is!

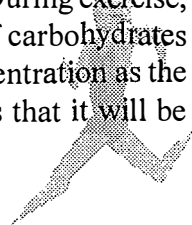
Summer has well and truly hit, and whether you're cycling, running, doing hard labour, or landscaping out in the sun - avoiding dehydration is paramount to performing at your peak.

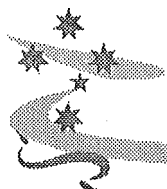
Dehydration can significantly impair your performance and the summer heat only makes this worse. Exercising in a hot environment can cause significant fluid and electrolyte loss. In fact, high intensity exercise in hot climates can result in sweat losses of up to 2.5 L per hour. Unless the amount of sweat you lose is matched by your fluid intake, you could become dehydrated. Dehydration can then lead to an impaired ability to regulate body temperature, increased heart rate, a higher rate of perceived exhaustion, and a subsequent decline in physical performance. In severe cases, this can also lead to an increased risk of heat stress and eventual collapse. Alarm bells should be ringing if you start to notice any of the following symptoms of heat stress: thirst, fatigue, cessation of sweating, headaches, nausea, vomiting, dizziness, goose bumps, confusion, disorientation, or loss of coordination.

Replacing the fluids and electrolytes you lose through sweating is essential to avoid dehydration and heat stress. Adequate electrolyte replacement and rehydration is not merely a matter of drinking brightly coloured, sugary sports drinks. These are often high in sodium and not balanced with adequate levels of other important electrolytes such as magnesium and potassium. You need balanced ratios of the right electrolytes to keep the fluid where you want it – in your muscle cells! Providing magnesium and electrolytes in ratios similar to that found in muscle cells, Endura Rehydration Formula is your best choice for rehydrating muscle cells and maintaining peak performance in the heat.

Optimal performance is not only about keeping your body well hydrated. Adequate fuel for energy and faster muscle recovery are also important factors. Endura Rehydration Formula provides immediately available, fast and slow burning carbohydrates in the form of glucose polymers and micro-crystalline fructose to provide a constant supply of fuel to your muscles during exercise. Endura Rehydration Formula also contains MetaMag™, a highly bioavailable form of magnesium which supports energy production, reduces muscle cramping, and aids recovery.

Endura Rehydration Formula can be mixed at varying concentrations depending on your needs. During exercise, an isotonic solution is best to prevent dehydration and to provide the appropriate amounts of carbohydrates for energy and improving recovery. Isotonic drinks have the same osmolarity, or level of concentration as the body's own fluids. Mixing Endura Rehydration Formula at an isotonic concentration ensures that it will be absorbed quickly and provide energy without hindering fluid absorption.





Ultra Running History: Bryan Smith and Cliff Young

Considering the recent awarding of AURA's Bryan Smith Award and Cliff Young Gumboot Award to Dave Kennedy and Tony Collins, respectively, it seemed fitting to provide Ultramag readers with a brief history of the two namesakes for these awards. Information for this article was taken from Phil Essam's ultralegends.com website, with his permission.

Bryan Smith

In a sixteen year ultra-running career, Bryan Smith established himself as one of the best Australian born ultra runners of the twentieth century. His personal bests ranged from 8 hours and 5 minutes for 100kms, 254kms for 24hrs and 1002kms for six days. He also ran in four Westfield Races finishing with two fourths, a second and a first, which many regard as his finest triumph.

Bryan was a Telecom and Telstra linesman for most of his working life, whose work involved traveling much of Victoria and south-eastern Australia, often for weeks at a time on assignment. It was in the seventies when Bryan decided that he had had enough of the night time socialising at the local hotels with the rest of his workmates and he started to occupy his nights away from home with running. This soon progressed into running in fun runs, and then the Big M Melbourne Marathon between 1978 and 1980.

Bryan didn't run his first ultra event until the mid 80's, when he competed at the Ballarat 50 mile CHASE Carnival. He certainly caught up for his late start though by running close to seventy ultras over the next sixteen years. This list of ultra races includes, amongst others, numerous 50km and 100km races, the Mansfield to Buller race,

17 x 24hr races, 7 x 48hr races, 4 x Colac Six Day races, 4 x Westfield races, a 1,000 mile race, and the Spartathlon.

The Colac Six Race in 1989 is recorded as being run in terrible conditions, with the track being reduced to a muddy quagmire for the latter stages of the race, but it was also a race which saw one of the greatest multi-day performances of all time. Bryan ran a total of 1,002kms and was the third person in history to better the 1,000km mark on a track in six days. On his way to completing this great feat he broke thirteen other track records in Australia. Some of these records have only been beaten since by Greek-Australian runner, Yiannis Kouros.

Bryan also entered the record books in 1998 at Nanango when he rewrote the Australian 1,000 mile record with a marvelous performance of 11 days and 23 hours. This was also a new Commonwealth and Australasian record. Nanango was well known for its hot, oppressive conditions, and 1998 was no exception with temperatures varying between 33 and 38 degrees every day. It seemed to be a trait of Bryan's career that he recorded his best results when the conditions were not exactly favourable!

Bryan continued to write himself into the record books in 1994 when he took part in the Perth to Albany 410km road race and broke eight existing unofficial Australian records on route. These included marks at 300km, 400km, 150 miles, 200 miles, 24hrs, 36hrs, 48hrs and 3 days. An incredible performance, indeed.

Perhaps Bryan's greatest triumph was in 1991 when he ran and won

the Westfield Sydney to Melbourne Ultramarathon. It was to be the last year that the race was run and some say that the non-appearance of Kouros devalued his win. The truth is that Bryan still won the race in a world class time of six days, 12 hours, 50 minutes and 50 seconds. He won the race starting 24 hours behind the rest of the field and collected \$60,000 for his efforts. This was made up of \$30,000 for fastest time and another \$30,000 for being first across the line.

Ten years later, in 2001, Bryan entered the Bernie Farmer/Jessie Riley Trans Australia Footrace. It was put on as an event to help promote Australia's Federation celebrations and was promised by the organisers that it would bring ultrarunning to the mainstream media and revive the golden "Westfield era." Tragedy hit the race on the second day of February, when Bryan died from a suspected brain aneurism, just 2.5kms into the morning stage. It was at 6.20am. He complained of feeling dizzy and then fell to the ground. Fellow runners, Bobby Brown and Paul Every, were twenty metres behind Bryan when he fell and they tried to revive him to no avail. Australia's greatest ultrarunner was deceased at age 57. Bryan's wife, Janet, was crewing for him at the time. One could reflect in hindsight that Bryan left us doing what he loved best, running on the open road!

Cliff Young

It was 1983 when Cliff Albert Young stormed home to win the first Westfield Sydney to Melbourne Ultra Marathon. At age 61, the untrained eye, mass media and unsuspecting public did not expect a "boy from down Beech Forest

"Nanango was well known for its hot, oppressive conditions, and 1998 was no exception with temperatures varying between 33 and 38 degrees every day"

"it was still dark and it only took Cliff and his crew a short time to realise that he had only slept for two hours"

way" to win and upstage the trained younger athletes. Australia was certainly awakened to the sport of ultrarunning.

Cliff was born in 1922 and spent his first few years living in an old bark hut with his family in Victoria. They struggled during his early years and also during the Depression. His father had to take work wherever he could and manage their potato farm at weekends.

It is an interesting but little known fact that New Zealand is where Cliff first tasted the joys of the "long run." It was several years later when he returned, competing with great results in the Veterans Games. Cliff also ran in some mile races as a professional, when still in his 30's, with his most impressive performance being third place in the 1955 Goldfield Mile at Bendigo.

Cliff progressed from marathons into ultras and ran a couple 50 mile races at the Melbourne University track. In his second attempt, he ran an excellent time of 6hrs 37mins, finishing second behind Keith Swift from New South Wales. This excellent result wetted Cliff's appetite for more distance and he was soon heading to Manly to compete in the 100 mile event. There were twenty starters and only two finishers. Cliff won in an excellent time of 14hrs 47mins. Second that day was eccentric Englishman Joe Record, two hours behind. Cliff and Joe became good friends.

With his thirst for distance taking a quantum leap, Cliff decided to have a crack at Siggy Bauer's 1,000 mile world record. The local council threw their weight behind it and a course was set up around Memorial Square in his home town of Colac. (This was the precursor for the Australian Six Day Race that ran for over twenty years). Cliff fell short of his goal but still completed over 500 miles in the allocated time. He had some

injury concerns along with a crew that were very much learning about dietary requirements for endurance athletes!

This didn't put a damper in Cliff's enthusiasm. A month later, he heard about John Toleman putting up the \$10,000 winner-take-all prize money for a race between Sydney and Melbourne. Toleman did this to try to give his friend, George Perdon, some recognition for all the endurance records he had set over the years. Cliff was accepted into the race and started training with a vengeance.

It was on the first night of the race that Cliff and his crew accidentally rewrote the rule book about multi-day ultra running. They pulled off the road for a six hour break. Cliff was awakened only a short time later, thought to himself "that it was a quick sleep," then headed for the road. It was still dark and it only took Cliff and his crew a short time to realise that he had only slept for two hours! Regardless, Cliff felt good and the consequences were written into Australian athletic history.

By the time Cliff got to Kalkallo just out of Melbourne, all of Australia knew about Cliff Young and thousands met him to cheer him onto the finish line in Melbourne some 30 miles away. It was the early hours of the morning when Cliff completed the journey and wrote his name into history. Finishing in a time of 5d:15h:4m, he had beaten Toleman's champion, George Perdon, by nine hours.

Cliff ran the Westfield Run five more times in the coming years. His record stands at three withdrawals and three finishes, excellent by any standards. Cliff often had a habit of retiring after each "bad" Westfield. None was more poignant than in 1989 when he withdrew with the lights of Bombala in the distance and Cliff saying, "Thanks everyone. I've done my best."

It was 1985 when Cliff competed in the Australian 24 Hour Championships in Adelaide, breaking the Australian 24 hour all-comers record with an incredible 235.969km. Cliff only held the record for three months, but this performance by a 63-year-old must be seen as one of the best ultra performances in this country today.

Between 1981 and 1999, Cliff competed in over 70 ultra races around Australia from 50 kms to multi-days. At one time or another, he held several Australian and World age group records for various distances. A few of Cliff's M70-74 Australian age group records during his career included 100km track (14h:8m:54s) and 200 km track (18h:11m:47s) and 48 hrs (233.435 kms). He also broke the M60-64 12hr track record with 129.525 kms, followed by the M65-69 record with 104.800 kms in the 1990's.

Cliff passed away in November 2003. After that, the Colac Six Day Committee renamed their event the "Cliff Young Australian Six-Day Race" to preserve his memory. Tony Rafferty remembered Cliff for "his open hand and kindness of heart, his laconic humour which produced many moments of joy and laughter - and his immense capacity for endurance on the road and track. Cliff was, is, will always be, a folk hero."

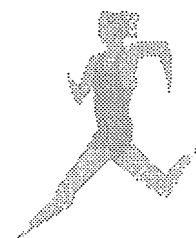


Figure 1. AURA Members by Sex as at 14 December 2011

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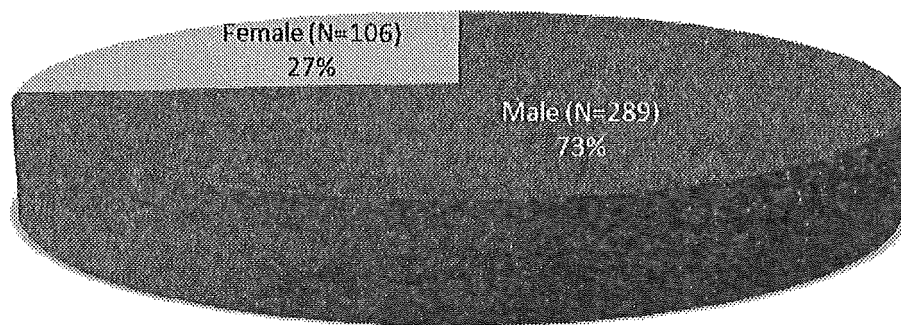


Figure 2. AURA Members by Sex and 10 Year Age Groups as at 14 December 2011

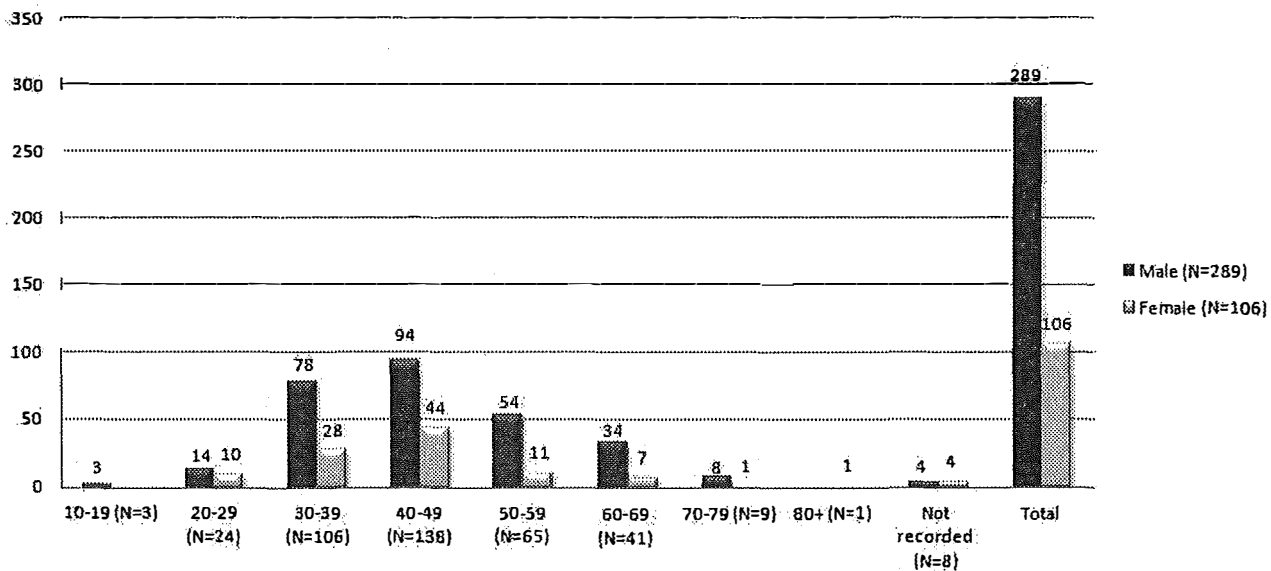
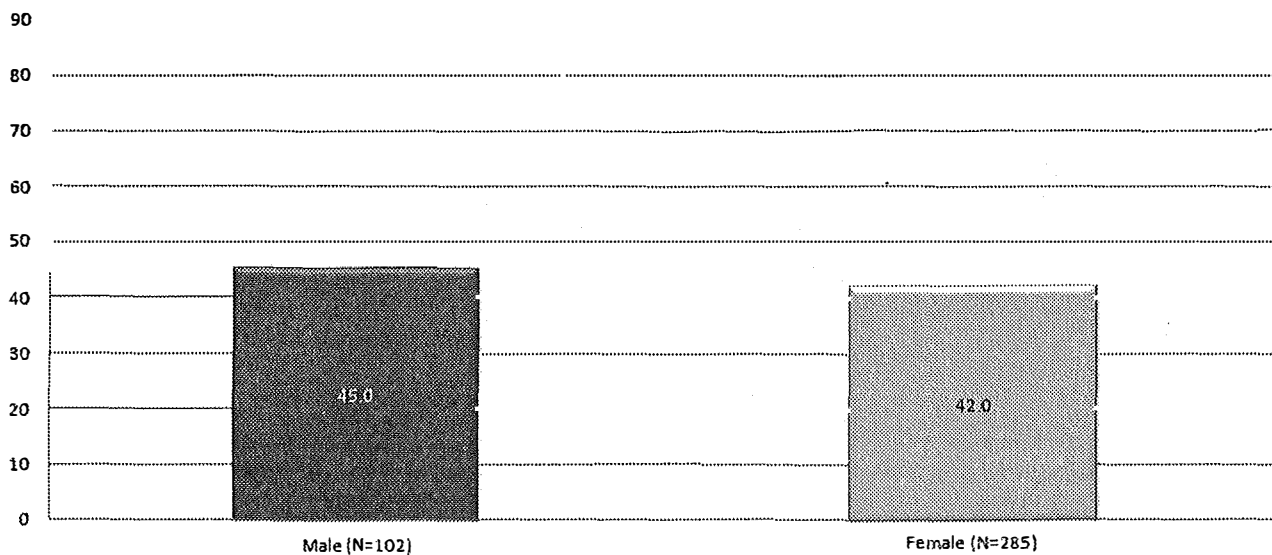
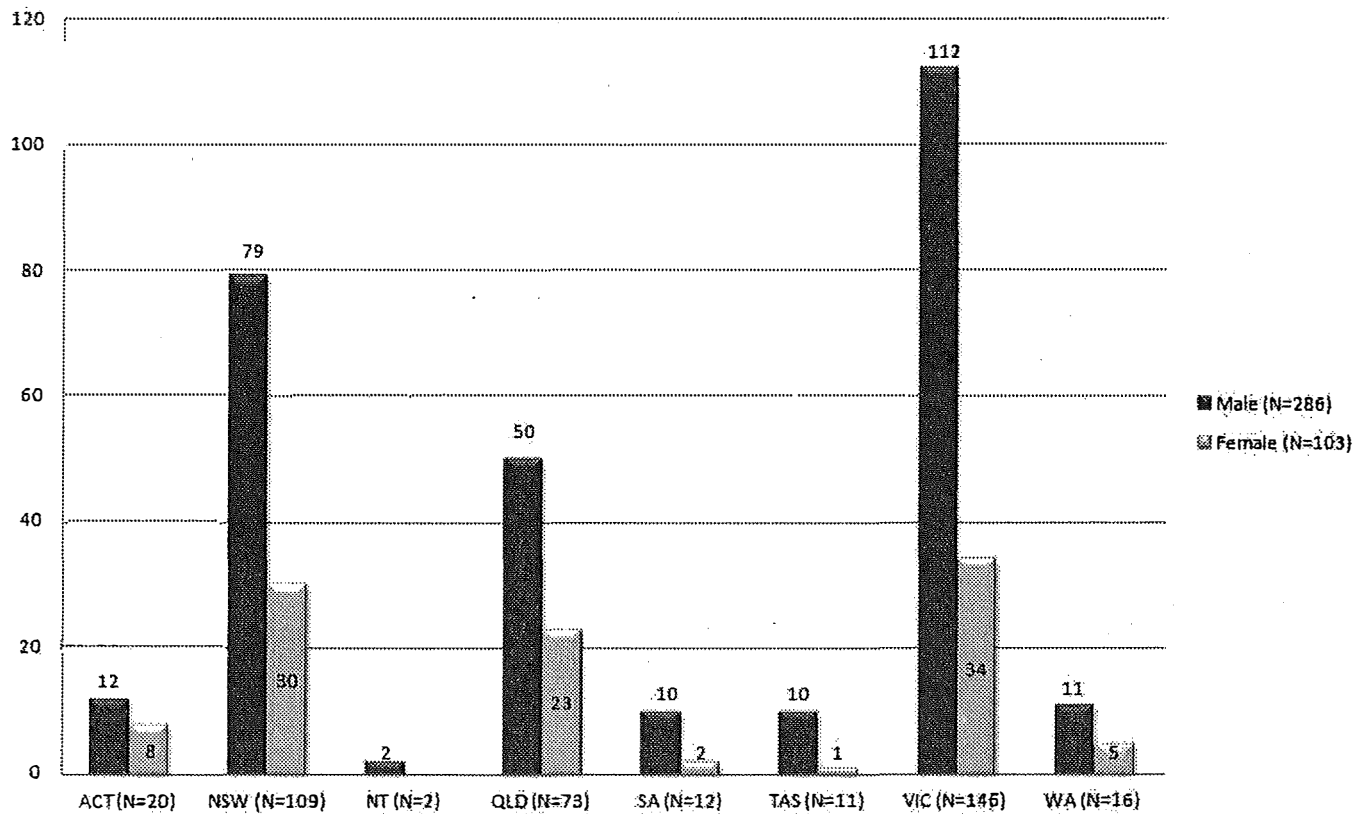


Figure 3. AURA Members by Sex and Median Age as at 14 December 2011*

*based on members with recorded date of birth



**Figure 4. AURA Members by Australian States/Territories
as at 14 December 2011**



**Figure 5. AURA Members by Australian States/Territories
as at 14 December 2011***

* Members in the Family category are counted as one

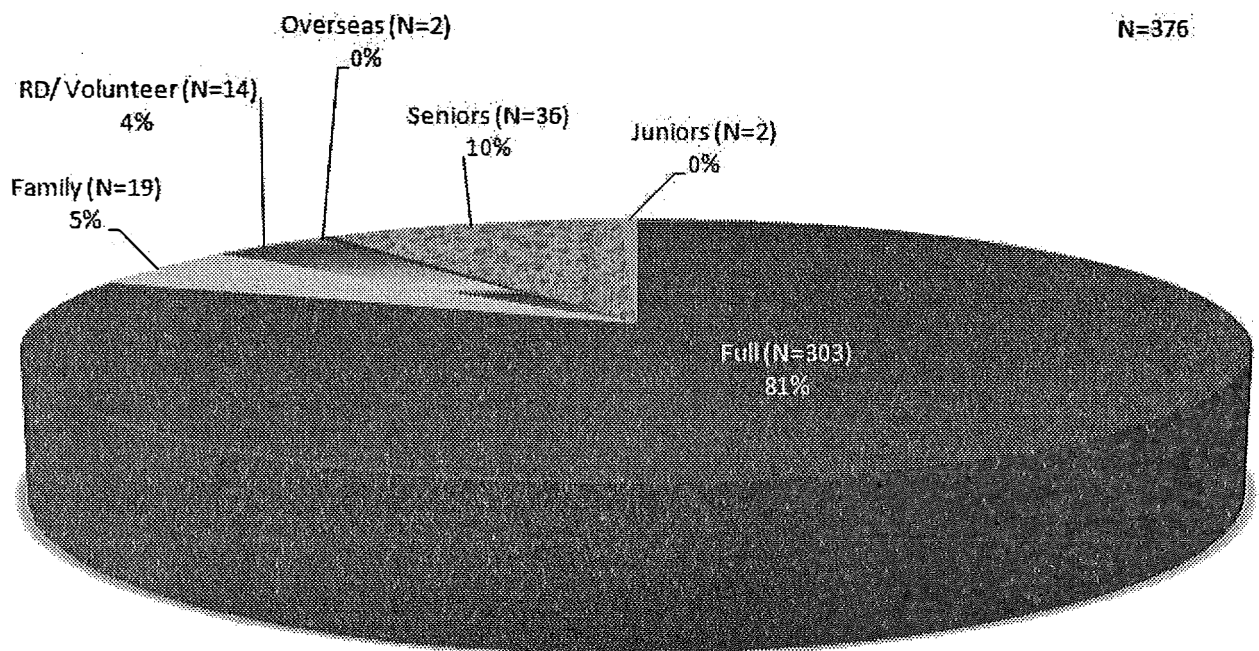


Figure 1. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by Year, 2010-2011

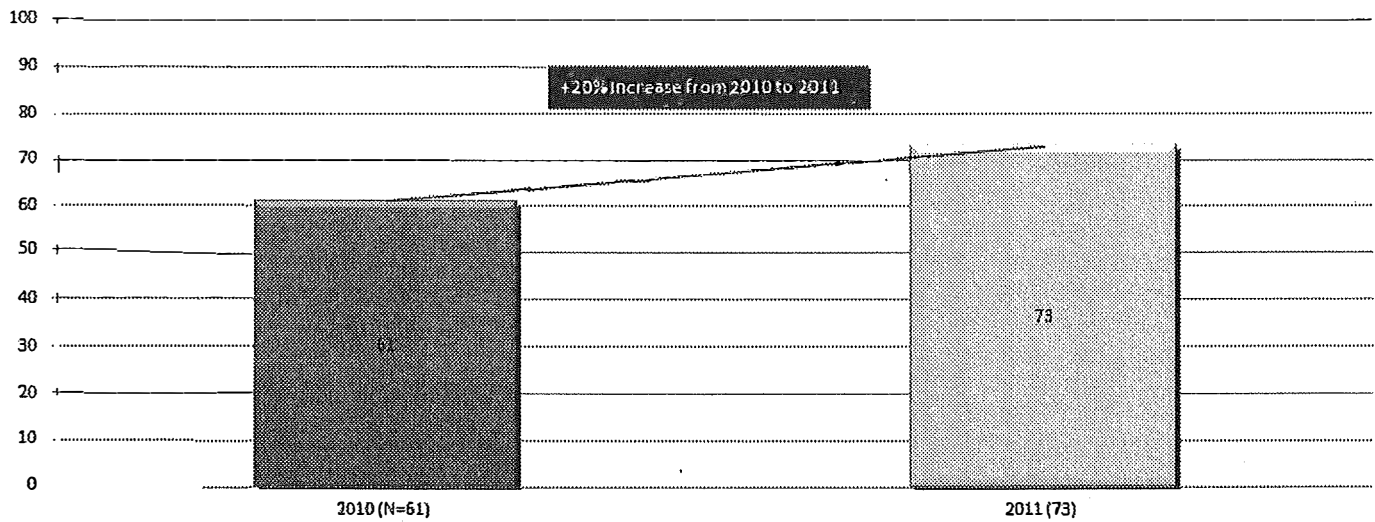


Figure 2. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by Type and Year, 2010-2011

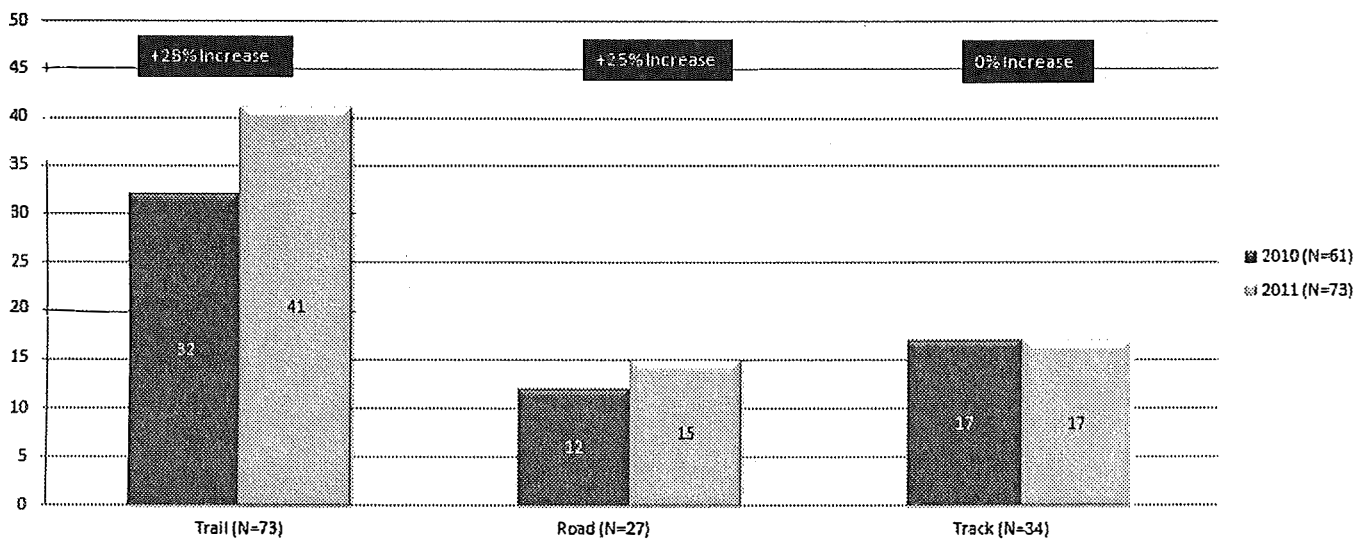


Figure 3. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by Type and Length, 2011

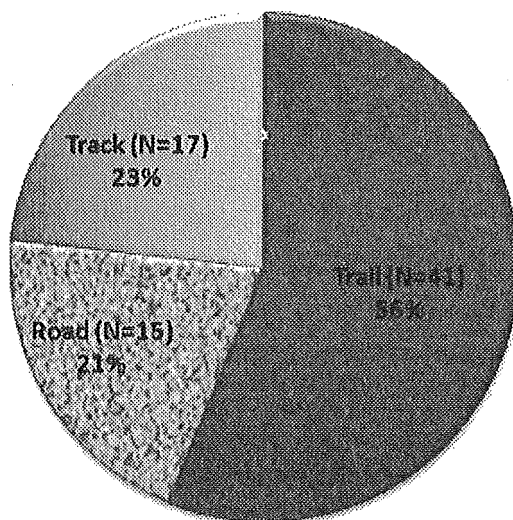


Figure 4. Total number of AURA sanctioned TRAIL races by Length and Year, 2010-2011

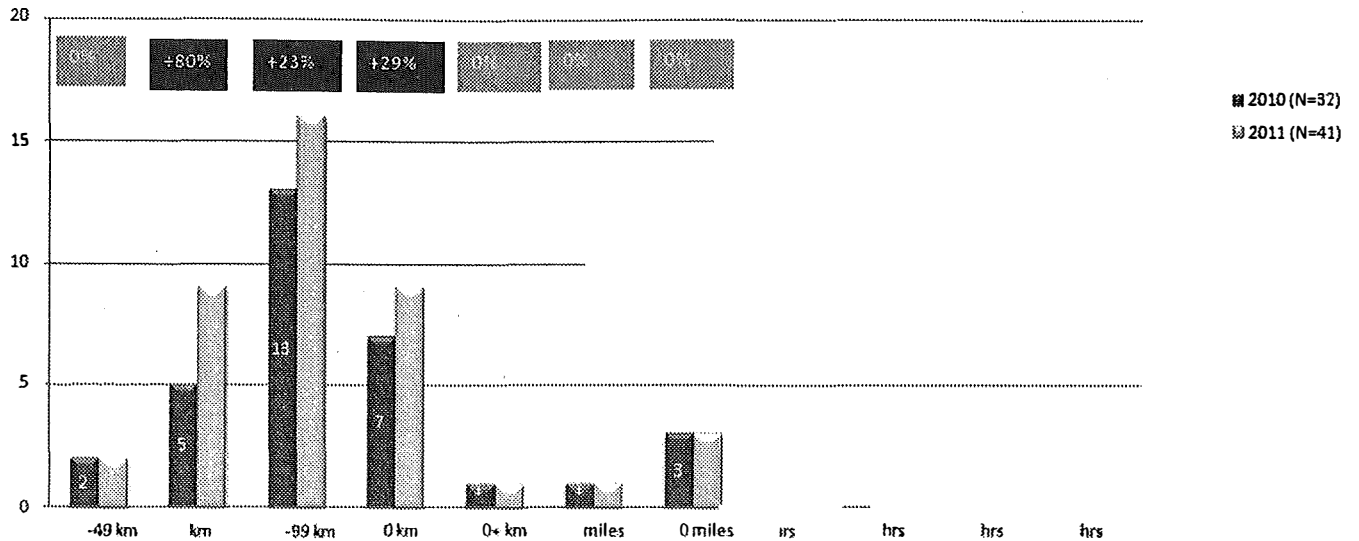


Figure 5. Total number of AURA sanctioned ROAD races by Length and Year, 2010-2011*

*51-99k races in 2010: Frankston to Portsea, discontinued in 2011, and The Tan Ultra, converted to a 50k distance in 2011. Canberra 50k was cancelled in 2010

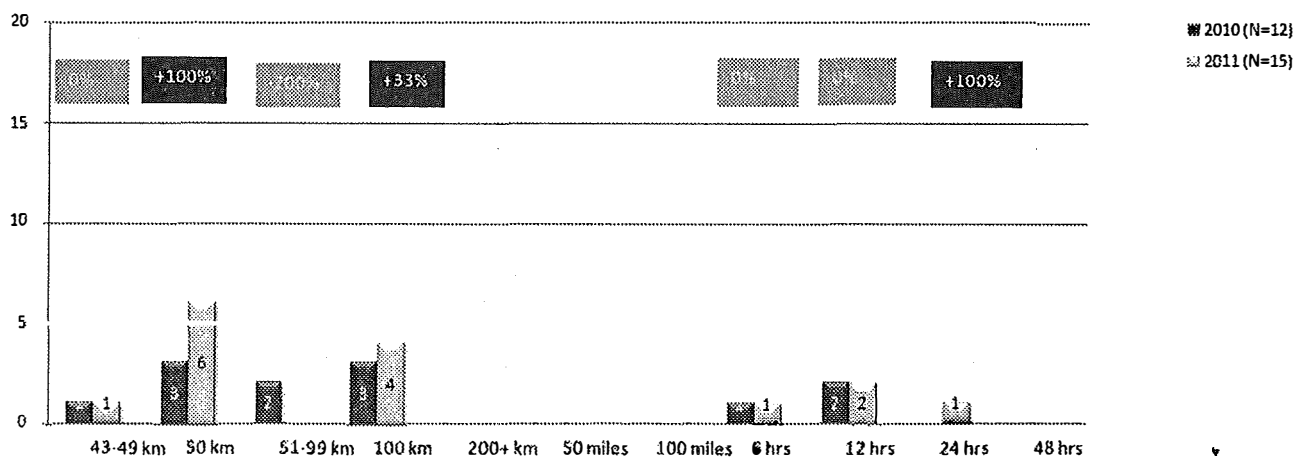


Figure 6. Total number of AURA sanctioned TRACK races by Length and Year, 2010-2011

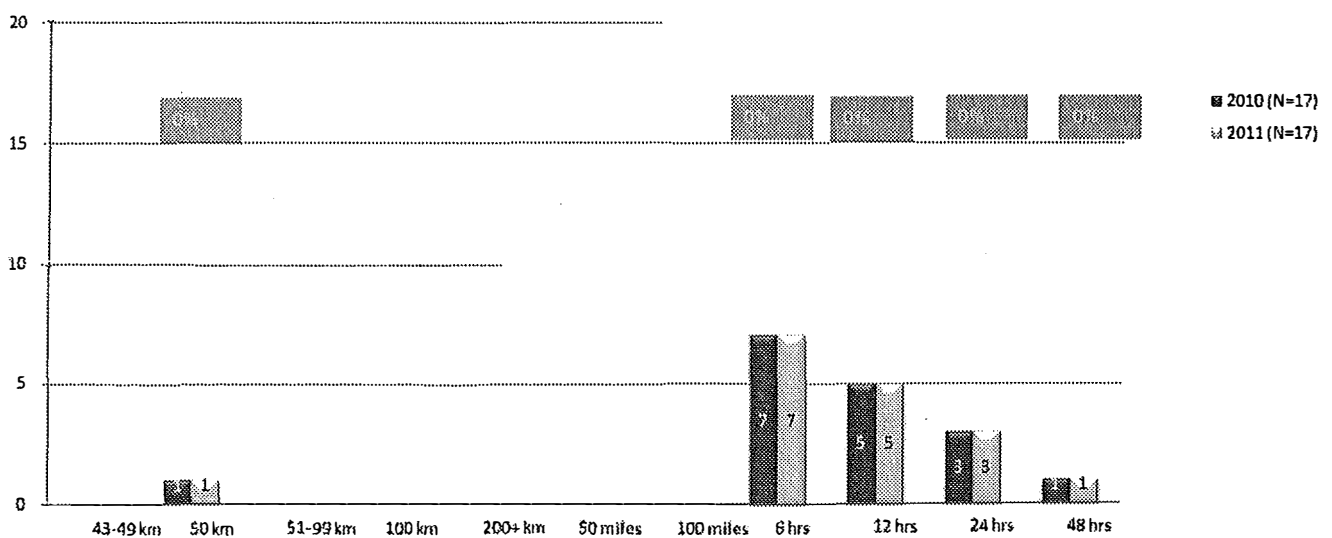


Figure 7. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by Season and Year, 2010-2011

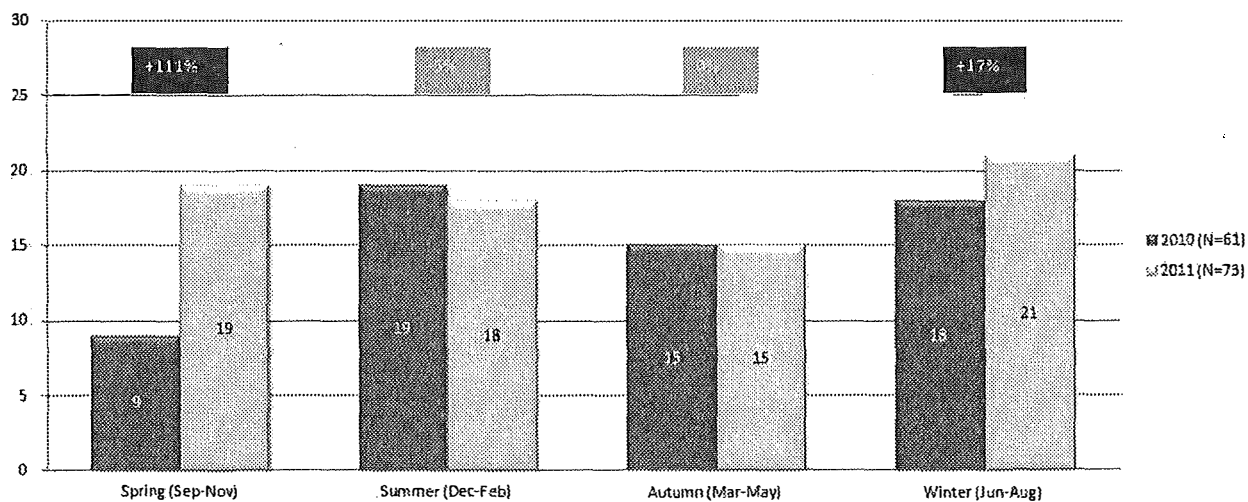


Figure 8. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by States/Territories and Year, 2010-2011*

*If a race has more than one distance/time option, all are represented here

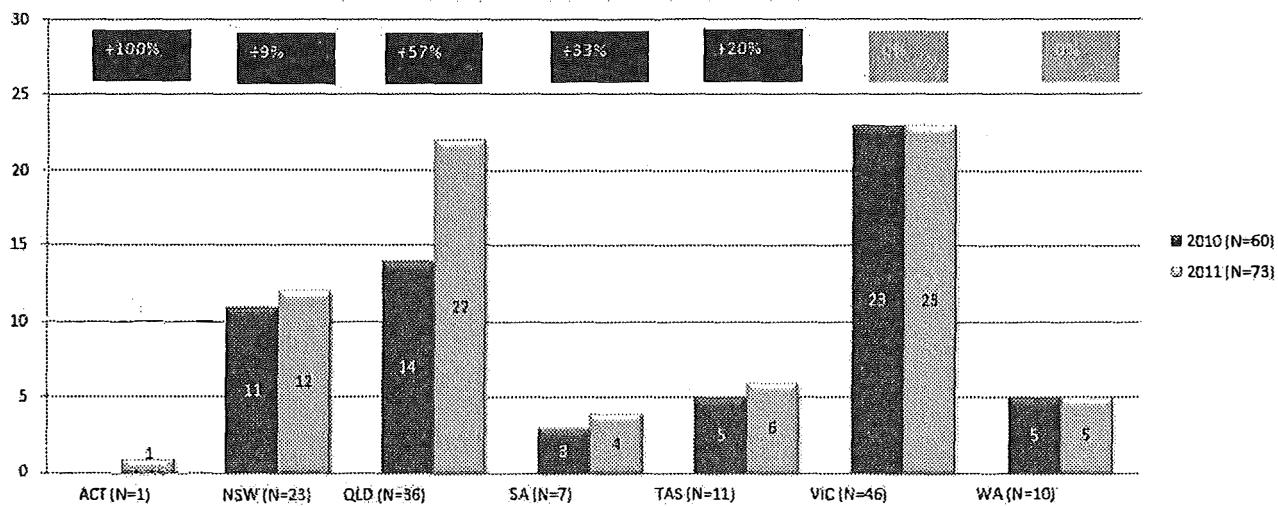
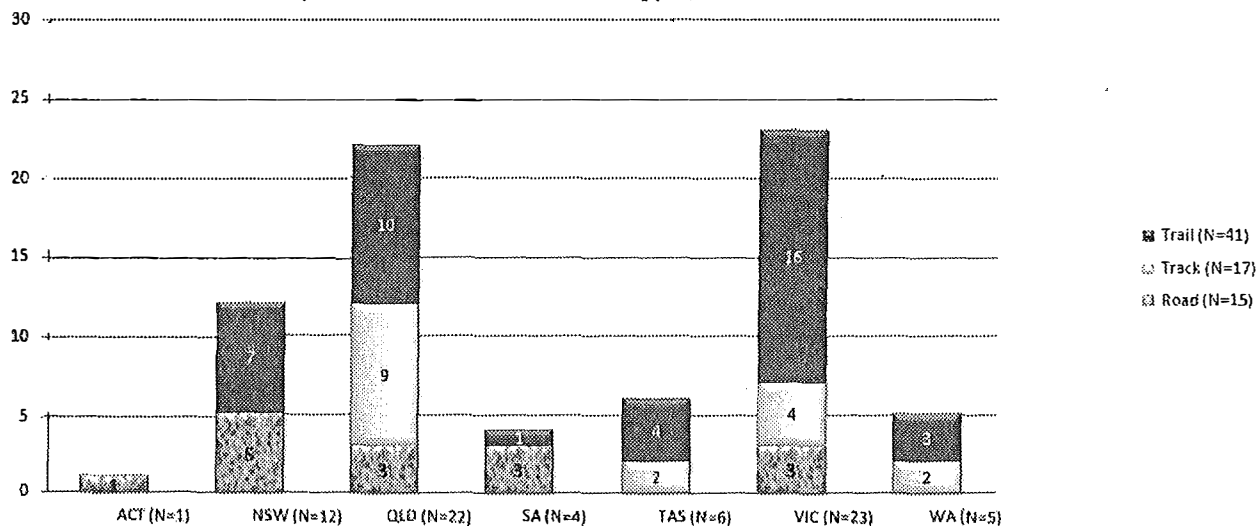


Figure 9. Total number of AURA sanctioned races by States/Territories and Type, 2011



AURA Bryan Smith Award 2005-2011

Since 2007, this award has gone to the athlete with the best
24 hour performance for the year

2011	David Kennedy (WA)	236.929 kms at Commonwealth Championships, Llandudno, Wales
2010	Martin Fryer (ACT)	259.481 kms at Soochow, Taiwan
2009	Martin Fryer (ACT)	255.934 kms at Commonwealth Championships, Keswick, UK
2008	Martin Fryer (ACT)	247.189 kms at IAU World 24 Hour, Korea
2007	<i>unknown</i>	

Prior to 2007, the Bryan Smith Award went to the AURA member who, in the opinion of the committee, had made a major contribution to the sport of ultra running, especially in the year under review.

2006	Anubha Baird and the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team	Organisers of the Adelaide 24 Hour track race
2005	Bill Sutcliffe	President of the Colac Race Committee

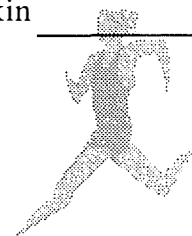
AURA Rising Star Award 2004-2011

**This award goes to the ultra runner 25 yrs
and under with the
most impressive performance(s) for the
year**

2011	Oliver Zambon
2010	Chris Hills
2009	none awarded
2008	Nathan Fawkes
2007	Nathan Fawkes
2006	Chris Hills
2005	Chris Hills
2004	Felicity Joyce

AURA Points Competition Winners 2002-2011

2011	Malcolm Gamble
2010	Sharon Scholz
2009	Malcolm Gamble
2008	Robert Boyce
2007	Tim Cochrane
2006	Siri Terjesen
2005	Peter Lahiff
2004	Kelvin Marshall
2003	Kelvin Marshall
2002	Stan Miskin



AURA Cliff Young Gumboot Award 2003-2011

This award goes to the ultra runner 60 yrs and over with the best 24 hour performance for the year

2011	Tony Collins (NSW)	170.500 kms at Caboolture 48 hr (24 hr split)
2010	Roger Guard (QLD)	180.566 kms at Caboolture
2009	Tony Collins (NSW)	141.000 kms at Caboolture 48 hr (24 hr split)
2008	Tony Collins (NSW)	176.712 kms at Adelaide 24 hr
2007	Tony Collins (NSW)	unknown
2006	Deryck Skinner (SA)	163.806 kms at Adelaide 24 hr
2005	Vlastic Skvaril (TAS)	168.400 kms Colac 6 Day race (24 hr split)
2004	David Jones (VIC)	166.860 kms at Adelaide 24 hr
2003	Brian Evans	163.657 kms at Gold Coast 24 hr

AURA Ultra Runners of the Year 2004-2011

This award is made to the male and female ultra athletes who, in the opinion of the Executive Committee, have had the most outstanding ultra athletic achievement(s) for the year.

	Female	Male
2011	Nikki Wynd (VIC)	David Eadie (VIC)
2010	Sharon Scholz (VIC)	Jo Blake (NSW)
2009	Jackie Fairweather (ACT)	Martin Fryer (ACT)
2008	Kerrie Bremner (ACT)	Martin Fryer (ACT)
2007	June Petrie (VIC)	Tim Cochrane (NSW)
2006	Siri Terjesen (QLD)	Kelvin Marshall (NSW)
2005	Emma Murray (ACT)	Jo Blake (NSW)

Prior to 2005, the Australian Ultra Runner of the Year was the best performed male or female Australian ultra runner

2004	David Criniti (NSW)
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