

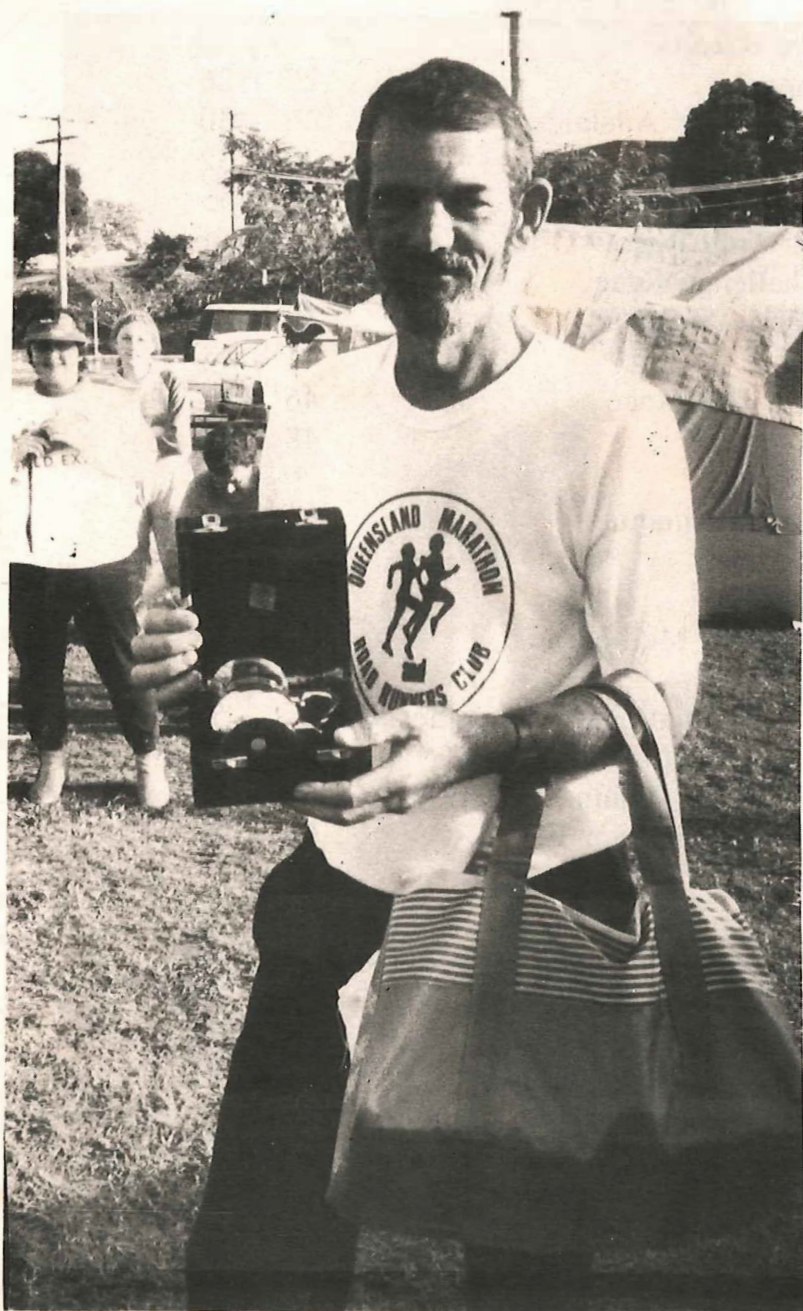


AURA MAGAZINE



Vol.4 No.4

December 1989



AURA member and Queensland interstate representative, IAN JAVES has had a very successful year. He won the 24 Hour at Caboolture, Queensland on June 30th, then went on to gain second placing in the world's longest race, the 1300 mile event in New York. Congratulations Ian!.

AUSTRALIAN ULTRA RUNNERS' ASSOCIATION INC.
(Incorporated in Victoria)

Registered Office: 4 Victory Street, Mitcham, 3132. Australia. Telephone: (03) 874-2501

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Hi folks!

Editorial

Here's our last issue for 1989, and what a year of ultra-running it has been. Our athletes are going from strength to strength and several of them are world class now. We hope that you've had a good year, and that you are satisfied with your own ultra running performances. If you're not, there's always 1990!

The Westfield Sydney to Melbourne seemed to have more media coverage this year, and we all felt emotionally involved with David Standeven as we watched his incredible battle with Kouros, particularly in the final 24 hours of the race. I felt a nervous wreck just watching it on TV, and when he finally staggered across the line, I cried.

Bryan Smith also, has had a sensational year, culminating in his magnificent performance in the Colac 6 Day race, in which he became only the ~~4th~~ man in history to run more than 1000km. in six days! 1002km. Wow!

Other great performances this year are too numerous to mention but those who spring immediately to mind are:

- * Dawn Parris who created new Australian Woman's Records for 12 hours, 24 hours, 100 miles and 200km.
- * Mike March, who won two 24 Hour Track Races at Coburg and Adelaide, and in the first of these, smashed the Australian Mens 24 Hour Record with his 260.099km.
- * Kevin Mansell, who put in a gutsy performance to come in second Australian in the Westfield.

and then the fantastic ultra-ultra performances:

- * Ian Javes, 2nd in a world class field in New York in Sept. in the 1300 mile race in 17 days 22 hr.1 min.58s.
- * Ron Grant who broke the 1000 Hour record in March by covering 2.5km per.hour, but then had this record taken from him by Trevor Harris later in the year . Trevor ran 2.7km per hour for the 1000 hours.
- * Tony Rafferty, who showed a return to form when he won the 10000 Mile Race.

As I said, what a great year!

Thanks for your letters and race reports etc. We're short on dates for some of our events for 1990. If you can help us out phone them in.

Geoff and I hope you have a happy and safe Christmas and that your training is going well for the races we have planned for 1990.

Take care,



CALENDAR

1990

- * Jan 7 **BOGONG TO HOTHAM**, Vic, 60km mountain trail run, 6.15am start at Mountain Creek Picnic Ground. 3,000 metre climb! Phone Russell Bulman, (03)431-1453

- * Feb 3/4 **NSW MACQUARIE FIELDS 12 HOUR TRACK RACE**, VFL Ground, Macquarie Fields road, Macquarie Fields, 400m grass, start 6pm Saturday, breakfast after, entry \$20, toilets, showers, pool, canteen. Entries close 17 Jan. Contact J. Shaw (046) 26-6694.

- * Feb 3 **CRADLE MOUNTAIN TRAIL RUN**, Tas, 6am start at the northern end of Cradle Mountain/Lake St.Clair National Park, finishes at Cynthea Bay at southern end of park, approx 85-90km of tough mountain trail running with lots of bogs! Contact Richard Pickup, P.O.Box 946 Launceston, Tas, 7250, phone (003)95-4294.

- * Feb 25 **12 HOUR TRACK RACE**, ACT, Woden Park athletic track, 7.30am start. 400m grass, certified, entry \$20, inc free tee-shirt. Contact Trevor Harris, (062)88-4137(H) (062)65-5640(w) or Derek Quinto (062)38-2309(H) (062)43-6464(W). Entries close 9/2/90.

- * Mar 3 **8 HOUR FUN RUN & 50 MILE ROAD LOOP RACE**, Caboolture, Qld., entry \$20, 5pm start, 1km road loop at Caboolture Sports Centre. Contact Ian Javes, 25 Fortune Esplanade, Caboolture Qld, 4510, ph (071)95-4334.

- * Mar 4 **6/12 HOUR RACE**, Bunbury, W.A., organized by Bunbury Marathon Club, contact Brian Kennedy, 123 Mininup Road, Bunbury, phone (097) 219018

- * Mar 10/11 **24 HOUR TRACK RACE**, Coburg, Vic. 12 noon start. (Victorian 24 Hour Track Championship) conducted by Vic. Veterans' A.C., Race Director: Dot Browne, 4 Victory Street, Mitcham, 3132, phone (03)874-2501 for entry forms. Westfield trial.

- * Mar **50KM TRACK RACE**, Parramatta, NSW, 6am start, 500m. grass track,
P.H.Jeffery Reserve, Barton Park, N. Parramatta, contact Margaret & Neil Fowler, (045)71-2017. See Race Advert.

- * Mar 24 **BLUE MOUNTAINS SIX FOOT TRACK MARATHON**, NSW, 46km, mountain trail run, 10am start from Katoomba to Jenolan Caves. Contact Ian Hutchison, P.O.Box 65, Leana, NSW, phone (02)669-4715 for entry forms.

- * Apr 7 **FRANKSTON TO PORTSEA ROAD RACE**, Vic, 34 miler, contact Kon Butko, 66 Allison Road, Mt.Eliza, 3930, (03)787-1309. 7am start, cnr. Davey St. & Nepean H'way. Own support needed.

- * May 5 **12 HOUR (DAWN TO DUSK) ROAD RUN**, Caboolture, Qld. 6AM start, \$20 entry fee, 1km road loop at Caboolture Show Grounds, Beerburum Road, Caboolture. Contact Ian Javes, 25 Fortune Esplanade, Caboolture, Qld., 4510, ph (071)95-4334.

- * May 5 **100KM ROAD RUN**, Caboolture, Qld. 6am start, 12 hour limit, \$20. Contact Ian Javes, 25 Fortune Esplanade, Caboolture Qld. 4510, ph (071)95-4334.

- * May 5 **12 HOUR TRACK RACE**, Rosebud, Vic, Olympic Park, 400m grass track, Percy Cerutti Memorial Race, 8am start, entry forms from Brian Jones (059)86-8640, P.O.Box 450, Rosebud, 3939, Vic.

- * May 13 **BANANA COAST ULTRA MARATHON**, NSW, 85km, Coff's Harbour to Grafton, 6am start, contact Steel Beveridge, 20 Arrawarra Road, Mullaway, 2456, NSW.

- * May 17-25 **WESTFIELD SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE RUN**, Parramatta, NSW to Doncaster Vic, 1015km, contact Charlie Lynn, c/o Westfield Run Office, suite 3, 67 Jacaranda Avenue, Bradbury NSW, 2560, phone (046)28-4820.

- * May 26/27 **12/24 HOUR TRACK RACE**, WA, Perth, 1km grass track, McGillvray Oval, contact Tony Tripp, "Lakeview", Davies Road, Claremont, 6010, WA, or Ross Parker, (09)401-7797.

- * June **50 KM ROAD RACE**, Lauderdale, Tasmania, \$2 entry. Free nosh-up at the Lauderdale Tavern after the race. Contact Talays Running Shop ph.(002)34:9945 or Mike March ph. (002)39:1432

- * June 16 **VMC 50 MILE TRACK RACE**, (Australian Championship), Vic, at Box Hill, 400m track, 8am start, contact Geoff Hook, 42 Swayfield Road, Mount Waverley, 3149, or phone (03)288-9739.

- * June 17 **VMC 50 MILE ROAD RACE**, at Carlton, Vic, 8am start, 25 x 2mile circuits of Princes Park. Contact Geoff Hook, 42 Swayfield Road, Mount Waverley, or phone (03)288-9739.

- * June 17 **HOBART TO CYGNET ROAD RACE**, Tasmania, 54km, 7am start, from talays Running Shop, Liverpool Street. \$5 entry (includes Tee shirt). Contact Talays phone (002)34:9945

- * June **ROSS TO RICHMOND ROAD RACE**, Tasmania, 94km, between the two oldest bridges in Australia, 7am start. Need support vehicle and helper. Contact Talays Running Shop phone (002)34:9945

- * June 22/23/24. **24/48 HOUR TRACK RACES**, Caboolture Sports Centre, Qld. 8am start,(23/6 for the 24hr race). Entry fee \$35, inc tee-shirt , contact Ian Javes, 25 Fortune Esplanade, Caboolture, 4510, phone (071)95-4334. 5.
(Westfield trial)

- * July **SRI CHINMOY 12 HOUR TRACK RACE**, at Coburg, Vic, 400m track, 7am start, \$27 entry, contact Kishore Cunningham, c/o Purity's Strength Indomitable, 631 Burwood Road Auburn, phone (03)882:5476 (BH).

- * July 15 **50 MILE TRACK RACE**, at Adelaide, SA, 440 yard cinder track, 7am start,(Adelaide Harriers track, South Terrace). For entry application form contact: Don Parker, 26 Cynthia Street, Para Hills, 5096, phone (08)264-8963

- * July **50 MILE TRACK RACE**, at Bass Hill, Sydney, NSW, 6.30am start, \$10 entry, contact Gavin Beahan, 122 Flinders Road, Georges Hall, NSW, 2198.

- * Aug 11 **12 HOUR TRACK RACE**, St.Leonards, Tasmania, 5am start. Contact Dave Osborne, 65 Amy Street, Launceston phone (003)43:1315(w), (003)44:3200(h)

- * Aug 25/26 **24 HOUR TRACK RACE - INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP**, Olympic Park, Melbourne. Contact Raymond Carroll, (03)562-3312.

- * Sept 1/2 **24 HOUR TRACK RACE**, NSW, Sydney Striders event, Hensley Athletic Field, Wentworth Avenue, Pagewood, Sydney, 11am start. Contact Charlie Lynn, Suite 3, 67 Jacaranda Ave., Bradbury, NSW 2560, ph. (046)28-4820, \$50. (Westfield trial).

- * Sep 8/9 **12 HOUR RUN (DUSK TO DAWN)** Caboolture Show Grounds. 1KM bitumen road loop. 6pm start, \$20 entry, Contact Ian Javes (above address) or Dell Grant, 53 Valley Drive, Caboolture 4510, phone (071) 952138

- * Sept 9 **100KM TRACK RACE**, at Coburg, Vic, 400m track, 7am start, \$15 entry, contact Kevin Cassidy, 4 Grandview Road, Preston, 3072, Vic, phone (03)478-3687.

- * Sep 9 **100KM ROAD RACE**, at Bathurst, NSW, 6am start at the Courthouse, Russell Street, Bathurst, time limit 11 hours, contact Big Chris Stephenson, G.P.O.Box 1041, Sydney, 2001, or phone (02)523-7852 (h) or (02)232-8733 ext 238(w).

- * Sep 16 **MUNDARING TO YORK ROAD RACE**, WA, 64.36km (40miles), 6.15am start at Mundaring Shire Offices, conducted by the West Australian Marathon Club. Phone Jeff Joyce, (09)447-8545.

- * Sep **BRUNY ISLAND JETTY TO LIGHTHOUSE ROAD RACE**, Tasmania, 64km, (Australia's (the world's?) southernmost ultra race). Course takes in the length of Bruny Island. Support vehicle and helper required. Contact Mike March, phone (002)39:1432 or Talay's Running Shop, phone (002)34:9945.

- * Oct **100 KM TRAIL RUN**, Qld, in Mount Mee State Forest. \$20 entry. Contact Ian Javes (address above)
- * Oct **RAINBOW COAST ULTRA MARATHON**, Perth to Albany, WA, 406km road race, 4.5 day limit, starts 10am, contact Garry Clark phone (098)41-0888 (h), or Tony Tripp, "Lakeview", Davies Road, Claremont, Perth, or Ross Parker phone (09)401-7797.
- * Oct **SRI CHINMOY 100KM TRACK RACE**, Sydney Athletic Field, 400m track, 7am start, \$35 entry, contact Animesh Harrington, P.O.Box B10, Boronia Park, 2111, NSW, phone (02)816-5613.
- * Oct **ADELAIDE TO VICTOR HARBOUR 100KM ROAD RACE**, contact Distance Runners Club of South Australia, P.O.Box 102, Goodwood, SA, 5034.
- * Oct 13/14 **CAMPBELLTOWN CITY 24 HOUR TRACK RACE**, Bradbury Oval, Campbelltown, \$30 entry, cash prizes, 400m grass track, overnight parking & camping prior to race, good amenities, heated pool and spa next to track. Contact John Shaw, 17 Buvelot Way, Claymore, NSW, 2560, phone (046)26-6694.
- * Oct 27/28 **SRI CHINMOY 24 HOUR TRACK RACE**, SA, (Australian Championship) Adelaide Harriers track, Adelaide, SA. 7am start, \$50 entry, contact Prabuddha Nicol, P.O.Box 554, North Adelaide, 5006, phone (08)239-0690 or (08)344-8537.
- * Oct **A.C.F. BRINDABELLA CLASSIC**, ACT, approx 50km trail run over the Brindabella mountains, just south of Canberra. 8am start, entry \$25. Entries close 9/10/90. Contact John Stanhope, 52 Sharwood crescent, Evatt, ACT, 2617, phone (062)58-3181 (H) (062)46-7549(W) or Barry Moore in Melbourne (03)233-6529.
- * Nov **RAINBOW TRAIL RUN, QLD**, (beach and forest trails), 50 - 60km, Rainbow Beach, Cooloola Sands, \$20. Contact Ian Javes, 25 Fortune Esp. Caboolture 4510, phone (071)95-4334.
- * Nov **6 DAY TRACK RACE**, Colac, Vic, 400 metre grass track, entry by invitation. Contact The Australian Six Day Race Committee, P.O. Box 163, Colac 3250, Vic, phone (052)31-5442.
- * Nov **CAMPBELLTOWN CITY SIX DAY TRACK RACE**, 400m grass track. 10am start 19/11/89, \$120 entry, prize money 1st, 2nd, 3rd, M & F. Contact John Shaw, 17 Buvelot Way, Claymore, NSW, 2560, phone (046)26-6694. See Race Advert.
- * Dec **50 MILE ROAD RACE**, Ballarat, Vic, C.H.A.S.E. Carnival, (Victorian 50 Mile Road Championship), 7am start, \$20 entry. Entries to 115 Lydiard Street, North Ballarat, 3350, or phone Geoff Russell (053)34-7303.



A U R A

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FOR 1990

Membership fees for this year are due on 1/1/90. If you haven't already renewed your membership, please do so as soon as possible.

Our costs in producing this Magazine have jumped enormously and consequently there is a substantial increase in our fees. If you consider you are receiving good value from AURA, an additional donation will greatly help our finances. All donations will be acknowledged in this Magazine unless we are specifically instructed otherwise.

Membership fees for 1990 are:- \$20 within Australia

	NZ	ASIA	USA	EUROPE
Sea Mail (up to 7 weeks delivery)	\$26.00	\$26.00	\$28.00	\$28.00
Air Mail (up to 1 week delivery)	\$29.00	\$33.00	\$36.00	\$38.00

All prices are in Australian dollars and the higher overseas rates are necessary to cover the higher postage costs associated with our Magazine.

All 1989 financial members will receive the 1st 1990 issue of our Magazine. If you don't pay your 1990 membership fee, you will not receive any further issues of our Magazine.



REPORT ON THE RECENT AURA COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON 8TH NOVEMBER 1989

1. An Intercontinental 100km Cup Competition is being organised by the IAU. Our Bathurst 100km race, due to the out-and-back nature of the race, has been selected as our contribution to the Cup circuit.
 2. AURA will purchase a copy of a computer lap-scoring program, developed in USA, to compare with our fledgling programs. Cost: US \$10.
 3. AURA will purchase a cheap computer system for use by our statistician, Gerry Riley. The time spent by Gerry in entering race results and compiling the various lists will be drastically reduced. This is a very necessary purchase because of the large number of ultra races each year and the high number of ultra runners.
 4. The AURA policy on South Africa, published in Magazine Vol.4, No.2 was reconfirmed.
 5. The question of 'banned substances' was generally discussed and it was noted that the costs associated with testing were very expensive.
 6. It was decided to design and present certificates for distance achievements within 24 hours. Distances of 200km for women and 240km for men were set. It was noted that such achievements set during road or trail races must be certified.
- 8.

AURA CLOTHING NOW AVAILABLE!!

Right, now you've seen the logo, let's see you slip into some AURA gear. There are four items available - a T-shirt, a long-sleeved T-shirt, a singlet and a fleecy windcheater, all excellent quality, solid colours, and reasonable prices. The size of the logo on the gear is around 20cm diameter circle. Committee member, June Kerr, is handling our AURA clothing orders for us, so please send your orders and cheques directly to her. (Cheques still payable to AURA Inc. please) Don't forget to add the indicated postage costs if you want your gear posted to you. It will be sent in a padded bag.

Order form below: Send to: June Kerr, 108 Eastfield Road, Croydon 3136 Vic.
Phone:03-7234246 (H)

AURA CLOTHING ORDER

COSTS: T-shirt	\$8.00	Postage	\$1.00
L/S T-shirt	\$12.00	Postage	\$1.00
Singlet	\$8.00	Postage	\$1.00
Fleecy Windcheater	\$18.00	Postage	\$2.50

COLOURS: RED, WHITE, GOLD, AQUA, GREY

SIZES: 12 - 14-16-18-20-22-24

Kindly fill in details in block letters:

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

.....Postcode.....

TYPE.....

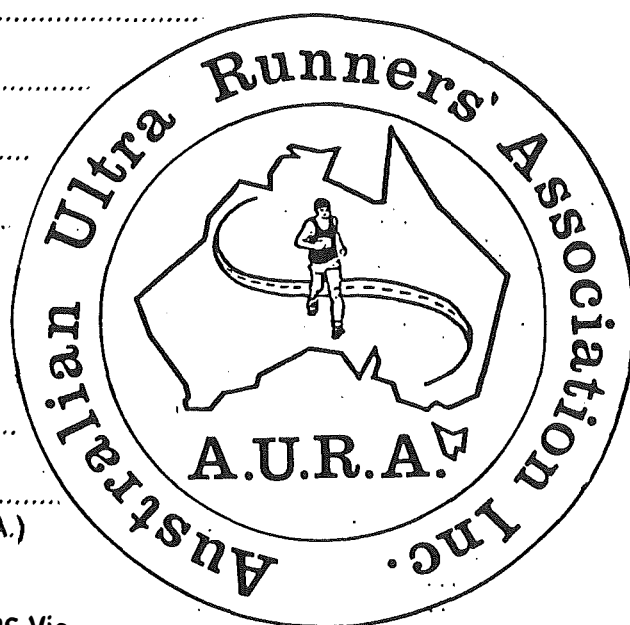
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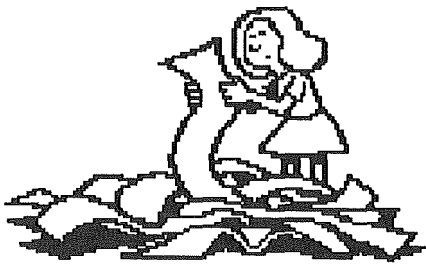
COLOUR.....

CHEQUE.....

(Please include postage. Make cheque payable to AURA.)

POST TO: June Kerr, 108 Eastfield Road, Croydon 3136 Vic.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Dot,

I support AURA's policy on the South African bans. Sorry Max, but although a lot of your comments make sense on the surface, I can't go along with most of your ideas.

I know it's noble to believe all sport should be above politics, but it just isn't so. Sport, politics, South Africa....., they are all part of life, and you just cannot separate things and make them immune to what is going on around them.

Your argument about the blacks not leaving South Africa, and the influx of 30,000 per year, and them being better off than in many other places, is irrelevant to whether apartheid is right or wrong.

We may be just a voice in the wilderness, Max, but I believe it is better to "bang your head against a brick wall" as you put it, than to "bury your head in the sand".

All the best,

Peter Armistead.

Dear Dot & Geoff,

In the last issue of AURA, you asked us all to speak up on the South African issue, rather than just sit on the fence. So here I am, grasping the opportunity. I think that we are all united in believing that racial discrimination is nothing short of repulsive. Racial discrimination is present in all parts of the world, including on our own doorstep, (Just ask our aborigines!) and how we deal with this individually, varies greatly. South Africa is the epitome of discrimination, for the simple reason that Discrimination is the Law, part of that country's constitution.

We all have a moral obligation to treat all people as equals, and as individuals, we can make our protest by shunning the South African Government. There is no doubt that sporting boycotts are effective and they do hurt the South African Government. The huge amounts of money dangled in front of the world's sportsmen is proof of this effectiveness. It is simply the South African Government's attempts to buy itself credibility with the rest of the world.

When a sportsman accepts a fat contract to play sport in South Africa, he is placing personal gain ahead of human rights, effectively spitting in the face of black South Africans. Unfortunately, some of our more prominent sportsmen choose to stoop this low, using the lame, pathetic excuse that they are playing sport, not politics. Such an excuse is the most selfish cop-out on earth. Despite what various individuals might think, sport and politics go hand in hand, and that can't be ignored. It is, was, and always will be, a fact of life and it is the very reason why I strongly supported the Olympic boycotts of 1976 and 1980, just as I support the I.A.A.F.'s sanctions on South Africa and the life bans placed on runners who breach these sanctions.

Surely, morality and human rights come before sport and personal greed. Just for one minute, put yourself in the position of a black South African. What would be your feelings towards the world's sportsmen if they continually competed and accepted money from the South African Government, whilst at the same time ignoring the racist atrocities towards you by that very same government?

AURA has no option but to fall in line with policies on South Africa which are advocated by the I.A.A.F and the Australian Government.

Kevin Cassidy.

10.

Dear Dot and Geoff,

I recently took part as a competitor in the Sri Chinmoy Australian 24 Hour Track Race held in Adelaide on October 28-29th. My thanks go to the organisers who held a very enjoyable event. Also, a big thankyou to Eileen and Jim Lush for spending so much time and effort in keeping me going; without them it would have been impossible. Thanks again. A friend Sheila also put in many hours helping to lap-score. Thankyou Sheila.

I have found some information to pass on during my two ultra-marathons that may help other runners. Both times, I have rubbed Sorbolene Cream on my feet, not missing any part, and then I wore thick explorer socks, and this treatment seemed to prevent blisters. Compared to fellow competitors, my feet have been excellent; my blisters have been limited to about one tiny one in each marathon. When I got the first sign of the blister, I treated it with second skin and that was usually the end of it, as the second skin was left on for two days, and when I removed it, the blister had healed.

Over the past few months, I have been treated for food and chemical allergies, and therefore, I had a very limited diet during this ultra. My energy came from pasta, rice, bread, rye-vita, chicken, lamb, salad, vegetables, porridge and a total of three bananas and water and herb tea. My allergy doctor insisted that I stick to this diet strictly - no sugar or glucose at all. I got a personal best distance and recovered very quickly afterwards.

This information may help other runners. I hope so anyway.

All the best,

Carolyn Benson.

Ed's. note: Thankyou Carolyn for your information and congrats. on your p.b.!

Dear Tony (Rafferty),

I would like to congratulate you on a great performance in the 1000 Mile Challenge at Granville. It was truly a great performance. I was honoured to be asked to be the third runner to make it an official race. You certainly did stick it up those people who were prepared to write you off. You have had stomach trouble for a long period but you sorted it out at Granville. Well the fact is, you are the World Record Holder for 1000 Miles (plus all the other records along the way).

I must thank you for pulling me along. By chasing you, I picked up the 700 Mile Record myself, which puts me second in the world, first in NSW. I would also like to thank the Rotaract people. 2KY, and all the people who supported me - Wanda and Mark Foley, Georgina McConnell, Mark and Lou Gladwell, Kevin Mansell, Maurie Taylor and Sue, Pat Farmer, my crew, Steve Grant plus all the people I've forgotten.

And to sum it up, all I can say Tony, is that I was beaten by a better man. Congratulations Champ!.

Dave Taylor,
23 Winton Rd,
Appin. NSW.

Good on you, Dave!

Dear Dot,

Well, I have completed my first 24 hour (Campbelltown Oct.28/29) and I'm glad to report I enjoyed most of it. I managed slightly more than 100 miles, which pleased me a lot, but spent the next 3 days flat on my back with badly swollen and painful legs. Is this normal? I vowed never again. Three weeks later I have regained a more optimistic attitude. The event was well run, (Thanks John Shaw and Dave Taylor) and my five helpers were superb. My wife, Pat, who was in charge of food and drink, never closed her eyes the whole race. Jim and Sue Beisty with Warren and Varelle Hardy lap-scored and fetched and carried. Jim provided constant lap times and calculated projected total distance. All I had to do was run.

A few runners questioned the wisdom of running without socks. I hadn't worn socks for training or racing since 1976, and have had very few blisters over the years. In the 24 hour race, I picked up one small blister after 20 hours.

The hearty congratulations from other runners and helpers on passing the 100 mile mark was very emotional and quite overwhelming. So much so that I only managed two laps afterwards and then I was down.

I hope to have another go next year. Six months ago, I decided to train for a 24 hour, and it is the best thing that has happened to me in athletics since coming to Australia. I joined AURA which has got to be the best \$10 worth in athletics today. I was so motivated, I managed to attain a Moving Monthly Average of 100 miles a week - more than I've done in ten years. So thanks Dot for a great magazine and thanks John and Dave for a great race.

Hope to see you in the future.

Yours sincerely,

Brian Mills (Warners Bay, NSW)

P.S. Bryan Smith was incredible!

Dear Dot,

The AURA logo is great and is very similar to our Bunbury Runners Club logo. We do not have singlets or T-shirts with our logo, but the logo is available as an iron-on patch which we sell to members for \$2.00 each. I put them on everything I wear which relates to running.

The AURA committee might look at getting the AURA logos as iron-ons. I for one would buy them 10 at a time.



Regards & best wishes,

Brian Kennedy.

Ed.'s note: Thanks for the suggestion Brian. We'll get a price on them.

Dear Dot,

I was interested to read George Audley's comments on "Post-Ultra Depression" (PUD). The thing that caught my attention was George's idea that his PUD could be attributed to his Colac "failure". (I'd like to think that I would be tough enough to run for five days with a bad blister!).

I fully subscribe to George's theory having on a couple of occasions gone through the same thing. It may not be the actual "failure" which leaves one depressed, perhaps the worry that no matter how fit and confident you feel, an injury may be lurking around the corner ready to temporarily or permanently affect your ultra running.

It is my belief that the depth of depression can be directly related to the severity of the injury. After suffering a groin injury five hours into the QMRRC 24 Hr Run I am still finding it difficult to get into the right frame of mind to start doing the sort of training miles I know I should be. I'm still carrying the injury but, thanks to a friend who is a physiotherapist, am gradually recovering physically.

What I find most difficult is to convince myself that the injury can be overcome. Perhaps the problem lies in the immediate post-ultra period when because of an injury you assume a "normal" life-style. You remember the one - where you could stay awake after 9.00pm and didn't have to get up until after the sun had risen. Could it be that ultra-runners are secretly just ordinary people who, given a taste of the leisurely life, are subconsciously loathe to go back to the abnormal (or is that supernormal) life of an ultra-runner?

Well, since I hope to do the "Brindy" and (groin permitting) the Campbelltown 24 Hr a week later, I'd better sign off and get out on the road.

Yours in pedestrianism

Nick Read



SOUTH AFRICA BANS

Dear Dot,

I reply to Geoff's open invitation to express an opinion on bans against South Africa, I am writing to give my full support for the bans.

I also want to clear up any doubts that South Africa may have been unfairly singled out, and is no worse than many other countries.

The World Human Rights Guide (by Charles Humana, Pan 1987) awarded governments a percentage rating based on their freedom from state violence and their tolerance of dissent, in 1986. South Africa rates sixth worst, above Ethiopia, North Korea, Iraq, Romania and U.S.S.R., and marginally worse than Bulgaria, China and Libya. Amnesty International in Melbourne (phone 427 7055) say that South Africa would still be considered in the worst ten countries today. While the above countries, and many others, including Australia, practice forms of prejudice and state violence against dissidents, only South Africa has enshrined its bigoted attitudes in law. This alone makes it worthy to be singled out for sporting bans. But it was the black South Africans themselves who chose sporting bans in the hope that it would alter the attitude of the sports-mad white South Africans and result in overthrowing the apartheid system. These bans were supported by the other South African countries, thus enabling them to apply a full African boycott to sporting events. This forced international athletic bodies to recognise sporting bans against South Africa.

These situations do not exist in regard to other countries in the worst ten, as no other country has a vast majority if its people oppressed in a different way to any other group, and there is no bloc agreement that sporting bans would be effective in resolving the problem for those groups which are oppressed. For instance, which groups in China or U.S.S.R. would advocate sporting bans? Are they in the majority? Which countries would support the bans?

Therefore, while we may be sceptical about the effect of these bans, they are what the oppressed South Africans want and we should at least support them.

Ray Radford (Thornbury, Victoria)

Ed's note: Thankyou Ray. The information you have given us has certainly clarified the issue. Thanks your for trouble.

Dear Dot

MY 24 HOURS__ by Don Cox

(A very personal account of the Sri Chinmoy 24 Hour Race - Oct.28/29)

What the hell am I doing here? I've been running round this track for 12 hours (That's 4 hours overtime at Double Bay!), and there are 12 hours more to the finish. My knees hurt. My feet hurt. I've just been sick for the third time. My whole body just wants to lay down.

I stop and sit for a while. I tell Julie that this is total stupidity. How can anyone justify running round a track for 24 hours? I will be off work on Monday sick. I will never run an ultra again. I will stick to race-walking and marathons. Then up I get and start going round and round the track again. Will it never end? On and on and on.

Then all of a sudden (it seems), there is only two hours to go! I'm feeling better now. My feet feel okay and I find if I run faster, my knees don't hurt. The sun comes up from behind the Adelaide hills. A new day. The birds sing to us. A lump in my throat.. I'm going to finish this one!

Then the gun goes off. It's finished! It's ended! It's over! We all sit round and congratulate each other. I have a chat with Cliffy about socks. He wears very thin ones. I wear two pairs of thick ones. We both come through blister free.

The Sri Chinmoy people sing to us. If we runners could sing, we would all sing our thanks to them. Marvellous people, all of them.

We all say our thanks and goodbyes and go our separate ways.

The next day, I fill in an entry form for my next 24 hour race.

Yours in sport,

Don Cox (South Australia)

RACE REPORTS

8 HOUR FUN RUN AND QUEENSLAND 50 MILE ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP

On Saturday 2nd September at the Caboolture Show Grounds, two events were held together - an 8 hour FUN Run and the Queensland 50 Mile Road Championship. The 8 Hour Fun Run must have had a special attraction to the insane sense of humour, with 27 entrants, including some who had never gone further than a half-marathon before.

The 50 Miler attracted some slightly more serious runners, totalling 8 in number. Thus, quite a good number assembled for the 7am start. Race Director, Ian Javes, had measured out a one kilometre course. Ian ran comfortably to 64 kilometres as a training run for a race in New York in mid-September where he hopes to be the first person to complete the Sri Chinmoy 1300 Mile Event within the time limit of 18 days.

The winner of the 8 Hour Fun Run was Graham Medill of Toowoomba, who completed 95 kilometres, second was Bob Henricks, and third, Neil McCabe, with 89km and 87km respectively. Lindsay Phillips, our youngest competitor, just missed out on third placing, when he stopped at the completion of 87 kilometres with a couple of minutes still on the clock. Neil McCabe kept running until the final second, thus overtaking Lindsay by 83 metres.

First lady in this event was Glenys Wright with 72 kilometres. This was Glenys' first attempt at an ultra-distance, along with the three other ladies in the event. Second across the line was Lorna Rudolph, who ran very consistently to achieve 61 kilometres. Ron Grant also competed in the 8 Hour, trying to make a comeback from a rest period after his 1000 hour World Record Run earlier this year. Ron was using this run as training for a Perth to Albany race in October. A challenge had been issued to Ron by Phil Hungerford, running -shoe store proprietor, who was accompanied by a large noisy cheer squad. Much to his pleasure, he beat Ron by one kilometre.

The 50 Mile Road Championship saw Geoff Boase of the Sunshine Coast take line honours in 6hr.12 min.52s. Geoff won a 50 miler in Victoria earlier this year and also competed in the 24 hour race held in Caboolture in June. Second was a first time ultra runner, Roger Guard, with 6hr. 31min. Roger normally runs marathons bare-footed, but decided to save the soles of his feet with running shoes on this occasion. Caboolture's Frank Heath was third with 7hr.38min, and in doing so, reduced his previous best by 40 minutes.

Dell Grant was first female in the 50 miler with 7 hr.21min. Dell was fellow race-director along with Ian Javes, which found her giving instructions to runners on one side of the start line, then running around to the other side to be in the race. Three runners fell by the wayside in the 50 miler, due to overambition, or illness. The major attraction of the 8 Hour Fun Run was the awarding of a medallion to all competitors who completed 50km. or more. All except one accomplished this goal. Barry Stewart, who walks/jogs with the aid of sticks, completed 50.236km, a tremendous effort. Barry is now applying to have his performance recognised as a World Best for a person in his category - LA4 - ambulant with aides.

Our oldest competitor, 73 year old John Petersen, also put in a strong performance to gain 61km. in the 8 Hour Fun Run.

RACE REPORTS

The events were followed up with a BBQ and presentations, and for the first time this year, the sun shone all day. Queensland Ultra Runners raise funds for Camp Quality through sponsorship of their running, and to date the total is over \$3,000 for 1989.

Race Director - D M Grant

Carbooture Showgrounds - 1km road circuit - Sep 2, 1989.

Combining 50 Mile State Road Championship.

POSN	NAME	D.O.B.	Marathon	50km	50MI	FINAL 0.1st. Kms
1	MEDILL, Graham	28-3-48	3.15.39	3.53.33	6.36.35	95.753
2	HENRICKS, Bob	14-6-45	3.27.01	4.06.51	6.59.21	89.620
3	McCABE, Neil	3-11-53	3.22.15	4.09.20	7.24.31	87.083
4	PHILLIPS, Lindsay	17-9-65	3.40.55	4.18.14	6.58.20	87.000
5	LEWIS, Stephen	14-12-58	3.32.32	4.23.04	7.50.02	82.107
6	CHRISTOFFEL, Jeff	16-09-53	3.28.46	4.17.05	7.55.36	81.035
7	BUCHAN, Sandy	18-2-54	3.32.54	4.35.11	7.54.33	81.000
8	MASKEY, Errol	25-6-48	3.56.09	4.52.27	-	76.448
9	PATRICK, Gary		3.25.02	4.22.07	-	75.045
10	COCKS, Danny	5-4-54	3.55.48	4.49.22	-	73.000
11	WRIGHT, Glenys (1st Female)	28-5-49	4.11.32	5.01.13	-	72.084
12	SYLVESTER, Bob	19-10-45	4.11.32	5.01.13	-	72.084
13	GRANT, Ron	15-2-43	4.07.50	5.05.42	-	71.000
14	RAMSDEN, Graeme	1-10-45	4.12.44	5.17.27	-	69.248
15	CONNOLLY, Dennis	15-1-47	4.36.05	5.30.56	-	66.178
16	LOEKEN, Rene	25-12-55	4.50.10	6.06.45	-	64.918
17	JAVES, Ian	14-9-42	3.42.40	4.28.41	-	64.000
18	DELOW, Kevin	11-10-48	4.22.59	5.31.43	-	64.000
19	RUDOLPH, Lorna (2nd Female)	16-1-65	5.21.19	6.28.09	-	61.568
20	PETERSEN, John	19-7-16	5.13.00	6.26.04	-	61.075
21	CHALMERS, Bruce	14-9-52	5.02.00	6.09.53	-	56.109
22	BOLT, Phillipa (3rd Female)		5.49.04	7.03.32	-	55.000
23	STEWART, Barry (Disabled Runner)		6.33.27	7.57.50	-	50.236
24	BOLT, Allan	10-8-	5.54.30	7.03.33	-	50.000
25	HUNTER, Bob	6-10-34	3.25.18	4.21.30	-	50.000
26	DELOW, Cheryl	17-7-50	6.11.40	7.55.39	-	50.000
27	WHITEMAN, Jeanette	15-12-52	6.56.00	-	-	48.598

50 MILE ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP of QLD

1	BOASE, Geoff	6-2-51	3.13.59	3.48.18	6.12.52	
2	GUARD, Roger	21-9-46	3.15.39	3.54.14	6.31.58	
3	GRANT, Dell (1st Female)	7-11-53	3.42.12	4.26.53	7.21.01	
4	HEATH, Frank	5-4-47	3.48.07	4.31.44	7.38.34	82.000
5	HUNGERFORD, Philip	12-10-52	3.47.48	4.53.32	-	72.244
6	SULLIVAN, Peter	6-7-56	3.03.55	3.38.53	-	60.000
7	ALLEN, Gary	22-12-49	3.04.49	-	-	43.000
8	KREUTZMANN, Noel	23-12-62	3.58.18	-	-	42.195

Sri Chinmoy Ultra Trio — A Triumph of the Survivors

by Malika Henry

"I've got 520 miles now," said Essie Garrett as she squinted sadly at the clearing sky. "By tomorrow noon I'll have 560, then 600, then . . ." Her voice trailed off. "I'll miss this race. There's a certain magnificence about the course."

The one-mile loop, trod by innumerable driven, inspired, and weary footfalls — starting under the dayglo banner, you dash past the temporary village for medical people, food, the counters, and the runners; up the incline toward the Cape of Good Hope, target point of the 700,000-pound steel Unisphere which towers gleaming over the park; past the arching fountains; glide downhill past flowerbeds; straight towards the cast-iron Zeus, a neo-realist figure hurtling a bolt of lightening among the stars; a gentle left turn down a tree-lined corridor; a smooth right onto the two-lane straightaway, nodding to the oncoming runners; curve slightly right past the bona fide restrooms (if

you prefer), and down the far loop where children and dogs gambol on the Swedish playground; looping back past the glowing green golf course; passing the civilized restrooms and up the two-lane straightaway to the patiently waiting banner, which you may greet 700 times, or 1000 times, or 1300 times, as destiny dictates. Add to this infinite shades of green in the trees above and on the lawns spreading around you. This was the home turf of the 28 runners who embarked upon the Sri Chinmoy Ultra Trio.

Essie regarded the rippling muscles of the flame-throwing Zeus: "He's reaching for the highest."

Al Howie stood among those reaching for the highest. The taut Scotsman, who three years ago refused death in the form of a brain tumor, intended to do what had been considered impossible by many — complete the 1300-mile race in the allotted 18 days. His competitors: Stefan Schlett, professional adventurer whose live-volcano climbing and bicycle trips across the Sahara had left him hungry for more, Australian Ian Javes of the impenetrable will, Trishul Cherns and other near-conquerors of the distance in the past. On equal footing was the poignant figure of Christel Vollmerhausen, a 55-year-old West German who had also fought cancer, and whose celebration of life in the form of running included ceaseless prayer (the rosary). So potent were her prayers and yogic breathing that rarely would she be seen in heavier attire than a cotton singlet, in that nippy, rainy span of a New York fall, even while sleeping under a thin blanket beneath the stars.

Ten of them stood under the banner on September 18 to commence the 1300-mile division. Sri Chinmoy shook hands with each. They were off! Al Howie took the immediate lead (never to give it up) at just over a 7-minute pace. Moving into third place was Christel, pouring it on like a steam engine with her audible exhalations. Marty Sprengelmeyer's gentle lope, Tom "Keep Smiling" Grace's cheerful jog, Stefan Schlett's grin of bravado, Emil Laharraque's rocklike silence; all were anticipating the eternity of 18 days, each of which would require 3 marathons to keep afloat.

New York weather opened up with the onslaught of 15 hours of rain on Day 2. Al aced his first day with 113, Ian Javes of Australia with 102 and Marty at 100. Schlett, who had completed the double Ironman triathlon two weeks before, settled for 88 miles, just two miles behind Christel, who had never done more than 48 hours before.

Trishul Cherns also did 90 miles, following his extremely precise plans for the race which were soon to be blown sky-high

by the sudden companionship of Dharma the Dog. Dharma, who shortly became the most televised runner in the race, was an elegant mutt who strayed around the race before attaching himself to Trishul. By Day 3 Dharma had loyally run 111 miles at Trishul's side, but the dog was starting to moan a little. Trishul tried to explain that everyone's feet were hurting. After two more days (61 and 41 more miles), Dharma the Dog would lift his sore paw and whimper to Trishul, "Carry on."

Al was sailing on top of the field, his wiry frame in constant motion, blond lion's mane never drooping. In an age of high-tech gear and psychological studies of visualization techniques, Al was in the process of raising the banner for just plain running. No plans, no schedules. Al ran as he felt and rested as he felt. "No p'int in savin' y'rself," he explained in his thick Scottish brogue. "Y'r goin' t' get tired anyhow." A 2:26 marathoner who has won most of the ultras he has ever entered, he had no special secret except his ability to run, and run, and run. "I've learned to be a survivor. I guess that's what most of us are. That's really what it's all about." He would rarely visit the medical tent. His legs weren't sore and he had no complaints, no handler, and no doubts about this race.

Slightly down the field was Christel. The Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team has hosted many a unique character, but never such a one as Christel. She had heard of this race a few months ago. "Do you realise what you will have to cover each day?" asked an incredulous friend, Wolfgang, whom she would eventually talk into joining her. "I'm not going to think about that," was her reply. She could be heard now, as she clung to the front pack, whistling with each exhalation, a shock of hair bent over her prayers in a gentle tilt. She would not sleep at all for the first six days and nights, and her prayers would be answered as she ran ceaselessly, achieving a German record for six days and the fourth fastest woman's world mark for 1000 miles.

In the staggered start pattern which would allow for simultaneous finishes for all three distances, the 1000-mile women began on September 20. A field of two, Suprabha Schechter and Antana Locs, trotted off from the start that noon, blithely waving to the applause. Their cheerfulness was sheer bravado, in the face of the discipline which would be required. Antana, holder of several Canadian records, stuck to an hour-by-hour schedule of great severity, while Suprabha, holder of world records, stuck mainly to the track. Within hours the downpour would begin once again, in honour of the predicted hurricane Hugo, while Suprabha would turn in 99 and Antana 88 miles for the first day.

The 1000-mile men began the next day. The field of five, which would be whittled down to one by the end, featured the intrepid Scottish Reverend Laurie Dexter, Tsuruo Kobayashi from Japan, the inimitable Bob Wise of Georgia, Jean-Claude Czaja of

Sri Chinmoy Ultra Trio

Queens, N.Y. Sept. 19 – Oct. 6, 1989
Certified one-mile paved loop
(with six-day and 1,000-mile splits)

1,300 miles

1. Al Howie, 44, BC 17 days + 8:25:34
(495, 13+00:27:37)
2. Ian Javes, 47, Australia 17+22:01:58
(426, 14 + 3:58:08)
(last 1,000 in 13+18:35:50)
3. Stefan Schlett, 26, WG 17+23:42:13
(462, 13 + 16:11:06)

10 starters

1,000 miles

1. John Wallis, 52, MI 14+9:45:04
(410)
2. Suprabha Schechter, 33, DC 14+20:18:24
World 1,000-mile record (429)
3. Antana Locs, 31, PQ 15+12:36:35
(400, Canadian 6-day record)

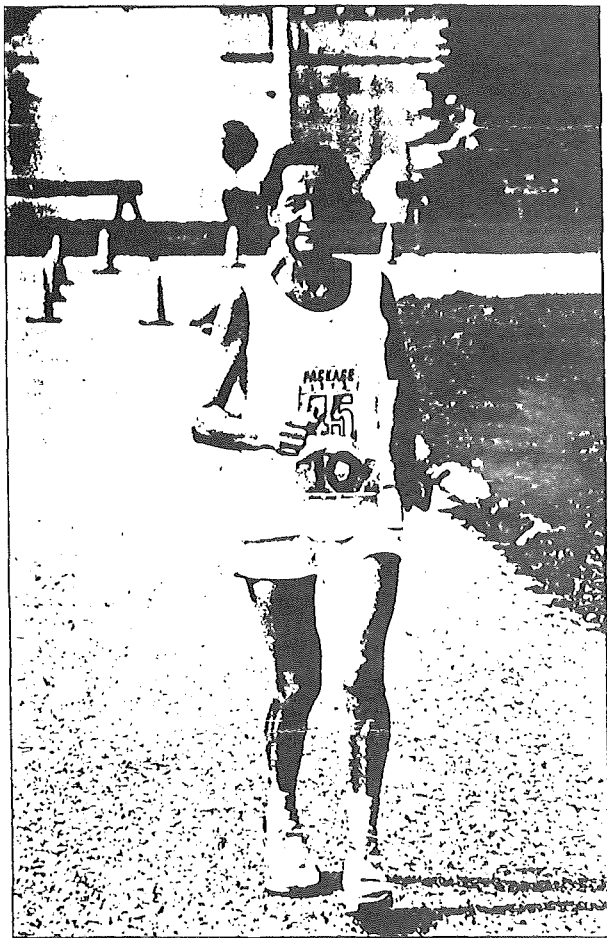
7 starters

700 miles

1. Noivedya Brower, 40, CT 11+17:57:00
(350)
2. Michael Purwin, 31, WG 11+23:01:31
(354)
3. Essie Garrett, 42, CO 12+19:26:36
(365)
4. Nirjhari DeLong, 39 12+21:47:31
(351)

11 starters

Noteworthy DNFers:
Christel Vollmerhausen, 55, WG
(416, 16+11:30:29)
Sarama Minoli, 62 (310, US 60–69 record)



Two of the women who covered 1,000 miles: Christel Vollmerhausen of West Germany (above) and Suprabha Schecter of Washington, D.C. It was a bittersweet accomplishment for Vollmerhausen as she came up short in her effort to finish the 1,300-mile event.

France, and the former school principal of Ludington, Michigan, the relentless John Wallis.

The weather was abating, although news reports said the hurricane was imminent. Australian Ian Javes, a phantom whose face rarely emerged from his expedition hat, was slowing dangerously with blisters, injuries, and hurricane phobia, and would return to the drawing board after a six-day split of 426. Wolfgang Ettwig had dropped out of the race only to become a permanent fixture; as the German handler he would surpass the runners in frazzled distraction.

On September 23 the 700-mile women and walker started; September 24 marked the last start, the 700-mile men, accompanied by brilliant blue skies as Hugo had slipped by to the west. Al already had 495 for six days, 33 miles over Stefan. This lead would continue as a link between them, pushing from behind and pulling from ahead, helping both to hold their pace. Jesse Dale Riley, the abundantly cheerful walker who was now running, just made the six-day cutoff with 350.

Monday's weather held and Al finished off 7 days with 573 as compared with 511 in this spring's 7-day race. Winds began to

build and during the night the rain began again. 1000-miler John Wallis, veteran of many a rainy event, stuck to the track with his measured regularity. Tuesday dawned in the downpour, while the 1000-mile women recorded splits for six days of 429 (Suprabha) and 400 (Antana, for a Canadian record). In the 700-mile division Nirjhari DeLong, a veteran of this course, was moving up on Essie Garret, while Noivedya Brower, in the men's division, spent a few sleepless nights building up the mileage that would keep him in the race.

Among the 1300-milers, Trishul was beginning to drop off pace and the Dog was claiming most of his handler's time. Christel was sticking to the road with no other thought. Someone forgot to wake her and she slept for 5 hours. She declared furiously in German, "I did not come here to sleep for 5 hours, I came to run!" Much of her remaining sleep would be during her footsoaks, 10 minutes at a time.

Tuesday cleared with a constant wind to remind us of how cold the nights can be. Laurie Dexter, who came to this race to see what physical limits really are, will be disappointed in his quest, because the blisters on his feet will not let him go on much longer.

He is unable to walk to the medical tent and Jesse Dale Riley, having completed close to 500 miles, announces "No problem," and picks him up in his arms and carries him. Tuesday evening marks my penultimate bout with a health problem which will not let me run anymore. The night grows cold as Al hits the 700 mark, at 8 1/2 days. Ian is on a schedule of 80 miles a day with no leeway, but picking up hope. John Wallis, ubiquitous like a small human running machine, is about to hit a 6-day split of 410.

September 27 — like the 27th of every month, the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team was holding a marathon, on the same course as the Ultra Trio. On a brilliantly cold day which evolved out of a bitterly cold night, some 60 marathoners took off.

Japanese TV arrived in the afternoon and the 1000-miler Tsuruo Kobayashi, who had dropped considerably off pace, became inspired. Day and night he began to whirl around the course, the small Samurai, at 11–13 minutes per mile, with no breaks. He did not stop to change from his t-shirt and black pants, and no one could persuade him to relent. He had entered the race because of the notice in *Ultrarunning*, but could not read English, except for the numbers. A

spirited marathoner, his previous longest distance was the Western States course which took him 33 hours.

Laurie Dexter, finally sidelined at 400 miles, realized that of all the exploits he has attempted, it was the first time he had failed to meet his objective. And he didn't mind — "Every step was a new personal best."

Al Howie was very near 1000 miles. He was tempted to push for under 13 days, but his survival instinct prevailed. Despite his wild druid-like demeanor and high output, he was perhaps the most relaxed of all the runners; he reasoned that the whole trick was not to think of splits at all, but to realize one has to cover 1300 miles. "It'll be a lot easier t' gut it out on a decent amount of

sleep. I'll definitely g't at least 4 hours fr'm now on. I can't understand why nobody else has thought o' that," he said in his lilting brogue. "That's why everyone seems to end up losin' it."

October 1 — Howie finished 1000 miles in just over 13 days — the fourth fastest time ever. He phoned his wife and assured her that he's eating properly ("Just a few chocolates. Little bebbies ones"), and that he would sleep five hours a night from then on. "What I want to do is g't it done Thursday night, then I could help out Stefan," he explained. "The sad thing is, somethin's wrong with his feet. His commitment and his strength and courage are at least equal to mine. It's a shame that somethin' with y'r

feet would let you down."

Al Howie is a very competitive runner, and yet he would say at the end of the race, "Stefan and Ian will be my friends forever."

He betrayed little strain, as he frequently sat for a few moments between laps on a folding chair by the counters, then got up, without ado, to go again. His weight loss was dramatic, though he ate steadily and was on a daily diet of cheesecake, and his sharp eyes quivered a little under the blond tangle of hair and beard and eyebrows.

October 3 — Antana's 32nd birthday, and she'd done 827 miles in 13 days, behind Suprabha's 871. A strong, fast runner who never dropped her form, her feet were killing her with every step. In three days she would reach 1000 miles, in the third fastest time for women.

John Wallis, the sole male survivor in the 1000 (since the valient Kobayashi was now on crutches with a stress fracture) was approaching his goal, thanks to his technique of perpetual motion. He was also getting foot problems so serious that his future was in the balance.

Stefan was under great strain. Every pebble was killing him. And he was also at his limit — the mileage he finished with last year. When asked how he felt, he replied, "Do you know what a .38 pistol is?"

Ian has set his mind like a vice and maintained the highest daily average of any runner in the last part of the race. His injuries, which include severe sciatica, were only slightly abated, and yet he was about to pass Stefan with 24 hours to go. (Ian's 1000-mile split, measured from the beginning, end up 12 hours slower than his 1000-mile split measured from the end, and his second half was been about 100 miles faster than his first.)

October 4 — Christel, whose strength transcends all logic, achieved her 1000 miles at 11 p.m., and for a few hours would hold the second-fastest women's 1000-mile time in the world.

During the morning it was realized that Suprabha had a shot at the world record. The weary wisp of a tired but relentless runner, who had stuck to the track for 14 days, would have to pass the next 24 hours without any break. The very thought of it sent her to the medical tent — "Just a short break," she sighed. Through the beautiful night she ran in her conservative, unbroken gait. She reached 1000 miles at 8:40 the next morning, a blonde-haired wraith focusing upon a far-off world. She has the world record, beating Sandy Barwick's mark of 14 days plus 20:45:16 by just 27 minutes. "I want to say one thing," she breathes. "This has been a joint effort by the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team."

Just moments before Ian and Stefan had been on the same lap, at 1205 miles. Al had 1250 miles, Marty Sprenglemeyer's record for the race. He was "livin' lots of hell, and then I'll be in heaven." Nirjhari and Essie, who had been napping near each other and could hardly get up without knowing the

Dear Dot,

I would like to give a lot of thanks to these people who helped me in the Colac Six Day Race. From the sports therapists, Raymond Carroll, Sue Cook, Todd Gudde, Kim Talbot, Sharon Ryan, Daryl Foley, Dearne Makridiutrous, Jim Coffey, Melissa Latham, Annette Walsh, Barry McAliece, Jack Lui, Paul Baldwin, Jill Janes, Brett Conner, John Pardo, and Ian Stevenson (USA). A special thanks to Alfred Mazioum from Toto's Restaurant for his support and encouragement and his offer to pay my way to Milton Keynes in London. I am taking my Mum with me, as she is always a help to me, Another thanks to Jeff Visser for coming up at night and looking after me. Another thanks to Jan Smith for helping me as well.

Congratulations to Bryan Smith for his performance in the race. He has made the race one of the biggest races in the world. As well as Eleanor Adams and Sandy Barwick, I would also like to give special thanks to Judy Donald and the Committee for giving me the chance to run in their race. And for putting on a pie-eating competition. I stopped off for a meal-break at that time.

To everyone that helped me, if I have missed naming them, a big THANKYOU.

This race has been my best race ever and a big congratulations to the other runners on their performances.

From the youngest man ever to run 500 miles in a six day race,

Peter Gray.

(Good on you Pete!)

other would also, were within 3 miles of each other, with 641 and 644. And Noivedya and Michael, in the men's 700, have been sharing the lead the whole race. There were only 27 hours to go.

The evening of October 5 Al reached 1300 miles, holding aloft the Rampant Lion, one of Scotland's more esoteric flags. Pretty rampant, and definitely a lion, Al did not pause before doing an additional lap in reverse around the course, phoning his wife, and finally collapsing on his folding chair amidst the applause. His adrenalin was still pumping, and he later called it the most exciting moment of his life. Ian, whose back was in a perfect sideways curve by this time, stopped to congratulate him. "Time to clean up now!" quipped the high school teacher. "Looked at your grubby face for 18 days now!"

John Wallis, with 40 miles to go, had been advised by the medical crew that his foot was so bad that if he took another break he might not get back out again. He ran his last 10 hours without a break, using the side of his hurt foot as a peg leg and basically running on the other. His back started to go. On his last lap he paused for his characteristic walk around the curve, and took the American flag. Wallis finished 1000 miles in 14 days, 9 hours — 12th fastest time for men, with the vet's world record. He turned down the invitation to do a victory lap, and collapsed on Al Howie's lap while congratulating him.

Antana reached 1000 during the night. New York skies smiled gently on October 6, fleeced with snow-white clouds, innocent of their cruel tricks of the past weeks. The entire field of 700 milers finished in the morning, and would eventually thank the close competition for getting them through. Ian Javes' quiet but tremendously courageous performance made him the second man to reach 1300 miles in a certified race. Less than an hour before the cutoff, Stefan became the third and youngest. Veteran of many a life-and-death exploit, Stefan declared without hesitation: "This was the toughest race of my life!"

This has been the first year that everyone who has survived the cutoffs reached their goal. It has been a tremendous effort, with results beyond expectation. In the words of John Wallis: "It's like, the more that make it, the prouder we'll be."

Sri Chinmoy handed out the awards, and national anthems were sung for each of the winners. After many rounds of applause the runners were invited to speak. Everyone agreed that the mutual support, not only from the crews but among the runners, had been phenomenal. John Wallis: "An incredible experience for me, and I am shaken by it." Ian Javes: "Without all of you I couldn't have done it." The tough Stefan Schlett: "I am very inspired. I speak for all the runners. I say thank you very much and I love you all together." Yes, the impossible had been achieved. And everyone who was part of the 1989 Ultra Trio could take the credit.

Canadian Al Howie — A Multi-Day Ultra Champion

by Arpan DeAngelo

"Daring enthusiasm and abiding cheerfulness can accomplish anything on earth without fail."

— Sri Chinmoy

One night as I sat eating in Annam Brahma Restaurant, a familiar figure walked in. It was Al Howie, bags in tow, looking like he was travel-weary and hungry. I had not seen Al since we ran in a Sri Chinmoy 24 hour race in Ottawa six years ago. Now he was here to run 1,300 miles in the Ultra Trio. I greeted Al and invited him to sit down and eat.

During dinner, I was inspired by his friendly manner and courage. He had just travelled four days by bus from Vancouver Island to get here and was determined to become the first runner in history to complete 1,300 miles in a certified race. His enthusiasm was contagious and I decided to help Al in any way I could. I invited him to stay at my place for the three days before the race was to start. This gave me an opportunity to get to know one of the greatest ultrarunners of all time.

The following day I participated in the Sri Chinmoy 24 Hour TAC/USA National Championship in Flushing Meadow. Al offered to be my handler. This was probably the first 24-hour race that Al attended as a volunteer instead of runner. He had run in about 20 such races, winning most of them, usually with 140–150 miles. He also holds the current 24-hour record (150.2 mi) for both Scottish citizens and Canadian residents. Although I had placed second in this race last year with 130 miles, I had to drop

out at 92 miles because of an unexplainable dizziness and leg cramps. Anyway, Al stayed on, assisting throughout the night in whatever capacity he was needed. He was inspired by the intensity of Ann Trason's great performance — a women's world record for 100 miles (13:55:02) and winning the race overall with 143 miles. Helping around the clock in the 24-hour primed him for the incredible challenge he was about to undertake.

Al was no stranger to the flat, fast one-mile loop in Flushing Meadow Park. He had won the Sri Chinmoy Seven Day here last May in his first multi-day race. In fact, Al won every race he ran this year, including a 12-hour August 13 in Victoria, B.C. (82+ mi), a 50-mile June 10 on Vancouver Island in a "slow" 6 hours and 30 minutes, and finally the seven-day in May here in New York City.

Besides those performances, he told me how he had intensified his training, averaging 160 miles or more per week for most of the year in preparation for the 1300 mile. Also, he started weight training for both upper body and legs, about one and a half hours every other day. On those days he would only run 15 miles; on the days between he would run 30 miles.

At age 44, he was in the best physical condition of his life.

On September 18th Al and ten other intrepid runners, including one woman, started their first steps on the long 1300-mile journey. Al ran 113 miles the first day comfortably, but had a more conservative strategy for the remainder of the race. His schedule would be to average just over 70 miles a day after that. He soon discovered that walking some sections of every loop helped him

Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team



Howie finishes the 1,300-mile; the clock shows that he has been at it for over 416 hours!

to maintain his energy and strength through the long days and nights. He took meal breaks three times a day, usually for a half hour or less, but enjoying big meals with plenty of high carbohydrate and nutritional foods. He would also take small snacks regularly throughout the day and night. Water was his main drink but he also had electrolyte replacement drinks and an occasional coffee. He slept three hours every night, usually from around 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. In the daytime he'd put his feet up or even lie down for a short time when feeling a bit road-weary.

Al was a self-sufficient runner who never complained or demanded too much from anyone. It impressed me the way he maintained a positive mental attitude no matter how tired. He was friendly to the other runners and seemed to draw positive energy from them. I thought this was a great factor in his favor along with the awesome physical condition that he was in. Day by day he kept faithfully to his schedule. He completed 573 miles in the first week, 62 miles more than his winning effort in the seven day race in May.

Although Al ran just as intensely the second week as the first, he still took time to be civil and friendly. He was working hard in this race, leading from the first mile to the last, yet like the legendary baseball player Joe DiMaggio, he made it look so easy. He seemed to have the knack of keeping his en-

ergy level high throughout the long days and even longer nights.

At 13 days + 00:27:37 he completed 1,000 miles, making him the fourth fastest in the world at the distance. Prior to this, Al's longest distance had been 876 miles in 11 days + 03:18:00 on a solo journey run the length of Britain, the best time for that course. Another mark that he holds is non-stop running — 361 miles (580 km) with only five minutes rest allowed per hour. But now he was on his way to an uninhabited realm. After 13 days of hard running, he still had 300 more miles to cover before the 18-day cut-off.

Al approached the third and final week cautiously. Realizing he was becoming tired much earlier in the day than before, he increased his sleep time to four hours per night. He took more short breaks during the day, but still maintained around 70 miles per day. He was now paying closer attention to the condition of his feet, which had developed a few small blisters. On the fifteenth day, with less than 150 miles to go, he discovered that his right calf was much larger than his left. The medical staff determined that it was just a strange case of fluid retention, as there was no pain or injury related to the swelling. Keeping it wrapped, icing it occasionally, and being very cautious about any other unexpected surprises that could stop him dead in his tracks, Al carried on his mission cheerfully and courageously. The

swelling went down.

Finally, to the cheers and hurrahs of the assembled crowd, carrying the Canadian flag and the Scottish lion-rampant battle flag, with his beard and long golden hair flowing — looking much like the lion just stepped down to earth — Al finished the 1,300 miles in 17 days + 08:25:34, becoming the first person ever to go that distance under certified race conditions.

Three years ago, when Sri Chinmoy stipulated the 18-day cut-off for 1300 miles, some of us felt that it was not enough time, that no one except perhaps Yiannis Kouros would be able to do it. Sri Chinmoy felt the challenge would inspire runners to transcend themselves. This year three did. At the awards ceremony Al paid tribute to a man with the vision, concern and inspiration to put on such races. He said, "Finishing this race was the greatest moment of my life. I'm not a disciple of his, but I am dedicating this race to Sri Chinmoy."

These results are incredible and may stand for some time. But the most amazing thing for me and many other people who supported Al in his victory was the fact that this friendly, keen-witted Scotsman accomplished a previously impossible endurance feat with considerable grace and poise. This was testimony to the true stature of Al Howie, who has established himself as one of the greatest ultradistance runners of all time.

1300 Miles in The Big Apple - Ian Javes

For the past three years the Sri Chinmoy group has conducted an Ultra Trio (700, 1000 and 1300 miles) of events in Corona Park, Flushing Meadow, New York. The course is a one mile loop using a section of the road complex which forms part of the park which was once the site of the World's Fair.

In 1987 and 1988 no competitor in the 1300 mile race had managed to cover the distance in under the 18 day limit. Ten competitors lined up for the start of the 1989 1300 mile event, including myself and one lone female entrant, Crystel Vollmerhausen (a 55 year old) from West Germany. I had expected that the autumn weather in New York would be fine and cool. Not so, on the day the race commenced the temperature was in the high twenties (centigrade) with humidity approaching 100%. Hurricane Hugo was creating havoc in the Caribbean and affecting the weather all the way up the east coast of U.S.A.. Although the rain held off for the first half day, the competitors had to suffer intermittent heavy rain for the next six days. I usually do not suffer from much blistering or chaffing during an ultra event, but I suffered in this event. The on and off rain caused many changes of gear and the loss of valuable time.

The Sri Chinmoy people had a well set up kitchen to supply all runners with food but unfortunately for me they are vegetarians and I am partial to a good steak, chicken or stew to provide me with essential vitamins and minerals. This was one of the main tasks performed by my crew Kathleen McCown and Patricia Wakefield. They had to use a small burner to cook me some meat dishes as well as making sure my clothing was washed and dried and assisting in stretching of muscles and treating blisters. As I am used to dealing with physiotherapists and medical practitioners I found the chiropractors, reflexologist, masseurs etc of little use and eventually resorted to treating myself with ice, rest, aspirin or bandaging. Apart from the vegetarian food and medical facilities the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team, headed by Tarak Kauff, had the race very well organized and gave me great encouragement particularly at the latter stages of the race. I am firmly convinced that such a circuit type of race is far superior to a point to point road race such as the Westfield Run. 20.

For the first three days of the event I held second position behind the eventual winner, Al Howie (44 yrs), a Scottish born Canadian resident. Al had previously won a 7 day event at the same venue; run 150 miles in 24 hours; run the length of Great Britain (876 miles) in 11 days and he holds the world record for continuous running (581 kms). On the fourth day I encountered the first of my major problems when during the night on a poorly lit, rough section of the circuit I stumbled causing an injury to my lower back (sciatic?) which made my left leg partially numb. Icing and rest caused this to settle somewhat but the problem persisted to some degree for the rest of the race. By the 7th day I had slipped to fourth place and the hurricane had moved north. A strong wind warning was issued for New York. They were not kidding. The heavy wooden barriers which delineated part of the course were being blown over. After twice almost falling over these barriers when they were blown over I decided to take a break until the wind abated, rather than risk serious injury. This meant another day of low mileage.

Marty Sprengle Meyer, the American who had previously performed best in the 1300 mile event packed up and left after the third day. After the strong winds died down and we were blessed with fine cool weather, my blisters and chaffing healed and my mileage picked up. On day ten I suffered some inflammation of the right heel and achilles tendon, being forced to stop and ice and rest it. I then walked for a few hours and gradually picked up the pace. The injury came good but things looked bad at the end of day ten. I was in third place 118 miles behind Al Howie and 80 miles behind Stefan Schlett of West Germany with only just over half the distance (670 miles) completed. I felt that I probably would not complete the 1300 miles in under the 18 days and aimed more for beating Tony Rafferty's time for 1000 miles. With the better weather and injuries settled down I managed 76 and 74 miles over the next two days. Simple mathematics showed that I needed 80 miles a day for the final six days. I resolved to give it a go although a few people said it was not possible since the two runners in front of me were struggling to complete 70 miles a day at this stage. There were a few astonished people when I managed 80 miles on the 13th day and even more on the 14th day when I completed 83 miles. The television coverage I received on the 14th day as I bettered Tony Rafferty's time for 1000 miles gave me a boost and I was confident I would finish the race in under 18 days. I even thought of trying to increase my daily mileage to give the leader a fright. I was aiming at 85 miles on the 16th day until some soreness behind the knee started to worsen. Strapping the knee and easing back kept the problem at bay but I opted to be happy with second place and being only the second person in the world to run 1300 miles in under 18 days.

When Al Howie finished the 1300 miles I was 42 miles behind and I finished about seven miles in front of Stefan Schlett who also scraped in under the 18 day limit. After finishing the race a check revealed that because I had done a negative split the last 1000 miles of the race was faster (13d; 18h:35m:50s) than the first 1000. This if recognised would rank me No 8 in the world list rather than No 10. I might mention that although the lone woman entrant did not complete the 1300 miles, she did manage to complete 1000 miles in 16:11:30.29. Truly a magnificent performance for a woman of her age.

In conclusion I would like to reiterate what I said earlier that such a circuit type of event is far superior as far as the competitor is concerned than an event such as the Westfield Run. It is safer; only one or two crew are required, so expenses are much less; injuries are less severe because there are less hills and the runners are not forced to run on the left hand side of the road; because one sees and talks with the other runners, their crew and officials at frequent intervals a camaraderie develops which is lacking in an event such as the Westfield Run. If I am able to interest a major sponsor I would dearly love to run an international 1000 Mile Challenge in Queensland. I would invite the top performers throughout the world and many of the top multi day performers from Australia.

THE SRI CHINMOY ULTRA TRIO

They said it couldn't be done. "Impossible", "No way", "Beyond human capacity". These were some of the incredulous comments when Sri Chinmoy first said that the 1000 Mile race be turned into a 1300 1000 and 700 mile Ultra Trio. An event which transcends all human endeavour and enters into realms where man kind has not yet trod.

And so it was. This year the Sri Chinmoy Ultra Trio reached it's third birthday and still no one had reached that elusive 1300 mile mark. Last year both Yiannis Kouros and Sandy Barwick achieved unparalleled success in the 1000 mile race by completing it in World Record times however no one finished the 1300 mile race. In the Trio's first year Marty Sprengelmeyer came excruciatingly close to 1300 miles only to miss by 50 miles.

This year the races started in a staggered fashion so as all 3 races would finish at the same time. The 1300 mile race began on September 18, a drizzly Autumn afternoon. The runners were driven around the course in convertibles for a lap of honour. Then they stood underneath the banner for a moments contemplation for what lay ahead over the next 18 days. Sri Chinmoy shook hands with each of them, then they were off. Al howie of Canada (originally from Scotland) took the immediate lead, Ian Javes of Brisbane moved into second place and the rest of the field settled into respective places.

At the end of the first day Al Howie had notched 113 miles with Ian Javes checking in at 102 and Marty Sprengelmeyer of the USA achieving a century for the day. Trishul Cherns of Canada clocked 90 miles as did the only women Christel Vollmerhausen of Germany. Stefan Schlett of Germany was content with 88 miles having just completed a Double Ironman Triathlon two weeks prior to this event.

Two days later the women's 1000 mile race got underway. The race, with a cutoff of 16 days had 2 courageous participants, Suprabha Schechter and Antana Locs. Both these women are holders of numerous national records. Suprabha's being for the USA and Antana's for Canada. The 1000 mile race for men began on September 21 with a cutoff of 15 days. There was a field of 5 for this mammoth journey.

New York's fickle weather had so far been unkind to the runners with relentless rain and wind for most of the race. However the effect of the weather was lessened to a certain degree by the ample services provided to the runners. The support area resembled a pioneer village with a medical building bordering on hospital proportions. A kitchen capable of producing delectable dishes equal to those served in any of New Yorks finest restaurants. A shower room and launderette as well as a dormitory capable of housing the runners and their crews. And of course there was the luxurious lap counting station with a self-supporting kitchen.

On September 23 the third and final chapter of this remarkable foot race began to unfold. The 700 mile race for women and walkers began. On September 24 the 700 mile race for men got underway. By this time the 1300 mile race was entering its seventh day. Al Howie race leader had completed 495 miles, 33 ahead of Stefan Schlett while Ian Javes was in third place with 426 miles and doing it tough.

It is now October 4. John Wallis is the sole male survivor of the 1000 mile race. He is gradually approaching his goal but his foot problems are so serious that he may not be able to complete the race. The women participants in the 1000 mile race are doing extremely well and it is realised that Suprabha has a shot at the women's world 1000 mile record.

Ian Javes has come back incredibly from mid race blues to be recording the highest daily mileages for the latter part of the race. His mind is set like a vice and it needs to be to overcome his injuries which include severe sciatica.

On the morning of October 5 Suprabha completes 1000 miles beating Sandy Barwick's world record by about 27 minutes. She says "I want to say one thing, this has been a joint effort by the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team."

On the eve of October 5 Al Howie reaches 1300 miles. Al does not pause before running an additional lap in reverse around the course, phoning his wife and finally collapsing on his folding chair amidst the applause. Ian whose back is now in a perfect sideways curve, stops to congratulate him. "time to clean up now" quips the Brisbane high school teacher. "looked at your grubby face for 18 days now!"

Ian Javes' quiet but tremendously courageous performance makes him the second man to reach 1300 miles in a certified race. It should also be noted that Ian ran the second half of the race faster than the first, an incredible achievement. Stefan becomes the third and youngest man to complete the 1300 mile distance with less than 20 minutes to spare. Stefan promptly declares "This was the toughest race of my life"

Both John Wallis and Antana Locs complete the 1000 mile distance. John Wallis says "It's like, the more that finish the prouder we'll be". This has been the first year that everyone who has survived the cutoffs reaches their goal. Yes it looks like the impossible has been achieved.

Salil Wilson

CONGRATULATIONS CONGRATULATIONS CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations from all of us in AURA are due to BRYAN SMITH, who achieved the fantastic feat of a distance in excess of 1000km in 6 days on a 400km track. Bryan has become only the ~~4th~~ 4th person in history to achieve this remarkable distance. Well done, Bryan!!

CONGRATULATIONS CONGRATULATIONS CONGRATULATIONS

Sri Chinmoy Ultra Trio - Sept 18-Oct 6, 1989

P1	Name	Sp19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	Dec1	2	3	4	5	6	Comments
	1,300 Mile Race																			
1	Al Howie, 44, Duncan, BC, Canada (Scot)	113	194	267	344	422	495	573	641	716	788	860	925	997	1,060	1,131	1,200	1,268	1,300	17+08:25:34 / 1,000=13+00:27:37
2	Ian Jayes, 47, Brisbane, Australia	102	172	239	288	351	426	480	550	619	670	746	820	900	983	1,063	1,141	1,222	1,300	17+22:01:58 / 1,000=14+03:58:08
3	Stefan Schlett, 26, Aschaffenburg, WG	88	162	234	311	387	462	537	609	681	750	819	887	947	1,016	1,085	1,152	1,221	1,300	17+23:42:13 / 1,000=13+16:11:06
4	Christel Vollmerhausen, 55, Wuppertal, WG	91	156	216	281	349	416	463	519	573	636	700	766	825	865	912	962	1,000		1,000=16+11:30:29
5	Jesse Dale Riley, 26, Key West, FL	72	144	216	275	325	350	414	470	527	574	632	700	725	764	811				
6	Trishul Cherns, 32, Ozone Park, NY (Can)	90	165	238	313	387	460	530	589	622	648	672	700	700	716					
7	Emile Laharrague, 42, New York City (Fr)	85	153	219	280	341	370	434												
8	Wolfgang Ettwig, 38, Duisburg, W Germ	72	142	190	234															
9	Marty Sprengelmeyer, 43, Davenport, Ia	100	165	204																
10	Tom Grace, 40, Ozone Park, NY	87	131																	
	1,000 Mile Race																			
1	John Wallis, 52, Ludington, MI	0	0	0	82	150	225	286	351	410	478	549	618	686	750	820	883	958	1,000	14+09:45:04
2	Suprabha Schechter, 33, Washington, DC	0	0	99	171	238	304	368	429	492	555	618	680	744	808	871	935	1,000		14+20:18:24/700:10+05:35:06 USwm
3	Antana Locs, 31, Montreal, Canada	0	0	88	152	215	275	338	400	461	525	585	648	711	775	827	891	953	1,000	15+12:36:35 / 400: 6 dy Can wom rec
4	Tsuruo Kobayashi, 37, Saitama, Japan	0	0	0	83	134	202	257	306	356	437	502	547	550	596	607				
5	Laurie Dexter, 44, Fort Smith, NWT, Can	0	0	0	105	172	237	292	340	382	400									
6	Bob Wise, 50, East Point, Ga	0	0	0	59	108	175	230	291	346										
7	Jean-Claude Czaja, 40, Paris, France	0	0	0	83	141	200	247	286	324										
	700 Mile Race																			
1	Noivedya Brower, 40, Westport, Ct.	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	140	185	246	301	350	406	454	519	580	651	700	11+17:57:00
2	Michael Purwin, 31, Hamburg, WG	0	0	0	0	0	0	65	125	180	238	299	354	410	453	513	572	632	700	11+23:01:31
3	Essie Garrett, 42, Denver, Co	0	0	0	0	0	92	158	214	266	317	365	414	462	511	560	600	656	700	12+19:26:36
4	Nirjhari DeLong, 39, Jamaica, NY	0	0	0	0	0	84	136	194	248	301	351	404	455	502	552	602	653	700	12+21:47:31
5	Sarama Minoli, 62, Jamaica, NY (RW)	0	0	0	0	64	114	163	210	260	310	360	394	442	480	520	560	598	623	6 day, 7 day: US wom 60-69 rec
6	Tom Kline, 45, Scarsdale, NY (RW)	0	0	0	0	0	70	118	166	215	265	315	335							
7	Beverly Nolan-Cannata, 55, Wolcott, Vt(RW)	0	0	0	0	60	103	143	169	208	242	285								
8	Malika Henry, 38, Jamaica, NY	0	0	0	0	0	70	113	148	193	217	248	277							
9	Bob Cannata, 58, Wolcott, Vt.	0	0	0	0	0	0	71	117	158	195	235	274							
10	Tom Milledge, 29, Westchester, FL	0	0	0	0	0	0	60	100	126	156	188	224							
11	Ram Hamelin, Montreal, Canada	0	0	0	0	0	0	58	87	119	151	176	207							

RACE REPORTS

THE TREVOR PETTIGROVE AUSTRALIAN 100KM CHAMPIONSHIP HELD AT THE COBURG ATHLETIC TRACK - 10/9/1989

by Kevin Cassidy

This race will always stick in my mind for three reasons - wind, wind and more wind. Hurricane-like winds topping 110kph. turned the event into a nightmare for all. It all started on the previous day when Margaret Burroughs and myself attempted to erect the tent. The result was metal poles being blown through the air, and severe damage to the tent. The tarp. lifted Margaret two feet into the air, giving her rope burns to her hands. It was decided then that the race would have to do without a tent! (Sorry lapscorers!)

The next day arrived and the wind was as strong as ever. Fourteen hardy souls were sent on their way by the Mayor of Coburg, Mr. Ken Goss. An attempt was then made to resurrect the remains of the tent, but the wind ensured that the attempt failed. (Sorry again, lapscorers)

Pre-race favourite, Carl Barker, led through the first marathon in 2,47, but withdrew soon after with cramps due to fighting the incredible winds. At about this time, \$2,000 worth of digital clock blew down and smashed into many pieces. Rob Petrie then spent the next 90 minutes calling times from a stop watch whilst Margaret Burroughs made a mercy dash across town and procured another clock from I don't know where.

Len Loveless had, by this stage, taken over the lead, but was also forced out with cramps. In all, seven runners pulled out for a variety of reasons, mainly due to the bloody wind.

My temper was getting a bit frayed as the leader board was continually blown over, the runners' names scattering like match-sticks, and a pile of my paper-work blew away and distributed itself all around the ground. The problems continued when the flusher in the portable toilet packed up and the perspex screen on the canteen blew in on top of Margaret Burroughs (yes, her again), cutting her ear and giving her a nasty headache to match her injured fingers from the previous day.

Meanwhile an interesting battle for the lead was emerging between Jeff Visser and Brickley Hepburn, with little more than a lap between them at 84km. The race had become a 'last man standing' affair, and at one stage, I wondered if ANYONE would finish.

In the end, Jeff Visser held off Brickley Hepburn in 8hrs.45min. and 8hrs 59min. respectively, with Joe Skrobolak third in 9hrs 23min. Joe won the prize for the biggest fan club, whilst our only female runner, Dawn Parris, cruised to a comfortable time of 10hrs.24min.

At last the wind died down, only to be replaced by driving rain that drenched the remaining runners as everyone else ran for cover.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Margaret Burroughs for her untiring efforts (in risking life and limb), the lapscorers for braving the elements and the runners for sticking to their tasks regardless.

THE TREVOR PETTIGROVE AUSTRALIAN
100KM CHAMPIONSHIP
HELD AT THE COBURG ATHLETIC TRACK
- 10/9/1989

by Kevin Cassidy

RESULTS:

PLACE & NAME	MARATHON	50KM	50 MILE	100K
1. Jeff Visser	3.15.00	3.57.50	6.51.50	8.45.10
2. Brickley Hepburn	3.36.09	4.16.32	6.59.41	8.59.22
3. Joe Skrobolak	3.26.51	4.07.42	7.19.34	9.23.09
4. Peter Quinn	3.42.02	4.28.18	7.39.27	9.55.30
5. Peter Gray	3.30.31	4.25.30	7.58.04	10.14.29
6. Dawn Parris (F)	4.00.20	4.50.32	8.18.12	10.24.08
7. Greg Wishart	3.32.10	4.26.29	8.26.08	10.48.31
DNF Len Loveless	3.17.06	3.55.39	67km	in 5.37.16
DNF Tony Power	3.49.53	4.35.54	52km	in 5.02.17
DNF Terry Cox Snr.	3.26.30	4.18.33	50km	in 4.18.33
DNF Carl Barker	2.47.39	3.22.07	50.8km	in 3.31.49
DNF George Yanna			38km	in 4.27.38
DNF Godfrey Pollard			31.2km	in 3.36.25
DNF John Champness			32.4km	in 3.14.09

SCRATCHED:

Terry Cox Jnr.
John Kaparelis
Bill Beauchamp

**REPORT ON THE SRI CHINMOY 24-HOUR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP,
ADELAIDE, OCTOBER 28 & 29, 1989.**

No-one who was fortunate enough to be present at this year's **Sri Chinmoy 24-Hour National Championship** will ever forget the epic duel that unfolded between Australian record holder *Mike March*, and former record holder *David Stenden*. Spectators were enthralled for hours, barely aware of the passing of time, completely absorbed in this awe-inspiring struggle of grim determination, monumental courage and sheer, will-inspired effort.

From the spectator's point of view (literally), that's the attraction of endurance events on the track - you can witness and become involved in the entire race as it unfolds. And to watch the great in action, to identify with the depths and heights of their achievements, can be not only a captivating spectacle, but a life-transforming experience.

The record book shows that, of the 24 individual starters, 12 finished the race with over 100 miles. The only team entry, a 3-man relay calling themselves the **S.A.U.R. FEET** team, ended up with a ²⁶ total distance of 335.893 km, an as yet unratified record.

David Standeven stated before the race that he was keen to see the National 24-Hour record return to Adelaide, his home town. His early pace confirmed his intentions, as he sped through the marathon in 3.07. In sharp contrast, Mike March started out in comparative tortoise fashion, blending inconspicuously with the field. After 4 hours, David had a lead over Mike of 9 kms, and this had been extended by 8 hours to a break of 13 kms. David had passed through the 100 km point a full 1 hour and 12 minutes ahead.

From this point on though, the distance between the two only became smaller, as Mike opened a gap on the rest of the field. His steady, consistent pace was starting to pay dividends. In fact, his pace was so even throughout the entire race that he only ran 2 and a half km less in the second 12 hours than the first!

David may have been slowing slightly, but his policy was evident - go out hard and maintain the pace as long as is humanly possible! His 12-hour split of over 140 km saw him well ahead of record pace, and it was no surprise to see him lower the Australian 200-km record, passing that mark in 18:01:50, still 50 minutes up on the apple-isle contender.

The next three hours, however, were ultimately to decide the race. While maintaining good form and strong determination, David's energy reserves had evidently started to dwindle, and were already reverting to stores principally beyond the physical. But Mike, train-like, just couldn't slow, as though his pace had been pre-determined by an outside, indomitable force.

Slowly and inexorably, as though drawn together by an invisible cord, the forces driving these two were bound to be reconciled at a particular point in time. And so it came to pass, that after 21 hours of fearlessly blazing his way toward a cherished dream, David Standeven was no longer the race leader.

Having accepted that the record may not be within his grasp, David nevertheless fought back with astonishing vigour to press Mike every inch of the last three hours. For most of this time, they were running in each other's footsteps. Mike knew that, with a few laps lead over David, all he had to do was to stay with him and he had the race won. There were surges and counter-surges. At one point, the two were literally sprinting, faces absorbed in utter determination, hurtling past the other bemused and admiring runners, most of whom were fighting their own battles just to stay in motion.

When the car-horn sounded the completion of the diurnal passage, the two, still running together, paused to shake hands, then jogged the remainder of what was in effect a mutual victory lap, the recognition by one true champion of another.

This was the story of the battle for the lead in what was a truly memorable race, yet there were many other fine performances, as there always are in this gutsiest of contests. Particular mention should be made of the effort of Anyce Kip Melham, who travelled all the way from Sydney when there was another 24-hour virtually in his own back yard, and ended up clocking 213 kms. And what about Cliff Young? We almost take him for granted, but how many 68-year-olds are capable of running almost 176 kms in a day? Full race results are enclosed, to tell the stories of all those who have been neglected in this rather one-sided report.

Will the cinders of the Adelaide Harriers track ever witness as fine a battle between mortal men again? Only time will tell, but if it's half as good a race next year, it'll be worth *walking* from Sydney just to be there!

Sri Chinmoy 24 Hour Run ADELAIDE, OCT'89

NAME	FINAL DISTANCE	50 Km	50 Miles	100 Km	100 Miles	200 Km	250 Km
1 Mike March	257:767	4:29.52	7:11.19	8:56.36	15:06.03	18:51.38	23:19.42
2 David Standeven	256:157	3:41.38	6:08.39	7:48.45	14:05.05	18:01:50*	23:27.47
3 Anyce Melham	213:287	4:36.08	7:40.34	9:43.34	14:05.05	22:10.58	
4 Geoff Boase	191:850	4:47.32	8:31.04	11:11.36	20:10.52		
5 Murray Cox	190:716	4:38.13	9:00.00	11:19.31	19:14.12		
6 Rudy Kinshofer	184:529	4:33.10	7:31.56	9:32.12	19:11.01		
7 Roger Stuart	181:236	4:18.34	7:47.40	10:22.33	20:57.36		
8 Cliff Young	175:834	5:05.00	9:00.06	11:39.27	21:51.09		
9 Kevin Cassidy	168:787	5:03.37	9:32.01	12:15.45	22:25.26		
10 Michael Grayling	163:867	5:01.05	9:03.57	12:51.24	23:38.01		
11 Graham Venus	163:812	5:05.15	9:19.41	12:34.57	23:37.13		
12 Tony Ashwell	162:593	5:42.42	10:44.51	13:29.52	23:42.41		
13 Helen O'Connor	155:317	5:44.32	9:57.37	13:42.20			
14 Jeff Vissar	153:379	4:34.03	7:57.15	9:58.56			
15 Sue Worley	150:772	5:59.46	10:39.42	14:01.21			
16 Don Cox	145:101	5:58.02	9:17.35	13:08.06			
17 Ross Martin	142:901	6:49.33	12:02.38	16:04.40			
18 Helen Barnes	139:015	6:04.25	10:37.42	14:45.59			
19 Dick Crotty	134:373	7:07.16	12:34.10	16:11.36			
20 Bill Beauchamp	133:982	4:53.35	8:24.55	10:58.31			
21 Carolyn Benson	131:293	7:36.48	13:22.03	17:47.15			
22 John Champness	127:437	5:58.01	10:40.24	14:37.51			
23 Jacques Gaillard	123:754	6:57.06	12:14.55	16:49.07			
24 Steve Weir	101:64	7:01.15	13:11.12	18:04.35			
25 David Opperman	59:173	22:20.33					

*David Standeven's 200km time is a new Australasian record. (to be ratified)

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL RUNNERS FOR A SUPERB EFFORT IN 1989.

See you at the 1990 Sri Chinmoy 24 Hour Race on 27th, 28th October.

Lewis plans it just right

By DAVID MARSH

5th - 9th Oct

"I JUST want a bath and a good night's sleep," were the first words spoken by New Zealander John Lewis after he crossed the finish line to win the Quit Perth-to-Albany ultra-marathon late on Saturday night.

Lewis, 51, completed the gruelling 406km course in 2 days 12hrs 18min. 17sec. — his first multi-day race.

Shortly before the start at Burswood Superdome last Thursday Lewis commented: "The race does not always go to the swiftest, but to those who keep running."

And the regional manager for the Auckland Ministry of Forestry showed the accuracy of that statement with his superb performance.

"It was very tough," he said. "When I was just out of Kojonup we got caught in a hail storm which nearly blew us off the road."

"I was on the point of quitting for a few hours and going into Kojonup to shelter from the storm. But I decided to keep going."

Craigie clerk Ross Parker, 40, finished second at 12.38am yesterday — 2hrs 20min. 13sec. behind

Lewis, and Albany's Garry Clark was crossed the line early yesterday afternoon in 3 days 2hrs 45min. 2sec.

Lewis, who ran near the rear of the field in the early stages of the race, passed Parker, who had led for most of the way, 98km from Albany at 7.50am on Saturday.

The New Zealander entered Mount Barker, 50km from the finish, 8km ahead of Parker. Lewis then rested and resumed with Parker only 2km behind.

Lewis was assured of victory after completing the first 10km from Mount Barker in an hour.

Parker, who gambled on having

only a 50-minute rest instead of the planned two hours on Friday night, was feeling the effects during the final six hours of the race.

"I am having trouble staying awake," he said 40km from Albany.

Parker, a finisher of the Westfield Sydney-to-Melbourne race four times, realised that he had run too fast with too little rest in the early stages of the event.

"I knew that the second day would be the hardest, so I made sure that I had plenty of rest on the first day," said Lewis.

It was a remarkable performance by Lewis, who took up running only in 1985.

"Four years ago I was in a stressful job, two stone overweight and very unfit," he said.

"I became very ill and after recovering decided to do something about getting fit.

"I feel a lot younger now. Running has helped me cope a lot better with the stress in my job."

He has enjoyed considerable success in races up to 24 hours.

Albany's George Audley and Bunbury's Brian Kennedy withdrew from the race at Arthur River on Friday night on the recommendation of a race doctor.

Audley was ill and Kennedy had a leg injury.

Quit



ULTRA MARATHON



RACE REPORTS

SRI CHINMOY
24 HOUR
TRACK RACE
ADELAIDE,
OCTOBER 28-29,
1989

by Kevin Cassidy

It was obvious to all that David Standeven and Mike March were the gun runners in this event, and their potential head-to-head clash had created a great deal of interest. As it turned out, those of us who were present witnessed the greatest duel ever seen in Australian ultra running.

David took the early lead, with Mike content to run at his usual steady pace. As the hours went by, David got further and further ahead. He obviously hadn't forgotten Mike's incredible run at Coburg earlier this year, where he ran just as far in the second half as he did in the first

At the 100km mark, David was 68 minutes ahead. He was still over one hour ahead at 100 miles, before reaching 200km, in 18.01 to break Bryan Smith's 200km Australian Record by 12 minutes. Mike was still 50 minutes behind, but I, for one, was sure that the race was only just beginning. I was proved to be correct. Somewhere between 21 and 22 hours, Mike took over the lead and established a four lap break on David.

But David was not going to give in. In the final couple of hours, the two of them stuck to each other like glue, Mike defending his lead, and David trying to make up those four laps. They threw surges and a number of sprints at each other, but neither would give in as they reeled off 1.40 laps. It was just mind-boggling to watch. Eventually, after 24 hours, the four lap lead remained just that, as Mike the Machine took out the race.

These two runners thoroughly deserve their Australian rankings of number 1 and 2.

THE QUIT PERTH TO ALBANY
406KM. MULTI-DAY ROAD RACE
OCTOBER 5-9TH, 1989
(Or, the hidden message behind ultra running!)

by Tony Tripp

Ultra running can be about one's psyche, for it has an ability to change your outlook on life, creating greater insight into yourself and others, thus enabling you to deal with the negative aspects of your own existence. On the other hand, you may gain nothing of this from ultra-running, having the same lack of understanding about life and yourself that you always had. Thus, this activity can be used to disguise terrible insecurities, creating an egotistical and arrogant personality. In other words, ultra-running can expose your weaknesses ruthlessly.

"The Dead Poet's Society", a film by the Australian director, Peter Weir, has influenced many people's lives by inspiring them to follow their dreams and reach their true potential. They saw that their lives were quietly slipping away and that they were living false unfulfilled and safe existences.

I suggest those interested in our sport see the film or view the video of it, as it makes a statement about the human condition and the resilience of the human spirit. It is almost a symbolic parable into which one can read what one wishes to.

The story-line is simple. It is set in the 1950s and revolves around an American boy's private high school that upholds and teaches traditional and conservative values. The students are manipulated and brainwashed into not questioning authority, nor to think for themselves, so their spirit becomes suffocated. The end product is a conformist-respectability that is cautious and unimaginative. Beings who take no responsibility for their own actions, blaming others and passing the buck. Their values have been created by vested interests so that people such as these pupils fit into preconceived notions on how society should run.

A former pupil becomes the new English teacher and, through poetry, opens his pupil's eyes to what they are capable of, as human beings. That they

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should live by their own standards and challenge themselves, "seize the day", and do what they really want to do; for if not, they may never have the opportunity again. They should believe in and be true to themselves, even if their ideas come into conflict with others.

By encouraging the pupils to be themselves, the English teacher exposed the rigid structure of the school. Outwardly stable and rational, when challenged, it was found to be wanting. The teacher had indirectly exposed the school's hypocritical and shallow outlook, thus showing these problems to be present in many of his fellow teachers and parents, who tolerated no opposition and did not dare to rock the boat, as it were.

This outlook often seems to be the philosophy of unoriginal thinkers, who fear life and themselves, sometimes feeling threatened by people like the English teacher in the film. Imaginative thinkers have the courage to initiate new ideas, yet their thoughts are often copied by fence-sitters who take the credit for them. A form of flattery, I suppose.

After a particular incident in the film, for which the English teacher was not responsible, he was dismissed. He left quietly, realising that any explanation on his part would immediately place him in a bad light. The teachers and parents were in the clear, because they had covered up very cleverly, though they were the cause of the incident because of their attitudes. However, the pupils had gained insight and courage to express themselves, in a manner that they once did not have.

So this film, "The Dead Poets' Society" should be central to the ultra-running experience, and an inspiration. For our sport is about the mind and our ability to deal with everyday existence, its frustrations, and how to cope with it and the games people play at work.

The Perth to Albany, 406km multi-day road event, with a 4.5 day time limit contains some of the principles I have outlined in this article in a positive sense. A tough hilly event, it attracts the more adventurous. It is an event organised by, and for ultra-runners, sponsored by Quit, the Anti-smoking Campaign, and Rainbow Coast in collaboration with

the Centurion Runners Association. It is within the capabilities of the average ultra-runner. It is not so tiring as the Westfield for crews and officials as they do not spend more than 4 days on the road. It is also a more realistic distance for the runner, enabling them to recover quickly, and less expensive where food, hiring of vans etc is concerned. You only need 4-5 crew, which are provided for the Eastern states runners. We do try to provide accommodation for interstate entrants.

It is a sensible alternative to the Sydney to Melbourne for those not able to afford running in it, or feeling that the event is beyond them, or wish to try a road multi-day event before entering the Sydney to Melbourne, thus giving them an idea of what this type of running is all about. Multi-day road-racing involves all the human characteristics, drama, determination, bravery, suffering, bloody-mindedness, sympathy and various other emotions.

Because of the air-strike and injuries, many of the entrants had to withdraw before the event. We were left with 6 starters, George Audley, Garry Clarke (Albany), Brian Kennedy (Bunbury), Joe Record, Ross Parker and John Lewis from New Zealand, running his first multi-day road race. He had run two 24 hours before, completing over 200km both times. He trains with Sandy Barwick.

The event started from the Burswood Casino on the Swan River. After speeches by the W.A. Minister of Sport and Health, Joe Record immediately leaped into the front to be passed early on in the event by Ross Parker, who led for much of the race. John Lewis passed Ross later on in the event. Gradually, John built up an 8km lead. Fifty kilometres from the end, Ross got to within one kilometre; they were in sight of one another. Ross elected to rest to make his final dash to the finish as Joe started again after having a short rest. John widened the gap, which Ross was unable to bridge.

The final results were:

John Lewis	2 days 12 hours
Ross Parker	2 days 14 hours
Garry Clarke	3 days 2 hours

George Audley, Brian Kennedy and Joe Record had

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to withdraw.

The weather was like Melbourne, four seasons in one day. Mainly wet, windy, cold and briefly hot. Ross had to contend with hail, which John missed. Ross Parker believed his decision to have half an hour's sleep instead of 2-3 hours at one point in the race, caused him to slacken. In fact, as John came into Kojanup to rest for a few hours, Ross started running again.. Was this the point where the race was won or lost? This type of running requires a great deal of thought and tactics on the part of the crew and the runner.

John Lewis ran a very controlled event, having a good crew, most having crewed in the Perth to Albany last year, or being ultra-runners. Robyn, his wife, knew John's needs; she is also a qualified masseur. This is most important, having a crew that understands the sport and at least one person who understands and is a real asset to the runner.

John kept drinking and eating from the start. He ran for 20-25 minutes and walked for five minutes. A beep on the horn would tell him when it was necessary to walk or run again. He would walk for 10 minutes if he felt the need. He had two hour rest periods. He has a natural running style, knows his own body, and what he requires in the food and drink department to keep going. His race had a rhythm which I think is necessary, a plan that he adjusted to the circumstances. He took up the sport to relieve himself of stress. He has a great future ahead of him.

Garry Clark, co-director of the race finished the event at his second attempt. He doesn't have to run in it again. It was a dream come true, finishing in his home town, Albany; what more could you ask for!

The event is being sponsored again by Quit next year and will be held in early October, 1990. There will be a considerable amount of prize-money and a few overseas and Australian runners invited.

These multi-day road races are hard to organise, which is why there are only two such events, which are run continually, both held in Australia, Speak to Charlie Lynn, the Westfield organiser if you don't believe in how much work goes into organising such events. The other multi-day road events held overseas are run as staged races. #

BATHURST OR BUST!

Report on the Bathurst 100km Road Race
held on 16th September. 1989
by Kevin Cassidy

The weekend started at lunchtime on the Thursday when Peter Armistead, Geoff Hook and myself left Melbourne for a somewhat uneventful drive to Orange (50km from Bathurst), arriving there at around 10.30pm. The only real highlight of the journey was when Geoff "Alain Prost" Hook managed to cop a speeding ticket as we passed through Cowra. Without much trouble we found the home of our hosts for the weekend, Graham and Marlene Wilton. Graham is a 2.39 marathoner and a former second place-getter in this race. After a quick cuppa, we all hit the sack for some much needed shut-eye.

The next morning, we were all dragged out of bed by Peter at some ungodly early hour for a 2 mile jog around the golf-course, in sub-zero temperatures! Then we headed back for breakfast and a shower. Friday was spent by paying a visit to Hookie's sister, where we managed to eat enough toast to double the profits of the Tip-Top factory.

Hookie managed to do some P.R. by way of a radio interview on the local sports' program, but it was all too brief due to a disinterested interviewer, who did his best to make the discussion as short as possible. Lunchtime arrived, and that seemed as good a reason as any to eat huge portions of food at a very rapid rate, so we did just that. The afternoon was spent lounging around before our pre-race meal later that night, where Hookie took over my title as the World's Biggest Eater, by devouring a pile of spaghetti, a bowl of soup, a family size pizza, a bowl of ice-cream and enough garlic bread to TRIPLE the profits of the Tip-Top factory.

By 10pm, we were all asleep. The next morning, we woke at 4am for breakfast and the 30 minute drive to Bathurst. The early morning start was cold and icy. Graham and Marlene travelled in separate cars and shared the duties of seconding the three of us.

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The early stages of the run were uneventful, as we climbed Mt. Panorama and admired the views. At about this time, a dog strayed into the run from who-knows-where and mingled with the runners for about 45km., before tiring and hitching a ride in Graham's car. As we began to spread out past the half-way mark, the continuous roller-coaster hills began to take their toll on my legs, and I lost precious time by taking wrong turns on three separate occasions and having to stop on other occasions to consult the map with Marlene. These incidents made me very angry as I was getting rather tired.

The final 20km was devastating, as we got no relief from the constant ups and downs. Peter finished in an excellent time of 8hrs.52min., whilst I recorded 9hrs.51min. after being flogged over the final 6km by Graham and Marlene. Hookie, who was still recovering from his 100 miler in Leadville, USA, finished inside 11 hours and received the only silver tray for finishing all the six Bathurst ultras.

The best performance of the day would have to go to Bryan Smith. He left Melbourne late on Friday and drove all night to arrive in time to pull on his shoes and run 8hrs.27min for second place. (What a Superman!)

That evening saw all runners and seconds enjoying eats and drinks at the local pub where "Big Chris" presented pewter wine goblets to all the finishers. We all then headed back to Graham and Marlene's home (with the stray dog) for a good feed (what AGAIN?), and a sleep. The next morning, we took a short recovery walk then left for Melbourne complete with "Bathurst", the dog, who had been adopted by Peter.

It had been an eventful weekend which I will always remember for two reasons - the sheer toughness of the course (which I freely admit to have underestimated), and the hospitality of Graeme and Marlene Wilton, who treated us like kings, as well as tending to our every need during the run.

A few more Wiltons in the world would make it a truly marvellous place.

On our journey home, we stopped at a small town for a drink. The driver of a truck parked behind us had a very bemused expression on his face as the three of us hobbled, limped and crawled from the car to the milk bar, where Peter and Hookie consumed their 97th caramel milk-shake for the weekend.

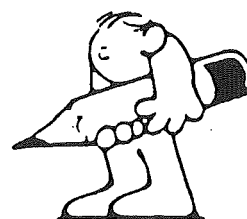
As we hit the road again, Hookie decided that we should visit his brother in Albury, and it was here that we discovered that our illustrious President has a sense of direction that rivals one of Little Bo-Peep's lost sheep. We drove all over Albury looking for the right street. (I'm sure we went through one roundabout at least 5 times!), and eventually we got there with the help of a drunk pedestrian. Three hours later, a tired bunch of runners (and one dog) arrived back in Melbourne.

Roll on next year!

RACE RESULTS

ARTICLES WANTED

WITTY? ARTISTIC? SERIOUS?



Any articles will be considered.
Cartoons, photographs, reports or
thoughts!

33.

RACE REPORTS



THE 1989 BATHURST 100k FOOTRACE FINAL RESULTS

Saturday 16th September

PLACE	RUNNER		SUBURB	H, M. S
=====	=====		=====	==,==,==
1	ROBERT	HERD	TRANGIE	8,19.38
2	BRYAN	SMITH	MELTON VIC	8,27.25
3	MICHAEL	BOHNKE	FREEMANS REACH	8,44.30 *
4	PETER	ARMISTEAD	FRANKSTON VIC	8,52.34
5	BRAD	BOYLE	INGLEBURN	9,33.45
6	BOB	FICKEL	ASHCROFT	9,38.30
7	SAM	SCUTTS	PENRITH	9,38.50 *
8	TONY	HARBER	LAKE ALBERT	9,42.22
9	HARRY	NEWMAN	GLENFIELD	9,43.43
10	TREVOR	HARRIS	CHAPMAN ACT	9,44.33
10	WILLIAM	NAGY	CHAPMAN ACT	9,44.33 *
12	KEVIN	CASSIDY	PRESTON VIC	9,51.28
13	GEORGINA	MCCONNELL	BAULKHAM HILLS	10,50.27 W
14	GEOFF	HOOK	MT WAVERLEY VIC	10,54.22
15	DAVID	TAYLOR	APPIN	11,13.58
16	PETER	GRAY	WEST GEELONG VIC	11,31.11
17	IAN	HUTCHISON	LEURA	11,52.00
17	CHRIS	STEPHENSON	CRONULLA	11,52.00
19	KEITH	O'CONNELL	FAIRFIELD WEST	12,05.15
20	MARILYN	KINCHIN	SANS SOUCI	12,09.40 * W
21	GRAHAME	KERRUISH	RIVERWOOD	12,58.00
22	WANDA	FOLEY	BAULKHAM HILLS	13,35.37 W
23	TED	LILLIS	BASS HILL	13,55.17
24	MAX	BOGENHUBER	GRAY'S POINT	wimp
25	DUNCAN	RICHARDS	EASTWOOD	wimp *

* First road ultra

Race record - Bill Clingan 8 h 17m 17s (28/09/85)

Trangie runner breaks 100km foot race hoodoo

**The Western Advocate,
Monday, September 18,
1989**

After being placed second the two previous years Trangie runner, Robert Herd on Saturday won this year's Bathurst 100km foot race.

Herd ran a time of eight hours, 19 minutes and 38 seconds, two minutes outside the race record.

The race, held annually on the streets of Bathurst and surrounding roads began with 25 competitors at Bathurst Courthouse at 6am Saturday.

Only two runners failed to finish the grueling course.

Runners started at Bathurst Courthouse, went around Mount Panorama, Limekilns Road, Eleven Mile Drive, Mt Rankin, Ophir Road, Hen and Chicken Lane, Georges Plains, Cow Flat Road, Lagoon

Rd, Gormans Hill Rd and back to the finish line at the Courthouse.

Melbourne runner, Bryan Smith came in second, eight minutes behind the winner.

Smith was the first Australian to finish last year's Westfield Ultra Marathon.

First woman to finish on Saturday was Sydney runner Georgina McConnell with a time of 10.50.27.

McConnell along with Wanda Foley, 22nd on Saturday, used the event as a training run for next year's Westfield Ultra Marathon.

Race organiser, Chris Stephenson said yesterday that runners felt the course was arduous.

"Most of the course

is hilly especially the 'roller coaster' between Perthville and the Lagoon Road," Stephenson said.

"We are most grateful to Bathurst Police for their assistance and the Commercial Hotel for the use of their premises for our presentation at the completion of the race."

A number of runners in Saturday's 100km

race also competed in yesterday's Edgell Jog.

Results: Robert Herd, Trangie 1st; Bryan Smith, Melbourne 2nd; Michael Bohnke, Freeman's Reach, 3rd; Peter Armistead, Melbourne 4th; Brad Boyle, Ingleburn 5th; Bob Fickle, Ashcroft 6th, Sam Scutts, Penrith 7th; Tony Harber, Lake Albert 8th; Harry Newman, Glenfield 9th; Trevour Harris, ACT and William Nagy, ACT, equal 10th.

Kevin Cassidy, Melbourne 12th; Georgina McConnell, Sydney 13th; Geoff Hook, Melbourne 14th; Dave Taylor, Appin 15th; Peter Gray, Melbourne 16th; Chris Stephenson, Sydney and Jan Hutchinson, Leura, equal 17th; Keith O'Connell, Fairfield 19th; Marilyn Kinchin, Sydney 20th; Grahame Kerruish, Riverwood 21st; Wanda Foley, Sydney 22nd and Ted Lillis Sydney 23rd.



Winner of Saturday's Bathurst 100km foot race Robert Herd (centre) is congratulated by second placegetter Bryan Smith (left) and third placegetter Michael Bohnke at the completion of yesterday's event. Herd finally won the event after being placed second the previous two years.

LAST QUEENSLAND ULTRA FOR 1989 - BY IAN JAVES

The last ultra distance race for the year was held on Saturday 4th November on the beach and forest trails of Rainbow Beach, about 2 hours drive north of Brisbane. The 55 kilometre trail run commenced at first light in an attempt to avoid the worst heat of the day, but our last competitor home, John Petersen aged 73 years, took 8 hours and 14 minutes to complete the course, so didn't finish until nearly 2 pm. John has now competed in and finished all six ultra distance events for 1989.

The race commenced with a ten kilometre loop on the beach, then headed back through the township and into the National Park, of which runners had to complete two loops. The trails in the park consisted of loose sandy hills, then into a thick palm forest on a winding narrow track, with this then opening out onto a four wheel drive track through rain forest with the turnaround at the foot of a rather long and steep hill. Water stations were set up within every 5 kilometres, and crews could drive in their cars with supplies from the start/finish area in Rainbow Beach to the turnaround in the National Park, which was just in from the main road. First to finish was Don Wallace in the outstanding time of 4 hours 10 minutes. Two Caboolture runners, David Sommers and Sandy Buchan were with Don in the lead for most of the event, but Don powered away from them in the loose sand hills in the last leg, leaving David to come in second with a time of 4 hours 22 minutes. Sandy Buchan was forced to walk some distance due to fatigue, and was overtaken by Neil McCabe, from Murgon, finishing in 4 hours 29 minutes for third position, and Graham Medill of Toowoomba in fourth.

First woman home was Glenys Wright of Brisbane in 5 hours 52 minutes, closely followed in just under 6 hours by Sandra Dungleison, also of Brisbane. The ladies had a close tussle for the lead the whole way, changing positions frequently and always in sight of each other. Of the 18 entrants, only two failed to finish the event. One runner became lost, despite red tape marking the course, but got back on the right track after a short time.

Seven of the ultra distance runners who completed the 55 kilometres in the morning, then lined up for the Rainbow Beach Fun Run that afternoon, to contest for the Macadamia Nut Trophy - awarded to the person with the highest placings in both events. This was tied on placings by Neil McCabe and Graham Medill, after a desperate effort put in by both at the finish line, with Neil McCabe the eventual winner on best times.

RAINBOW BEACH TRAIL RUN

4th November 1989

<u>Placing</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	Don Wallace	4 hrs. 10 min. 25 sec.
2	David Sommers	4 hrs. 22 min. 07 sec.
3	Neil McCabe	4 hrs. 29 min. 51 sec.
4	Graham Medill	4 hrs. 31 min. 55 sec.
5	Sandy Buchan	5 hrs. 02 min. 07 sec.
6	Ron Grant	5 hrs. 38 min. 24 sec.
7 (1st female)	Glenys Wright	5 hrs. 52 min. 53 sec.
8	Graeme Ramsden	5 hrs. 56 min. 50 sec.
9 (2nd female)	Sandra Dungleison	5 hrs. 59 min. 38 sec.
10	David Holleran	6 hrs. 22 min. 31 sec.
11	Kevin Dellow	6 hrs. 33 min. 22 sec.
12	Denis Connolly	6 hrs. 34 min. 48 sec.
13	Arthur Cox	6 hrs. 34 min. 48 sec.
	Bob Sylvester	6 hrs. 46 min. 49 sec.
15	Geoffrey Williams	6 hrs. 50 min. 25 sec.
16	John Petersen	8 hrs. 14 min. 25 sec.
	Noel Kreutzmann	DNF
	Lindsay Phillips	DNF

MACADAMIA NUT AWARD

Obtained by adding placings in the Trail Run and Fun Run
(Winner voted as being the biggest Queensland nut for 1989)

Neil McCabe	40 (Best on times)
Graham Medill	40
Sandy Buchan	49
Ron Grant	83
Glenys Wright	102
Bob Sylvester	109
Denis Connolly	120

1000 Miles Through A Glue-Pot

By

Tony Rafferty

A tall sturdy man with silver hair leaned over the orange bunting that lined the 400 metre grass running track. "Tony, welcome to Granville", he said. "Doug's the name. I'll be down every day. Good luck mate". His tiny, white fluffy dog scavenged for food scraps near the hospitality tent.

I had completed the first lap in the Rotaract Ultimate Ultra-Marathon - a 1000 mile challenge race at Everley Park, Granville, near Sydney. "Thanks Doug", I shouted back, "only 4023 laps to go".

Twenty six year old Pat Farmer - Sydney to Melbourne finisher and recognised as a future ultra-marathon champion - issued the challenge to me by letter in November 1988. The race started on 12th August 1989.

In the depth of a running slump for the last 2 years, many people regarded me as a spent force in ultra-running. A few suggested retirement. I knew the reason for my bad form and Farmer's challenge was an opportunity to get up off the canvas and to use nearly 20 years of experience to my advantage against an over-confident, physically fit Sydney athlete.

A minimum of 3 runners were necessary to make the race an official event. Dave Taylor, upright and muscular, accepted an invitation to run. (A few years ago he ran from Sydney to Melbourne and return, and this year he finished in the Westfield classic).

A thunderstorm during the second day caused atrocious running conditions as 20 Rotaract members and their friends bent their backs to shovel ash over the saturated track in an attempt to absorb the water. An industrial compactor borrowed from the Granville council flattened the surface until heavy rain fell again and marred the good work. The track had turned into a quagmire.

With a \$5000 winner-take-all cheque offered by radio 2KY and responsibilities to a number of sponsors arranged by Farmer, we trundled through the slippery sludge risking injury with every step. I strained an abdominal muscle when I hopped, stepped and jumped over an ankle deep mud puddle. As we slipped and sloshed through the glue-pot I felt like heavy dumbbells were tied to each foot.

After 3 days and a comfortable 18 mile lead I planned to hold the advantage until the end of the race. Farmer in second place had a fierce determination to narrow the gap. He watched every move I made like a cat stalking a mouse.

The sun and a continuous breeze eventually dried out the track and the happy Rotaract group did their best to level the rough patches.

For most of the race Taylor ran during the night and took long rest periods in the daytime. Sometimes to prove his strength and fitness he ran like Carl Lewis going for gold. I displayed a degree of stupidity one night when I tried to outsprint him. The result was a strained Achilles tendon. With Thatcher-like stubbornness we challenged each other's tactics until daybreak. Taylor gained strength as the race progressed.

With over 300 miles to go I followed my plan of sleeping during the graveyard period - 1am to 4am - and taking an hour's rest late in the afternoons.

Farmer's running plan astonished me. His occasional flamboyant sprints delighted his cheer squad and amused me but they did little for his daily mileage total when he was forced to rest to recuperate. I doubt if these spots of showmanship were part of his plan he talked about before the race. Sometimes when I closed in about a metre from his heels he would sprint away like a startled gazelle. A slow staggered walk would follow and 6 members of his entourage would rush to his aid with tissues, towel, suncream, drinks and advice or sympathy. I have never seen loyalty to any runner like that demonstrated by his support team. They didn't realise that to pamper a runner like Tammy Baker's poodle is not the way to win a 1000 mile race. Ultra-marathoners are loners and thinkers. They blend with the conditions. They don't need fuss. They need space.

For months before the race Pat and I talked on the telephone and exchanged letters. Like Banquo's ghost he probed my thoughts. I enjoyed our discussions. The philosophy and tactics of ultra-runners, past and present, were discussed at length. We talked about goal setting, forward planning and time management and how business principles could be used for success in ultra races. I mentioned the need to develop the discipline of tennis champ, Ivan Lendl, and the concentration of chess great, Boris Spassky.

Unfortunately, Pat lacked patience and purpose during the race.

Mrs. Farmer, (Pat's mother) arrived every evening and stayed for hours. With dignity, she showed respect for each of us. She knew that we suffered the same problems.

I looked forward to her smile and thoughtful remarks. I won't forget her mouth-watering tit-bits she offered on her arrival at the track each time.

Mrs. Farmer's gentle persuasion had a more positive effect on Pat's performance than the dithering of his crew members.

Pat Farmer has the ability to climb to the top of the Australian ultra-running ladder but he won't control his destiny in the sport until he selects a small band of dedicated people knowledgeable in the behaviourable patterns of runners under physical and mental stress.

A neatly printed sign was placed on the trackside close to Farmer's sleeping quarters. It pointed in the direction of the runners. It read - You Can't Crush The Farmer Spirit - You Can Win Pat.

Psychological ploys of this kind can be counter productive. (During the New York 1000 mile race a sign was displayed in full view of the spectators and runners. It read - Kouras - The Super Human. After the race Yiannas Kouras said, "It didn't help. It spoiled my concentration").

I was in a depressed state when the sign appeared on the Everley Park track. Deprived of adequate sleep; aching knees; swollen feet; blistered toes and a lower back screaming for a hot bath and a massage, I left the track.

On my return 30 minutes later I adopted a ruthless approach expected of a professional sportsman. Sentiment was pushed aside. The affirmation written by Farmer's thinkers nudged me through a depressed state of mind. I would run over broken glass to stay in front. I had fire in my feet.

In the quiet of the night Dave Taylor stepped out of the portable toilet on the side of the track to be greeted by an agitated metre long brown snake. He leapt in the air like a ballet dancer and dashed past me to record his fastest lap of the race. The snake scuttled off into the long grass.

The next morning Taylor stumbled and broke a toe. Suffering sharp pain he walked with patience and courage for 95 miles and retired from the event with a total of 795 miles in 13 days 4 hours 13 minutes 15 seconds.

I showed the tell-tale palour of the ultra-runner robbed of rest and sleep when the sun dropped behind the horizon on the last day. Four hours later the thumping pain in my knees and thighs disappeared and the survival shuffle changed to long strides, a high knee lift and pumping arms. My 2 year running slump was over.

Media people huddled on the finish line like a rugby scrum. A few hundred singing spectators lined each side of the track. Flashing light bulbs lit up the night and blinded me as I tripped over a television cameraman to complete 1000 miles and win the Rotaract Ultimate Ultra-Marathon in 14 days 11 hours 59 minutes 4 seconds - a world track record breaking Malcolm Campbell's time by 33 hours.

(Pat Farmer ran the second best 1000 miles on the track in the world when he crossed the line with a time of 14 days 18 hours 27 minutes 47 seconds).

In the crush a strong hand grasped my shoulder. It was Doug. He shouted above the din, "Thanks mate for the memory". He walked away into the night with his tiny, white fluffy dog tucked neatly under his arm.

Tony Rafferty - November 1989.

1989 BRINDABELLA CLASSIC - by Geoff Hook

Big Chris made his BIG mistake at the start of this race. He made a claim that would raise the blood temperature of any Scots by a thousandfold. But for me it was a challenge. I was determined to turn upsidedown. What was the claim? Well, the silly boy said he would be finished, showered and into his 2nd bottle of stout before I crossed the line. Who would not resist the chance of seeing a boaster eat humble pie?

I travelled up to Canberra with Kevin Cassidy on Saturday afternoon. It was a long trip of 8 hours and I wasn't looking forward to the return journey the next day knowing we would be tired and much of the trip would be during the night. It's amazing just how often a couple of hungry and thirsty ultra runners have to stop along the way - and it wasn't for petrol or a pit stop either. Talk about crazy, Kevin was not only running Brindabella for the 1st time (lots of quad-renching downhill) but he also intended running in the 24 hour Australian Track Championship the next weekend in Adelaide.

It was great catching up with all my friends at the Cotter Reserve Hotel (race finish) very early on Sunday, waiting for the mini-buses to transport us up to the start, atop Mt. Ginini (1762m). Billies Bushies were in abundant supply - they overfilled the largest mini bus. It seems that the tougher the run, the more Bushies are present.

The bumpy journey on narrow, rocky dirt tracks seemed to take ages. Our attention was diverted at one stage when a kangaroo jumped out in front of our mini-bus and bounded up the road ahead of us. It seemed he was a policeman controlling our speed along the road for the next mile (or was he out to get us all disqualified 39. for being paced?).

A stiff cold breeze produced indecision. Do I run in a singlet or warmer gear? I was assured that it would get hot down below so with clenched teeth I joined the other 100 odd runners at the starting line.

A steep downhill section was a gross invitation to fully open the throttle however, sensibly, most appeared to control themselves. I had heard that legs preserved during the early stages of the Brindabella Classic were legs that would have something left for the closing stages of the race. Predictably, the elite runners of Bruce Cook, Trevor Jacobs (1st 2 years ago, 2nd last year), Bruce Inglis et al cleared out in front and "disappeared" quickly. I was in the middle of a large spread-out 2nd bunch. Conversations flowed easily along a long and gentle downhill section until we arrived at a short sharp climb up to Mt. Franklin. After touching the trig point and taking in the wonderful views, a steep and rocky downhill section saw me break away from the bunch (my downhill training for Leadville appeared to be paying dividends). I ran by myself through some lovely bush areas and a good dirt road down a gentle slope for many miles. With the throttle wide open, I thought "this is easy". Of course, the 1st of 2 major hills quickly brought me back to earth. It was not that they were steep (they weren't), it was just the hard downhill running had already taken its toll. I progressively got slower from that point on and my pace never did justice to the gentle uphill or downhill sections that characterized most of the rest of the course.

The aid stations were fantastic, only about 4 to 6km apart, well stocked with water, cordial and jelly babies. The people running these stations were most helpful, courteous and above all, encouraging to us runners. The assistance of the Wireless Institute of Australia and the Landrover Club of the A.C.T. was very much appreciated by all the runners.

As I plodded on my way with runner after runner passing me, it seemed like the whole world was passing me by. However, my only concern was to stay in front of Big Chris (it does help to have a rubber neck in situations like this). So imagine my surprise when, about 5 miles to go, a controller in an aid station told me I was in 16th place. I ran better from then on and was not passed by many runners, and I even passed a couple myself.

I had been warned about a mentally devastating section near the finish which did not worry me too much but it was sure hot. As you come out of the beautiful and shady bush, a vast expanse that was once a pine forest was razed to the ground. It had a moonscape appearance. I put my positive thinking cap on and saw this area as an advantage. It was a better opportunity to see Big Chris from a further distance if he attempted to sneak up on me.

The sun was out in full force and so each aid station was eagerly looked forward to. A couple of flooded causeway crossings only served to cool the heels, not the head and chest (no time for swimming). The mark of civilization became more pronounced as we neared the finish line. We even had to run on some sealed road sections. The only fizz was the finish line - there was no big banner to welcome the searching eye from afar. In fact, many runners stopped short of the official line, not knowing just where it was. Still, it was a relief to finish. The course profile looked easy but the actual run was quite tough. Looking at the faces of some of the runners as they finished gave cause for the reflection that this race, more than others, demands dedication to proper training - there is definitely no substitute.

I'm sorry I couldn't talk about the front runners, or any other runners for that matter, you just do not see what is happening. Barry Coates was one notable exception. I passed Barry walking downhill with about 10 miles to go. It was obvious his legs or body had given out on him and so I felt sorry for him.

We all stood around in the glorious sunshine for the presentations of beautiful pottery goblets and a bottle of Brindabella Ale to all finishers. The winning time of 3:48 was exceptional, a new course record by 4 minutes.

40.

Congratulations to Trevor Jacobs for a fine win. Congratulations also to "6 bricks" for winning the ladies section.

MAJOR SPONSOR
COLAC CITY COUNCIL

THE COLAC HERALD, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1989

the AUSTRALIAN 6 Day RACE ... START COLAC



The gun sounds and the 14 strong field set off on their seemingly endless journey in the 1989 Australian Six Day Race.

GEELONG ADVERTISER, Monday, November 20, 1989.

By Scott Bowman

Records tumble as Six Day athletes brake

VETERAN ultra-marathon runner, Bryan Smith, cruised to victory in the Australian Six Day Race in Colac yesterday, smashing the Australian six day record in the process.

Smith, 46, ran 1002 kilometres, finishing 21 km short of the world six day record set by Greek wizard Yiannis Kouros in 1984.

The Melton lines officer was the first home of a strong field which battled a downpour and a soggy track on Wednesday to score some of the most impressive six day race times in the event's history.

More than 20 world and Australian records were shattered and the 13 competitors were cheered by a massive Colac crowd as they finished.

Smith distance was more than 100 km ahead of his closest rival and about 90 km better than his run last year.

He picked up the winner's cheque plus prizes for best last-day run and best Australian run, taking his prizemoney to \$4250.

But after the race he said the Colac event was his last six-day race because he had achieved the monumental goal of beating 1000 km.

The two Geelong runners, Peter Gray and Keith Fisher, both fared well, Fisher shaking a nagging foot injury to come close to beating his best distance with a run of 724 km.

Gray, running in his first six-day race, showed tremendous spirit and although obviously hurting on the last day he pounded the track relentlessly to take sixth place with a distance of 806.4 km.

The 25-year-old from Bannockburn yesterday became the youngest man to compete 500 miles in a six day race.

Second was Maurice Taylor, who ran 894 km, closely followed by Great Britain's Eleanor Adams, running in her fifth Colac event.

Adams, 41, was the first woman home, destroying 12 women's race and world records.

Among records she toppled were the three-day and four-day, 400 and 600 km and the 300 mile records.

Old rivals Cliff Young and George Perdon continued to fight until the final siren, but 65-year-old Perdon won their "private" contest this year.

He finished seventh, having run 760 km, and Young came in eleventh on 664 km.

Although not high in the placings, both Young and Perdon won many fans, especially "Cliffy", always a crowd favorite, who was cheered as he passed the winning post.

Valiant runner Merrilyn Tait, who ran last, more than 500 km behind Smith, said she was happy just to have finished her first Six Day Race.

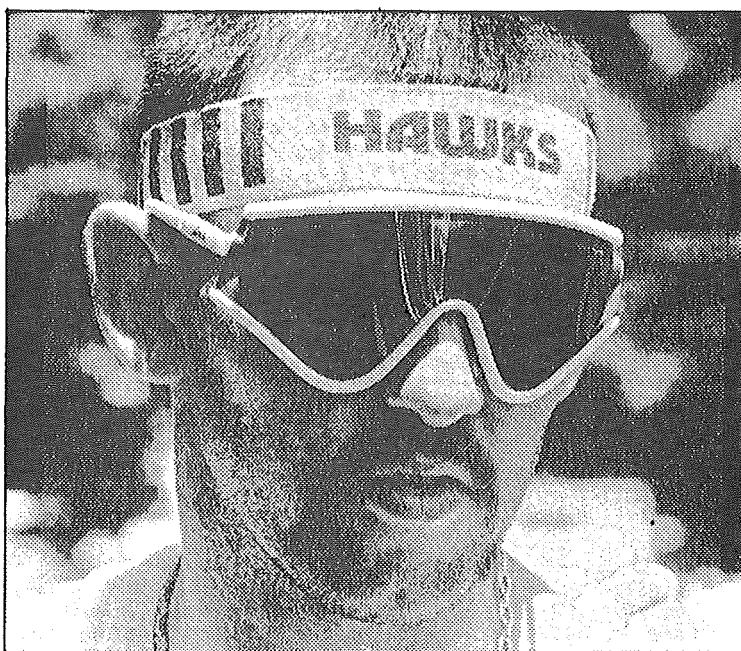
"I just wanted to show that women could do as well as the men in this sort of thing," she said at the post-race presentation.

Only 13 of the 17 competitors entered finished the race, after three runners pulled out weeks before the event was due to start.

Kevin Mansell, who dropped out after running for two days, yesterday admitted to entering with a fractured toe.

Mansell said he found out some days before the ultra-marathon started that his toe was broken, but decided to push on in the hope he might be able to run on it.

"I didn't want to disappoint anyone who would be coming to see the race, because other people had already pulled out," he said.



• Geelong's Keith Fisher.

Runners show the right stuff

THERE'S just no stopping those Geelong boys.

Australian Six Day Race contestants, Peter Gray and Keith Fisher, showed the Geelong spirit to their rivals and fans at the Colac ultramarathon this week.

Fisher ran for two days with knee and ankle problems and still kept up the pace and stole a few hearts, while Gray took the old adage "eating on the go" to new heights.

Fisher battled with a bruised foot for several days, and he thought he had beaten the injury until it returned on Friday morning.

The recurring injury was a blow to the Geelong fitter and turner's hopes at a strong show this year, and he wasn't afraid to admit his disappointment.

"It's always disappointing if you get an injury, but when it improved the first time I thought I still had a chance," he said.

"When the field got up, that threw out the challenge for me to do well, and I came back until it started to ache again on Friday morning."

He may not have won the race, but Fisher certainly won some hearts. By the end of the week he was being toted as the race's unofficial "heart-throb".

Meanwhile, Gray was enjoying an injury free race and working hard to become the youngest man to run 500

miles, a goal he achieved yesterday.

If that wasn't enough, he also thought the Geelong boys should have a go in every competition being held in Colac.

That's why he joined the Keith Fisher support crew when they entered in, and won, the annual pie-eating competition.

"I heard they were giving out free pies and thought I should get a few for myself," Gray said.

After all that, one would think both these guys would be heading home for a well-earned rest.

"I can't go home and sleep," Fisher said. "I'm supposed to be going to a party tonight, and won't be in bed until tomorrow morning."

Toe leaves Mansell broken

The Australian Six Day Race claimed its first victim on Wednesday when Kevin Mansell was forced from the race with a broken toe.

Mansell, 39, a technician from New South Wales, decided that risking permanent damage was not worth it for the sake of one race.

He said he would much prefer to pull out now and be sure of being able to compete in the upcoming Westfield Sydney to Melbourne and then return to Colac next year to prove what he is capable of.

He said he believed he sustained the injury about two weeks ago but felt he owed it to the organisers of Colac's race to at least give it a go, especially after the withdrawals of Gilbert Mailnix and Pat Farmer.

"I came here hoping I could run," Mansell said.

"It hasn't worked out that way."

"I have been hurting it, so I thought it would be better to give it a rest."

Mansell said that doctors advised him it was probably a recurring fracture but they would know more once they saw x-rays and examined the toe properly.

"I am very disappointed to have had to pull out, but I won't regret my decision," Mansell said in reference to avoiding any further damage.

"I hope I can come back next year and run better."

"I guess I've got something to prove."

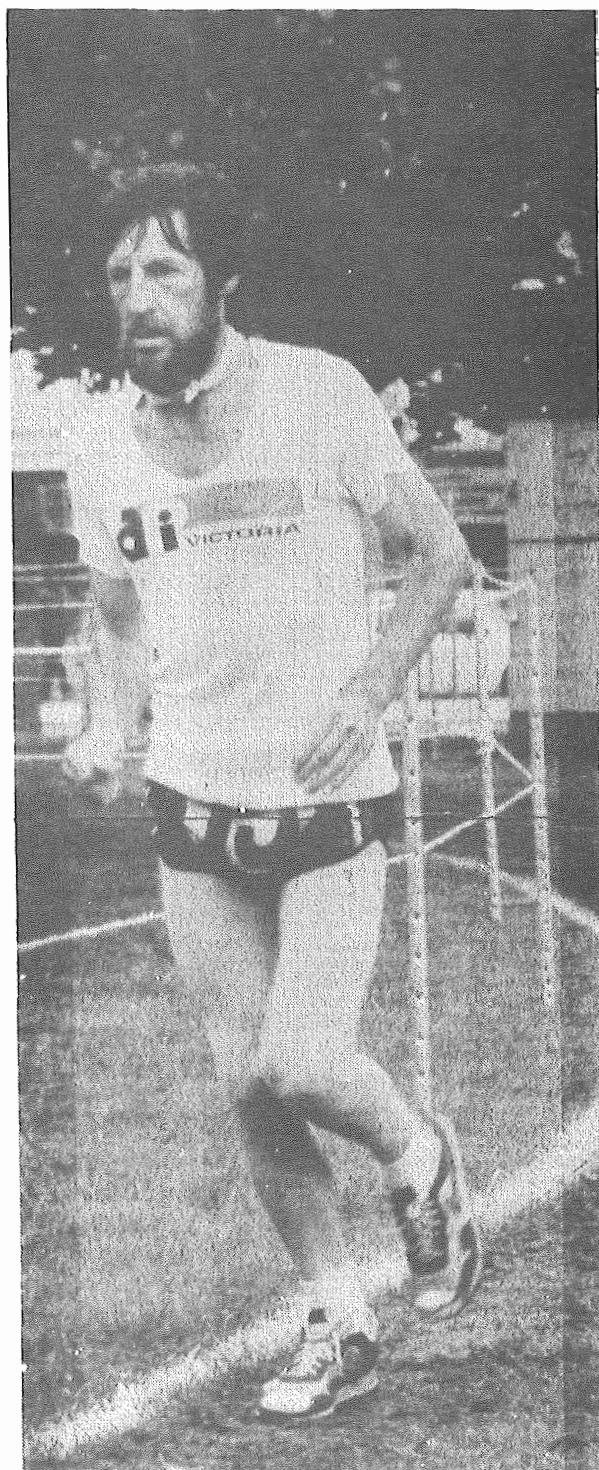
No doubt Mansell will have his knockers who will suggest he just was not up to it.

Such talk would be ridiculous as his record speaks for itself.

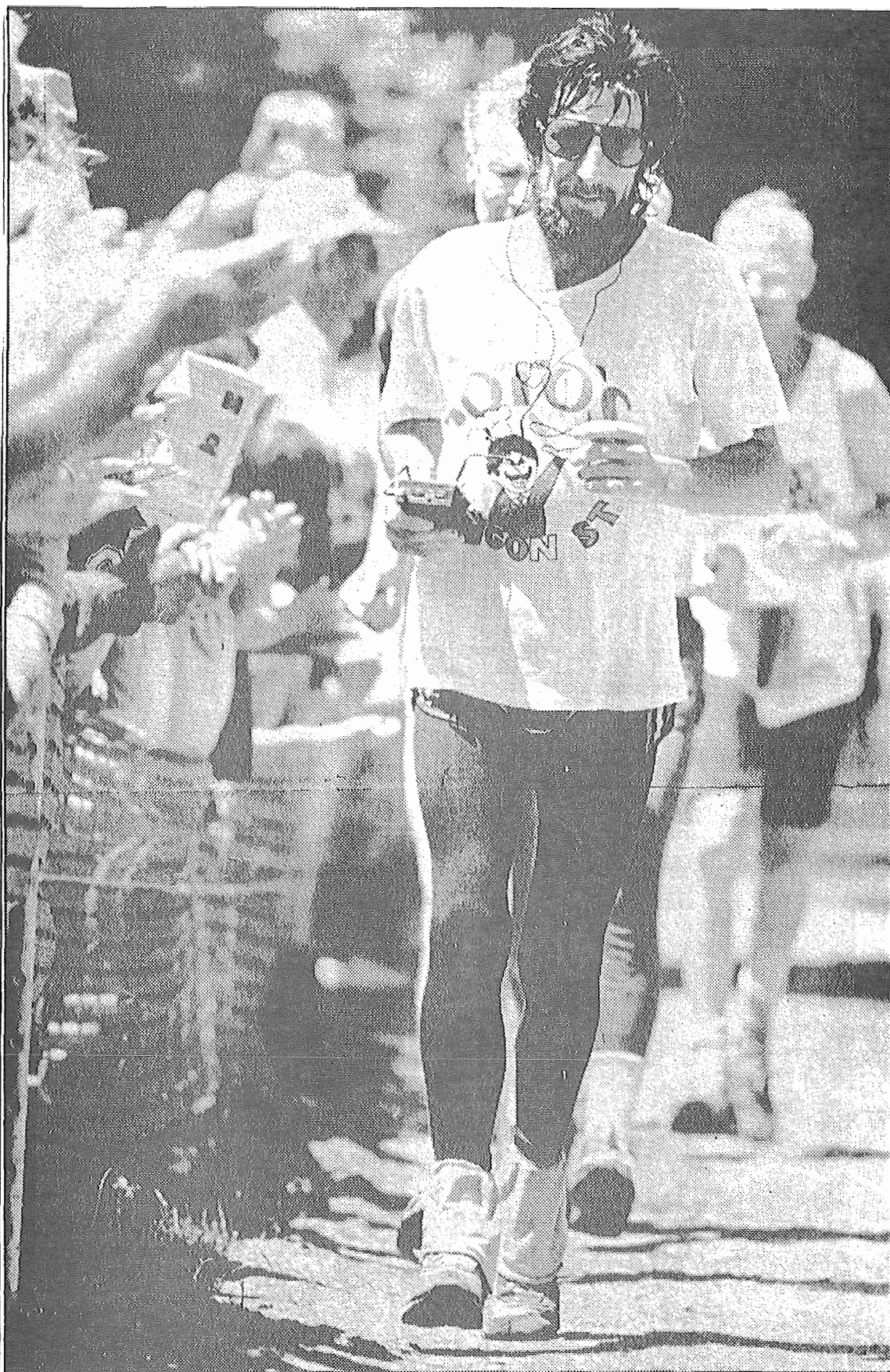
Last year in his first six day race in Campbelltown, NSW, Mansell ran 902 km, a repeat of which would have placed him right at the top of the leaders board at the end of this race.



New Zealander, Sandy Barwick, is right up with the leaders after day one.



Leader of the pack....Bryan Smith is the man they all want to catch after running 220 km in the first 24 hours of the race.



Pictures: BRUCE LONG

• Bryan Smith of Melton raises a glimmer of a smile as he nears the finish line to win the Australian Six Day Race at Colac yesterday.

1989 AUSTRALIAN 6 DAY RACE COLAC

DAY : 6

TIME 1405

LAST UPDATE 14.00

POS	NAME	NO		DAY1	DAY2	DAY3	DAY4	DAY5	DAY6
1	SMITH	15	LAPS	552	414	391	373	375	400
TOTAL	1002.00		KMS	220.80	165.60	156.40	149.20	150.00	160.00
			MLS	137.20	102.90	97.18	92.71	93.21	99.42
2	TAYLOR	10	LAPS	478	373	369	331	345	339
TOTAL	894.00		KMS	191.20	149.20	147.60	132.40	138.00	135.60
			MLS	118.81	92.71	91.71	82.27	85.75	84.26
3	ADAMS	3	LAPS	500	329	328	315	322	373
TOTAL	855.80		KMS	200.00	131.60	131.20	126.00	128.80	149.20
			MLS	124.27	81.77	81.52	78.29	80.03	92.71
4	BARWICK	16	LAPS	462	325	303	326	361	375
TOTAL	860.60		KMS	184.80	130.00	121.20	130.40	144.40	150.00
			MLS	114.83	80.78	75.31	81.03	89.73	93.21
5	LEWIS	14	LAPS	446	339	284	315	358	367
TOTAL	843.60		KMS	178.40	135.60	113.60	126.00	143.20	146.80
			MLS	110.85	84.26	70.59	78.29	88.98	91.22
6	GRAY	17	LAPS	472	306	314	290	304	330
TOTAL	806.40		KMS	188.80	122.40	125.60	116.00	121.60	132.00
			MLS	117.31	76.06	79.04	72.08	75.56	82.02
7	FERDON	1	LAPS	368	334	336	238	321	303
TOTAL	760.00		KMS	147.20	133.60	134.40	95.20	128.40	121.20
			MLS	91.47	83.02	83.51	59.15	79.78	75.31
8	FISHER	11	LAPS	464	228	293	301	292	232
TOTAL	724.00		KMS	185.60	91.20	117.20	120.40	116.80	92.80
			MLS	115.33	56.67	72.82	74.81	72.58	57.66
9	WISHART	13	LAPS	420	262	265	262	278	317
TOTAL	721.60		KMS	168.00	104.80	106.00	104.80	111.20	126.80
			MLS	104.39	65.12	65.87	65.12	69.10	78.79
10	LA PIERRE	9	LAPS	468	266	259	239	266	243
TOTAL	696.40		KMS	187.20	106.40	103.60	95.60	106.40	97.20
			MLS	116.32	66.11	64.37	59.40	66.11	60.40
11	YOUNG	6	LAPS	426	297	233	193	254	257
TOTAL	664.00		KMS	170.40	118.80	93.20	77.20	101.60	102.80
			MLS	105.88	73.82	57.91	47.97	63.13	63.88
12	FAFFERTY	7	LAPS	316	253	251	253	255	282
TOTAL	644.00		KMS	126.40	101.20	100.40	101.20	102.00	112.80
			MLS	78.54	62.88	62.39	62.88	63.33	70.09
13	TAIT	8	LAPS	278	190	172	173	202	216
TOTAL	492.40		KMS	111.20	76.00	68.80	69.20	80.80	86.40
			MLS	69.10	47.22	42.75	43.00	50.21	53.69
14	MANSELL	4	LAPS	365	174	0	0	0	0
TOTAL	215.60		KMS	146.00	69.60	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
			MLS	90.72	43.25	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
15	MAINIX	2	LAPS	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTAL	0.00		KMS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
			MLS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
16	FARMER	5	LAPS	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTAL	0.00		KMS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
			MLS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
17	TAYLOR D	12	LAPS	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTAL	0.00		KMS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
			MLS	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00

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RACE REPORTS



CAMPBELLTOWN AUSSIE 6 DAY RACE 19TH - 25TH NOVEMBER 1989

The Campbelltown Aussie 6 Day Race was a huge success, with local runner Dave Taylor winning the event with 731.255km. in a hard fought battle with Pat Farmer 719.457km. Neither would leave the other alone for the whole race. Ralph Bristow was third with 702.114kms. What a mighty effort by him for his first 6 day race.

In the women's section, Wanda Foley again proved too strong for the other women, with 659.595km. (which was fourth overall). Wanda also improved her performance from last year by 40km. Georgina McConnell was second with 557.660km. and the Cliff Young of the women, 55 year old Valerie Warren, was third with 538.393km.

As for all the other runners, each one finished with over 500km. A really great effort by all of them!

The race was run with a picnic-style atmosphere and this helped the runners and the crews to achieve their goals.

RESULTS:

1. Dave Taylor	731.255km	Race record!
2. Pat Farmer	719.457km.	
3. Ralph Bristow	702.114km.	
4. Wanda Foley	659.595km.	NSW Record
5. Bob Fickel	643.039km	
6. Eduardo Vega	627.314km	
7. Keith O'Connell	608.656km.	
8. Georgina McConnell	557.660km.	
9. Valerie Warren	538.393km.	
10. Lindsay Phillips	525.455km	
11. Lucille Gladwell	519.593km	
12. Shaun Scanlon	501.386km	
13. Ron Grant	254.400km.	

Race Director: John Shaw

46. Ed.'s comment: Congratulations Dave and John on another fantastic event! It's really great the way you look after the Aussie runners, and your results are marvellous!



RACE REPORTS

THE AUSSIE 6 DAY RACE AS I SAW IT

by Ron Grant

After not faring so well in the first day and a half from a dreadful lack of training and back trouble, I had plenty of time to view the event from the sidelines, but with a runner's attitude, rather than totally as a spectator. I realized very quickly that John Shaw, Dave Taylor and all their helpers put on a first-class 6 day race. I heard no complaints and it was a nice friendly race both for competitors and crews. John is an excellent PR person, and seemed to know personally all the crews, and all the children

Dave Taylor and Pat Farmer were fresh from their 1000 mile event with Tony Rafferty, and I am sure they would have been good for another kilometres thus going over 800k each, if this event had not followed so closely. Just to amuse (or terrify) us, Shaun Scanlon lapped me before I had completed two laps. Fortunately Dave stayed cool. It was a close finish with any one of six contestants able to win in the last couple of days. Pat and Dave kept everyone amused by having a go at each other (all in fun!!) - for example they would stall off going to the toilet, as each knew the other would sprint as many laps as possible while the other was off the track.

Of course there were the bad times along with the good, as when Shaun told me he found Edvardo leaning against a post, asleep and snoring obviously waiting to get into the toilet. Edvardo's private regions were also the topic of conversation for a while, when he was asking those around him what to do as he was having a lot of trouble going to the toilet. Dave's solution to all aches, pains (and urinary problems too) was quite simple - he told Edvardo to put an ice-pack on it.

Lindsay Phillips, our one other competitor from Queensland, suffered badly from boredom.

Physically he was capable of including a soccer match or two. Watch out for him next year when he gets his act together. Thanks for the lovely shorts, Lindsay. John Shaw was also lucky enough to be presented with a pair of Lindsay's shorts. Lindsay thought he would save some money by not hiring a caravan, so he set his mother up under a tarp, with a pup tent, to crew for him for the six days. She refuses to come again unless he hires her a caravan, as she feels a frig and stove would have been useful under the circumstances.

Of the four women starters, all finished. I had many enjoyable conversations with Val warren. all runners showed great courage staying on the track for the six days chasing their own personal goals. Sydneysiders have heroes accomplishing great feats right in their midst, and they don't even know it.

The presentations were a moving event. There was a tear in everyone's eyes as Dave gave his trophy to Shaun in recognition of his courage in covering over 500k after taking up running only 12 months ago and after so many cancer operations. Pat gave his to two of his helpers - twin boys, after telling us that Dave even had to steal that idea of his as well. Just as everyone is trying to wipe away a tear without being seen, Val fixes the problem by telling us she also would like to give her trophy to someone but won't because she hasn't got enough of them.

Even though my results were poor, I hope I may be invited back again next year, as it was a pleasure and a privilege to be in such company for six days.



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KIM TALBOT	(C.T.T.)
SUE COOK	(C.T.T.)
ROLF MEISS	(C.T.T.)
ANNETTE WALSH	(C.T.T.)
MELISSA SANGSTER	(C.T.T.)

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND APPOINTMENT
RING (03) 562 3312

From all at Waverley Gardens Massage and Float Centre, we wish
Kim Talbot all the best at Milton Keynes, London, February, 1990.

FOUNDER & DIRECTOR -

RAYMOND K. CARROLL
(CTT, FULL
MEMBER OF
AMATT)

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"In 41 minutes experience the essence of the long distance race."

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BLAST FROM THE PAST: Geoff Molloy on the road to being winner of the Westfield Melbourne to Sydney Run, 1984.

CRADLE MOUNTAIN RUN

P.O. Box 946, Launceston, Tasmania, 7250

CRADLE MOUNTAIN RUN
by Richard Pickup

The 10th Annual Cradle Mountain Run will be held on Saturday 3rd February 1990. Starting in the north at Waldheim and finishing in the south at Cynthia Bay, the Cradle Mountain Run is a full day's running through the famous Cradle Mountain Lake - Lake St. Clair National Park.

This is not the usual form of running, but over its 9 years without major incident, the run has a reputation as a great running experience. The record for the distance, said to be 80km, is held by Canberra orienteer Craig Malot, Craig's time of 8 hours 45 minutes was set in 1985 on a dry overland track.

So far, only one woman has attempted and completed the distance, Jeanette Collin of Hobart.

Strict conditions are imposed on entry as this run traverses remote wilderness. A high degree of fitness and preparation is necessary as well as appropriate equipment.

Any enquiries should be directed to the above address. There is no fee for entry, but costs are shared.

Yours sincerely

Richard Pickup.

ULTRA DISTANCE RUNNING CLUB

Would you join a South Australian Distance Club if one was formed? If so, please fill in your name, address and telephone number and return to:

Don Cox
P.O. Box 196
Gumeracha S.A. 5233
Telephone: 389 3303

.....
.....
ULTRA DISTANCE RUNNING CLUB

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....
.....

TELEPHONE NUMBER:.....

| NSW MACQUARIE FIELDS 12 HOUR TRACK RACE |

Race Organiser: D. Taylor (046) 31 1479
Race Director: J. Shaw (046) 26 6694
Committee: M. Foley : B. Boyle : W. Goldsmith

DATE: Saturday 3rd February 1990
VENUE: VFL Ground, Macquarie Fields Road,
Macquarie Fields, NSW.
TRACK: 400 Metre Grass.
START: 6 PM Saturday (to beat the heat)
FINISH: 6 AM Sunday 4th February 1990
PRESENTATION: Post breakfast, 8 AM approximately.
ENTRY FEE: \$20.00
AMENITIES: Canteen 12 hours - sausage sizzle.
Toilets, showers - pool across road.
AWARDS: Male/Female 1st 2nd 3rd Trophies
Certificates.
All runners Certificates, Medallions.
First male/female \$100 Gift Vouchers.
ENTRIES CLOSE: 17th January 1990.



WESTON CREEK ATHLETIC CLUB INC

PRESENTS

CANBERRA'S FIRST

12 HOUR TRACK RACE

"OPEN TO ALL RUNNERS AGED 18 YEARS AND OVER"

RACE INFORMATION

DATE: SUNDAY, 25 FEBRUARY 1990

VENUE: WODEN PARK ATHLETIC TRACK

TRACK: 400M GRASS (CERTIFIED)

RUN DIRECTION: CHANGE DIRECTION EVERY FOUR (4) HOURS

START: 7.30 A.M. SUNDAY, 25 FEBRUARY 1990

FINISH: 7.30 P.M. SUNDAY, 25 FEBRUARY 1990

PRESENTATION: 8 P.M.

AWARDS: MALE/FEMALE - 1ST, 2ND & 3RD TROPHIES
ALL FINISHERS WILL RECEIVE A MEDALLION. ALL STARTERS
WILL RECEIVE A CERTIFICATE SHOWING DISTANCE COVERED.

ENTRY FEE: \$20.00 (INCLUDES FREE T-SHIRT). NON-REFUNDABLE
AFTER FRIDAY, 16 FEBRUARY 1990. CHEQUES/MONEY ORDERS
PAYABLE TO "TREVOR HARRIS (W.C.A.C.)"

ENTRIES CLOSE: FRIDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1990

LAP SCORERS: EACH RUNNER MUST PROVIDE TWO (2) LAP SCORERS.

AMENITIES: SHOWERS, TOILETS, CHANGE ROOMS, POWER IN PAVILLION,
MICROWAVE OVEN, URN AND CLOTHES DRYER PROVIDED.
NO POWER TO TENTS. ACCESS TO OVAL NOT AVAILABLE
UNTIL 6.30 A.M. SUNDAY.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND ENQUIRIES, CONTACT RACE ORGANISERS:

TREVOR HARRIS

DEREK QUINTO

H. (062) 884137

H. (062) 382309

W. (062) 655640

W. (062) 436464

Proudly sponsored by:

Kershaw Smash Repairs ^{53.}

WESTON CREEK ATHLETIC CLUB INC.

12 HOUR TRACK RACE

SUNDAY, 25 FEBRUARY 1990

WODEN PARK ATHLETIC PARK, CANBERRA

ENTRY FORM

SURNAME FIRST NAME INITIALS SEX M or F

ADDRESS: number and street DATE OF BIRTH

suburb or town POSTCODE TELEPHONE HOME WORK

INFORMATION REQUIRED FOR RUNNER PROFILE

NO. OF MARATHONS PB YR & RACE

NO. OF ULTRAS

DETAILS OF BEST PERFORMANCES OVER EACH DISTANCE:

T-SHIRT ORDER: FREE RACE T-SHIRT. SIZE CM

EXTRAS @ \$10 EA. NO. SIZES.....CM

DECLARATION

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, IN CONSIDERATION OF AND AS A CONDITION OF ENTRY IN THE WESTON CREEK ATHLETIC CLUB INC. 12 HOUR TRACK RACE, FOR MYSELF, MY HEIRS EXECUTORS AND ADMINISTRATORS, HEREBY WAIVE ALL AND ANY CLAIM, RIGHT OR CAUSE OF ACTION WHICH I OR THEY MIGHT OTHERWISE HAVE FOR OR ARISING OUT OF LOSS OF MY LIFE OR INJURY, DAMAGE OF OR CONSEQUENT UPON MY ENTRY OR PARTICIPATION IN THE SAID EVENT. THIS WAIVER, RELEASE AND DISCHARGE SHALL BE AND OPERATE SEPARATELY IN FAVOUR OF ALL PERSONS, CORPORATIONS AND BODIES INVOLVED OR OTHERWISE ENGAGED IN PROMOTING OR STAGING THIS EVENT.

I UNDERTAKE TO WITHDRAW FROM THE RACE IF I SUFFER FROM ANY VIRAL, GASTRIC OR OTHER MEDICAL COMPLAINT IN THE 72 HOURS PRIOR TO THE START OF THE EVENT OR AM OTHERWISE MEDICALLY OR PHYSICALLY UNFIT ON THE DAY OF THE RACE.

SIGNED: DATE:

MONEY FORWARDED: ENTRY FEE \$

EXTRA T-SHIRTS @ \$10 \$

TOTAL \$

54. FORWARD TO: RACE ORGANISER, WCAC 12 HOUR RACE, 27 PERRY DRIVE, CHAPMAN, ACT 2611
BY FRIDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1990 WITH CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER MADE OUT TO
"TREVOR HARRIS (WCAC)"

54.

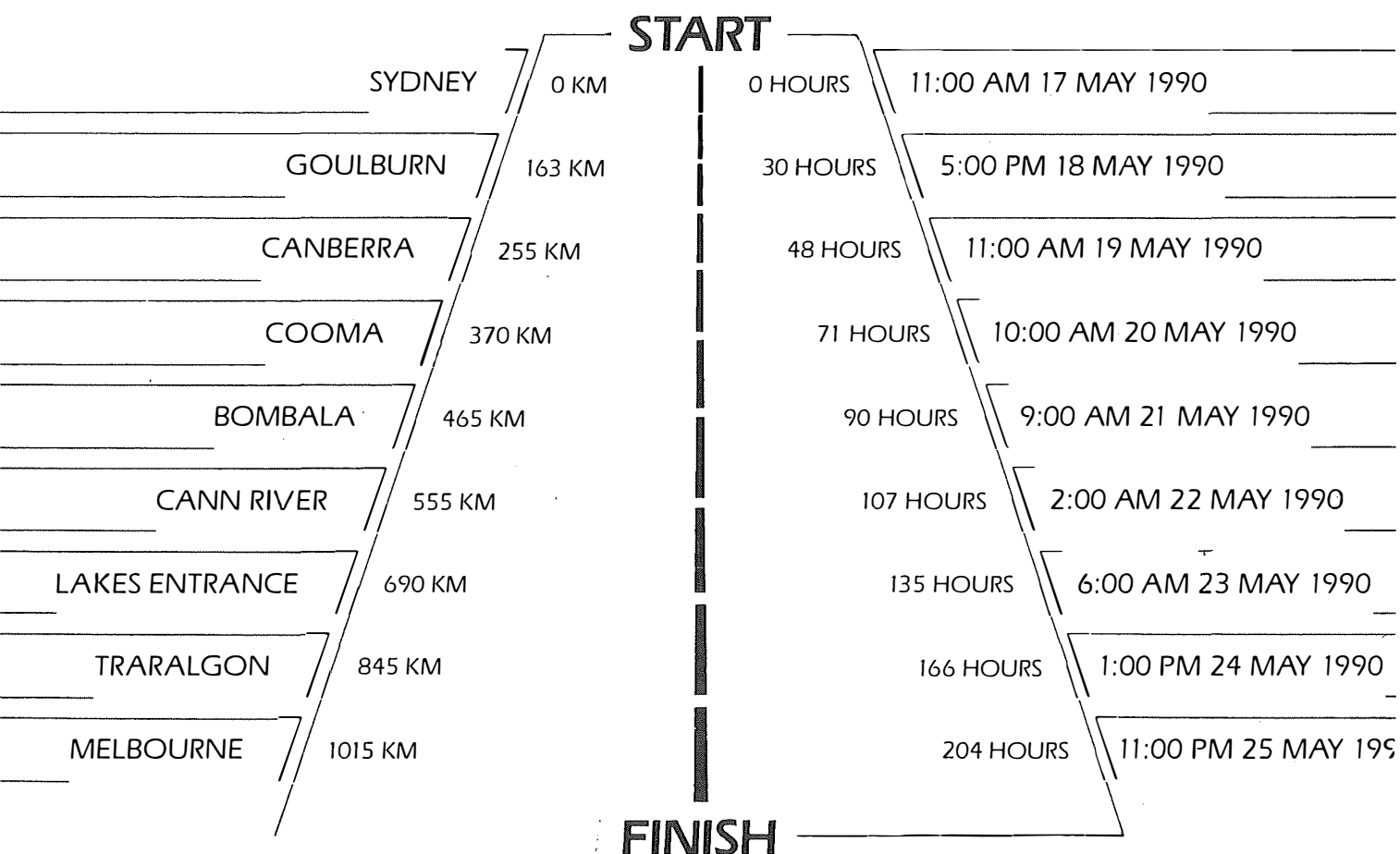
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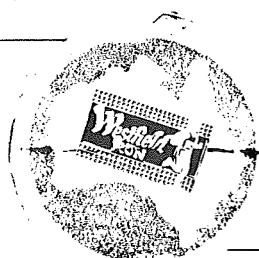


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SYDNEY & MELBOURNE.**

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RACE DIRECTOR, WESTFIELD RUN
SUITE 3, 67 JACARANDA AVENUE
BRADBURY 2560



**"THE WORLD'S
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RACE"**

Distance runner planning new challenge



CABOOLTURE long distance runner Ian Javes is not letting the grass grow under his feet.

Within a month of returning from New York where he came second in a 2092 km (1300 mile) race in a record breaking time of 22 hours one minute and 58 seconds, Ian is working on organising a 1600 km (1000 mile) international challenge race in Caboolture.

He is also hoping to run in a six-day international race in Colac, Victoria (Cliff Young's home town) next month. *Not True*

Ian is still recovering after his marathon race in New York but a rush trip interstate on family business has set him back.

Javes, a 47-year-old high school teacher, and another Caboolture long distance runner, Ron Grant, have now both broken 112 year records established by Englishman William Gales.

Ron broke Gales' 1000-hour, six weeks record earlier this year when he ran 100 km more than Gales.

● **ABOVE:** Caboolture's long distance record breakers, Ian Javes (left) and Ron Grant, make an inspection run of the Centenary Lakes sports field with the idea of establishing a new international challenge race in Caboolture.

Ian and Ron were at the Centenary Lakes sports field last week inspecting the course with the international challenge in mind.

Taylor triumphs in 6-day Javes plans a local marathon marathon

Sport

CHAMPION marathon runner Ian Javes is back home in Caboolture after his successful 2092km race effort with plans to organise a 1000 mile/1600km marathon in Caboolture next year.

Javes, 47, came second in the new York Sri Chinmoy 2092km/1300 mile marathon and is the second athlete in the world to ever finish the race in the qualifying time of 18 days.

He finished in 17 days, 22 hours, 1 minute and 58 seconds, is delighted with his success and recovering steadily from "slight" pins and needles in his feet.

He said he had no definite plans for his running career at the moment but was looking at plans for a 1600km/1000 mile race for Caboolture next July or August.

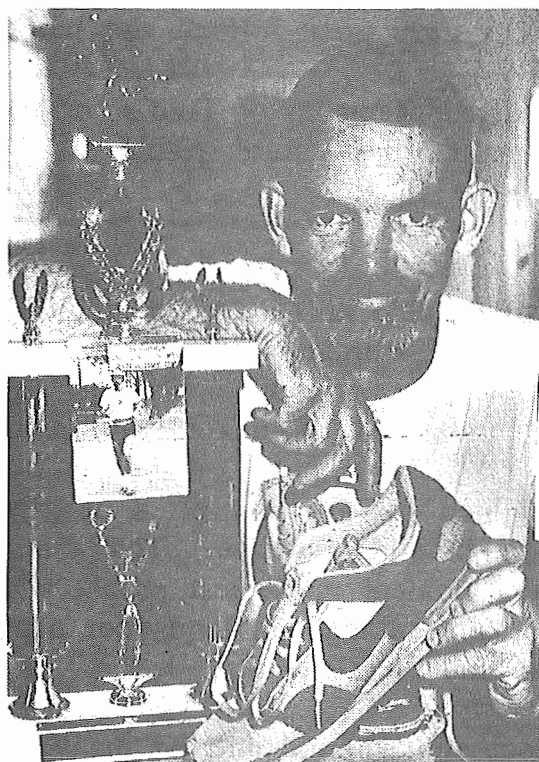
"I don't believe in doing too much too soon! I'm happy to looking at planning for a 1000 mile race here in a year or so," he said.

Javes not only ran the New York race in the qualifying time, he broke Australian runner Tony Rafferty's 1000 mile road record.

Javes new record for 1000 miles is 14 days and 4 hours, and he ran the last 1000 miles of the race even more quickly, in 13 days and 18 hours.

He identified three major setbacks which cost him first place and they were; back problems, bad weather caused by a hurricane off the Caribbean and an inflamed achilles tendon which forced him to walk some of the time.

He battled his back and achilles tendon prob-



• *Champion marathon runner Ian Javes at home in Caboolture with his 2092km New York Sri Chinmoy marathon trophy and faithful toeless running shoes.*

lems without the support of a physiotherapist, as the Sri Chinmoy organisers do not believe in traditional medicine.

"You have to be very mentally strong to keep going," he said.

The problems occurred within the first half of the race and at day 10 race winner Al Howie, from Canada, was 189km ahead and West German Stefan Schlett, who ended up in third place, was 128km ahead.

On day 12 Javes had covered 1312km and had calculated he would have to run 128km/80 miles a day for the final six days to finish the distance in the qualifying time.

He met or came close to his goal each day to finish in second place.

Javes said the psychological aspect of the race was very important in his success.

"I had to keep plugging away and telling myself the race would not be over until the final day," he said.

Appin ultramarathon runner Dave Taylor has overcome a strong challenge from Dapto's Ralph Bristow to win the 1989 Australian Six-Day Track Championship at Campbelltown.

Taylor, 37, covered 731.2 km in the race around Bradbury Oval to finish 11.8 km ahead of Granville's Pat Farmer and 29.1 km ahead of Bristow.

The win has capped off a great year for Taylor during which he completed the Westfield Sydney to Melbourne Ultramarathon and broke the 700 mile (1127 km) world record by one day, ranking him second in the world for that distance behind veteran runner Tony Rafferty.

He was determined to beat Farmer in the Campbelltown event but said his strongest challenge came from Bristow who pushed him hard throughout the entire event.

"We swapped the lead about four times but I stayed on the track on the last day and made up my time then," he said.

"It was harder but it took the pressure off me near the end when Ralph was pushing me.

"He's the strongest runner I've ever run against. I had to find reserves I never thought I had."

The event was Bristow's first venture into the six day ultramarathon although he has previously completed three 24 hour and three 12 hour marathons, has run from Sydney to Wollongong twice and competed in two 50km track events.

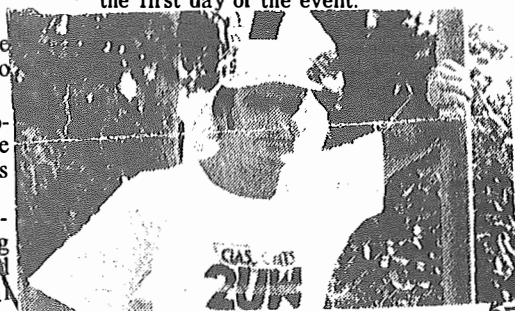
His attempt at a six day run was intended as a lead-up to the 1990 Westfield Sydney to Melbourne run.

Thirteen of the original 15 starters finished the run which ended at 10 am on Saturday.

Baulkham Hills' runner Wanda Foley won the women's section for the second year in a row and finished fourth overall with a distance of 659.5 km.

At the end of the event Taylor presented his winners' trophy to runner Shaun Scanlon who completed 501.3 km in the event in spite of ankle injuries sustained in the first day of the event.

THE NORTHERN TIMES, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1989



I.A.U. 24 HOUR INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

The first IAU 24 Hour International Championship race will be held at Milton Keynes, London, UK, during 3rd and 4th February, 1990.

Toto's Pizza Restaurants and the Eastern School of Tactile Therapies have combined in order to send our Australian team to this prestigious event.

The runners selected are:

Mike March (current Australasian 24 Hour record holder), David Standeven, Bryan Smith, Kim Talbot, Cliff Young and Peter Gray.

This is the first time such a quality team has been assembled to represent Australia in a championship ultra distance running event. We all wish our team good fortune and success in the race.

A special thanks to Alfred Mazioum of Toto's for sufficient financial support to make this venture viable.

A special function will be held at Toto's Reception Centre in Lygon Street, Carlton at ^{7:30}pm on Saturday 27th January, 1990. The purpose of this function is to promote a send-off to this Australian team, and to wish them the best of luck in Milton Keynes.

Toto's would be delighted for any interested people, especially any ultra runners, to attend this function. Toto's will supply a full meal, beer, wine, entertainment and guest speakers at a cost of \$35.00 per head. So come along and lend your support and interest to this important function.

If this venture is successful, there could be many more such functions in the future.

For TICKET enquiries, ring 562.3312 and ask for Raymond Carroll or Kim Talbot.



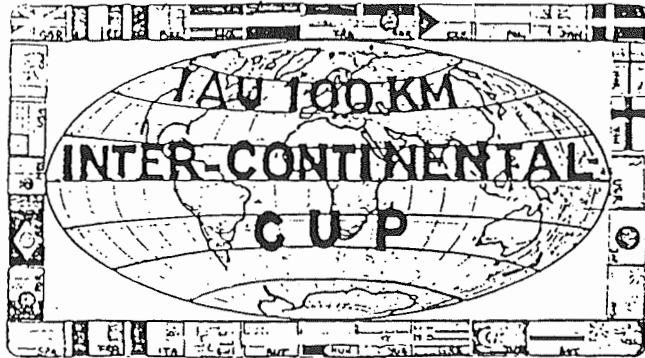
IAU 100km Inter-Continental Cup

The development of a series of 100km races around the world each year is proceeding well. The following lists those races already declared, with possible additional ones. Our own Bathurst race is the Australian contribution.

IAU

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ULTRARUNNERS

Under I. A. A. F. Patronage



Executive Council:

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15 Walton Gardens
Grantham, Lincolnshire
United Kingdom

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IAU Secretary-General
3533 Stevens Road
Wallington. NJ 07507
U.S.A.

Gerard Stenger (Western Europe)
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93420 Villepinte
France

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Melbourne, Victoria 3001
Australia

Jose Antonio Soto Rojas
Los Acebedos
12-A-2° 1zq
39001 Santander
Spain

Harry Arndt

IAU 100 km-Intercontinental-Cup
IAU 24 hours-Europa-Cup
Südring 5
D6458 Rodenbach
West Germany

Andy Milroy (Statistician)
3 Bellefield Crescent
Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 8SR
United Kingdom

United Kingdom Secretary and
Newsletter Editor

Maurice Patterson
'Cotswold', Kiln Lane
Lacey Green Princes Risborough
Bucks. HP17 0PU
United Kingdom

IAU 100 KM INTERCONTINENTAL CUP: MEMBERS AND CANDIDATES FOR 1990

28. 4. Int. Deutscher 100 km-Lauf & German 100 km Championships; SSC Hanau-Rodenbach, Harry A. Arndt, Südring 5, D 6458 Rodenbach/Frankfurt, T. (49) 06184 - 51 604 .
26. 5. Int. 100 km Firenze - Faenza/ITA, Via Borgo d'Oro 11, I 48018 Faenza, Francesco Calderoni, 0546 - 23 935 .
3. 6. Int. 100 kms & National Championships in Nottingham/GBR, Holme Pierrepont, John B. Foden, 141 Davies Road West Bridgeford, Nottinghamshire, NG2 5HZ, 0602-816 892 .
- . 7. Int. 100 kms Lake Saroma/JAP, Yoshio Sekiguchi, The Runners Inc., 2-6-4 Higashiyama Meguro-ku. Tokyo 153 .
5. 8. Int. Kalahari 100 kms, Botswana/Afrika, Derek James, P.O.Box 2399, Gaborone/BOT .
8. 9. Int. 100 km Run in Winschoten/HOL, Harm Noor, Stichting Run, PB 275, NL 9670 AG Winschoten, 05990-18 765 & 05970 - 13 560 .
8. 9. Int. 100 km de Vogelgrun/FRA, Jean Ritzenthaler, F 68600 Kayzersberg, Kientzheim, 3 Route du Vin, 089 - 473 777 .
15. 9. Int. 100 kms in Bathurst/Sydney/AUS, Chris Stephenson, G.P.O. Box 1041, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia, 02 - 523 2996 .
- . 9. Int. 100 kms in Christchurch/NZL, Martin Hawes, 10 Buxton Road, Lyttelton, New Zealand .
- 6.10. Int. "100 kms Ciudad de Santander"/ESP, Soto Rojas, Los Acebedos, 12-A, 2° izqda., E 39001 Santander, Espana, 042 or 942 - 238 380 & 373 809 .
- 27.10. Int. 100 km of Duluth/USA, Bill Wenmark c/o Edmund Fitzgerald Ultras ALARC, 18 665 Rutledge Road, Minneapolis, MN 55 391, USA .
- .11. Int. 100 km-Lauf in Wien/AUT, LC Lusthaus Wien, Helmut Melzer, Wiener Str.142, A-3400 Klosterneuburg, Austria, 0222 - 588 00 - 0 .

Further candidates: 100 kms in Kalisz/POL, Vänersborg/SWE, Hartola/FIN, Biel/SUI, Odessa/URS.

These candidates must send the race course certificates (of AIMS- or IAAF measurers) as soon as possible to:

IAU 100 km Intercontinental Cup, race director, Harry A. Arndt, Südring 5, D 6458 Rodenbach/Frankfurt (FRG)
Tel. 06184 - 51 604 .

Centurion

Traudl is standing in the pouring rain. In her extended hand she holds something to eat for me. Her eyes look at me questioningly. Silent, I pass by her, staring ahead. I have difficulties with speaking, the stress is too hard. Eight judges watch every step on this one mile course.

So my sinews hurt after a short time because of this strict style of walking, which is unusual to me, I think again and again: "You must achieve it; this time there is no alternative". Much too long I have waited for this race - half of my life so far. 21 years ago my Dutch friend Frans Staal spoke to me about "Centurion" during the 160 km walk Nijmegen - Rotterdam. But until recently I was not sufficiently experienced, I missed the psychical strength as well as the certainty to be able to make 100 miles in not more than 24 hours.

This event has existed since 1877, its definition saying "a Centurion is one who, as an Amateur, has walked in competition, in Great Britain, 100 miles within 24 hours". 846 persons have completed this race until 1988, thus becoming a member of the "Brotherhood of Centurions", which is, according to their own statement, the most exclusive body in the world. No other organisation demands the same high standard of performance. Among the members are also 10 Germans, the last of them being successful in 1978.

At 5 p.m. 77 runners from 6 countries have started. Now it is past midnight. After a great heat and a stifling atmosphere at the beginning, it starts raining. The field is thinning; more and more competitors quit. One of the reasons certainly is the extremely monotonous course in the area of a police school in the north of London, shielded from the world outside; you are never distracted. Yet, at the moment, I am still ahead of the schedule, which I have fixed myself. Again and again I pass the "Feeding Area". Only at this spot supply is permitted. After 80 km - half of the race - I take the first rest: toilet, washroom, a short massage. 15 minutes later I go on. So far I do not have greater difficulties. The awareness of having twice achieved 100 miles in 24 hours in May, causes some certainty: in Basel it was 165 km, and three weeks later in Mittersill, 164 km. But, psychically it makes a great difference whether you want to walk any distance in 24 hours, or 100 miles in just this space of time. One minute longer - and everything was in vain!

Hour after hour glides away. The speed lessens because of my great fatigue. I am not always successful fighting it. It begins to dawn very slowly, after a seemingly endless night. The storm chases black cloud banks across the sky. Heavy rain, even a short thunderstorm, depress my mood. Wet clothes press against the body. The shoes are full of water. On each foot I have a blister. When they burst, a stabbing pain goes through my body. With every lap my legs get heavier; my wish to stop gets stronger. But again and again there is half of the oval around the sports ground, the long straight, the alley, ...

Regarding the desolate conditions, the lap counters and all supporters, too, are really admirable. They, too, are soaked and chilled because of the lack of exercise, but they endure indefatigably. "Ricepudding, soup, tea, ..?" they ask me. "No, I'd prefer a warm bed", is my answer, "or at least a new pair of feet".

60.

For Traudl, my wife, who trustily has supported me at all races for 15 years, this one is the hardest. About 5 times an hour I pass her. Each time - for 24 hours - she is standing near the track, offers me something to drink, to eat, or dry clothes, cream, and everything else I need without stopping. She smiles at me, encourages me, in spite of my hardly speaking any word during all the time. She uses the few minutes until my return in order to prepare the things I probably need after the next lap. But, to see her again, is an immediate objective that each time gives me some strength.

After 18:11 hours Ed Shillabeer reaches the goal. Less and less walkers remain on the track. Two of them were disqualified because of an incorrect style of walking. At the end of 68 and of 84 miles I take a rest of 5 minutes, which is contrary to my usual habits. But I simply need that occasionally as a reward, on this monotonous course.

Finally the end: the bell rings - it announces my last lap. All fatigue is gone, I walk faster and faster. And then I have reached it - the finish line! A dream of 21 years comes true! 23:03 hours! Traudl comes up to me with bright eyes - without her assistance I would hardly have achieved it.

I am 33rd of 42 who are successful this year. Phil Hastings, our English friend is also there. He has repeatedly accomplished this enormous performance. We were his guests and welcomed to stay in his house before and after the event.

I receive a beautiful prize, and I give them two pennants of my club "SC Prinz Eugen München". Gradually the strain and the tension vanish. With some pains, but overjoyed, I limp away in order to change clothes. Is there anything on earth that is nicer than a hot shower?

What remains for me of dreams, of outstanding wishes, in this extreme type of sport? A 48 hours or even a 6-days-race, maybe? And in the USA there is an event which so far nobody finished: "Barkley Marathons" - 100 miles in the fiercest area with 16,000 meters (50,000 feet) difference of altitude when climbing and just the same when descending ...! Am I crazy, or do I still have the ambition of reaching new bounds, which long, long ago most people possessed?

Ulrich Kamm

INTERNATIONAL FIXTURE LIST

For any AURA member planning an international trip (business or pleasure) and would like to experience one or more of the ultra-distance races overseas, they can apply to Ulrich Kamm for an international fixture list. This document lists all ultra races world-wide, so you can plan your holiday or business trip with an added attraction of participating in an international race.

This fixture list is kept up-to-date by Ulrich and you can contact him at Fiedlerstrasse 1a, 8000 Munchen 71, West Germany

61.

1989 SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE ULTRA MARATHON A RECORD OF AN EPIC by Alf Field

This story on the 1989 Westfield Run between Sydney and Melbourne is truly a record of an epic.

The author, Alf Field, is an avid runner himself and an enthusiastic member of the Sydney Striders Road Running Club. Alf was chosen by fellow Sydney Strider and 1989 Westfield Run competitor, Graham Firkin, to be his Crew Commander for the event.

His story tells of the planning, the preparation, the agony, and the ecstasy of this epic challenge. It is essential reading for any runner contemplating such an event.

Graham 'Firko' Firkin is a fair dinkum battler. He is 51 years of age and has been a blacksmith for the past 36 years. In 1982 his health was a problem. He had high blood pressure, a high cholestrol reading, drank too much beer and smoked too many cigarettes.

The challenge of running in the 14 kilometer City to Surf motivated him to do something about his condition. When he started to train he couldn't run a single lap of a football field without taking a breather. But he persisted.

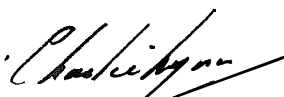
The City to Surf was conquered that year and, like thousands of other joggers, he sought greater challenges. The marathon, the ironman triathlon, and ultramarathons all became goals accomplished. In 1988 he decided he was ready for the ultimate challenge in human endurance, the Westfield Run between Sydney and Melbourne.

Cynics could say that Firko failed in his first attempt. He only reached Cooma, a distance of 292 kilometres, before a leg injury forced him to withdraw. But when you consider that 292 kilometres almost equals 7 consecutive marathons then it is easier to appreciate the magnitude of his achievement. Indeed it was a greater distance than Pheidippides ran in his legendary run between Athens and Sparta in 490 B.C!

This story epitomizes the spirit of the Westfield Run. By the time Firko approached Melbourne the lead runners had long since crossed the finish line and the crowds had gone. But this didn't concern Firko because he was not in the event to win against the other competitors. He was simply out to win against himself.

Alf Field's account of Firko's epic is a tribute to the spirit of the man, his family, his friends, and his dedicated support crew.

It proves that man can do anything he sets his heart on.

62. 
Charlie Lynn,
RACE DIRECTOR.

The Race: From Sydney to Melbourne commencing on Thursday, 18th May, 1989.

The Distance: 1,011 Kilometres.

The Runner: Graham Firkin, one of 35 starters

The Crew: Brian Colwell, Alf Field, Barbara Firkin, Toots Gray, Ken Gray, Barry Jones, Jack Nordish, Steve Nordish.

The Result: Completed the distance in 8 days, 16 hours and 25 minutes, finishing in 20th place. Fifteen competitors did not complete the course.

Condition of the Runner at the Finish: Excellent. No blisters on his feet; no muscular or other injuries; sore legs; claimed to be "very tired" but partied on until sunrise on arrival in Melbourne.

Condition of the Crew at the Finish: Totally knackered.

"Give a big welcome to competitor number 8, Graham Firkin." The announcer's voice boomed around the Westfield Shopping Centre at Liverpool on Sydney's south-western outskirts, where the 1989 Sydney to Melbourne Run was due to start in 30 minutes.

"Graham is aged 51, is a blacksmith and competed in the 1988 event, covering 292 kilometres before a leg injury forced him to withdraw," the announcer continued. The polite clapping was drowned by raucous cheers from the group of Sydney Striders gathered to farewell Firko on his epic odyssey.

It suddenly struck me that we would soon be on our way, that the long year of planning and preparation was nearly over. Not that I had done anything much in the way of preparation. Barbara Firkin was the person who did the hard work. She was the one who wrote all the letters begging for sponsorship; she was the one who listed the multitude of items that would be needed and saw that they were purchased, planned the menus, bought the food, rented the vehicles, got the money in. It is certain that without her herculean efforts Graham would not have got to the start line.

It is also fair to say that without the financial and other help from all the sponsors, the project would not have got to first base. A big vote of thanks is owed to all sponsors.

I felt a bit of a heel. I had spent the past week trying to get my desk clear to enable me to get away for the trip. I hadn't been able to help the rest of the crew with the myriad of final preparations and packing of the vans. I need not have worried. Firko had a little surprise in store for me.

We hadn't really discussed what my particular function was to be on the team. As far as I was concerned I was going to help in whatever capacity I could. An hour before the start Firko sprung his little surprise: "Alf, I want you to take charge. You do all the calculations, make the decisions and get us to Melbourne. What you say the crew and I will do."

Firko had obviously noticed on the trip last year that I like to throw my weight around and so I became saddled with this awesome responsibility. It was, however, typical of Firko's own planning for the trip. This time it was totally professional, a complete contrast to last year. He had thought about every last detail and planned with great care. He had realised that it was important to have one person with absolute authority to make the tough and difficult decisions which abound on such a trip and which often need to be made in a hurry. He had decided that I was to be that person. Thanks Firko!

His crew selection had likewise been mulled over. His final selection worked brilliantly well in the long, tiring and testing hours on the road. The crew was always a most harmonious bunch united in their desire to see Firko safely into Melbourne.

The professionalism extended right down to his shoe selection. He had bought the top of the range, Nike Stab-air, and eventually wore only one pair all the way to Melbourne, arriving there without a single blister. Quite incredible. When I think of how often he changed shoes last year to no avail...

The gunshot reverberated around the enclosed shopping centre and the red and white garbed runners burst forward like a tidal wave, smiling and waving to friends, oblivious to the trials, tribulations and pain which lay in store for them over the next week.

For a few minutes it was bedlam. Husbands saying farewell to their wives. Crew members dashing to their vehicles and onlookers cheering the intrepid runners.

We were on our way and I think that each of us was wondering what dramas the next week had in store for us. Was Firko really capable of getting all the way to Melbourne? Did I have the knowledge and ability to keep him together both physically and mentally for such a long time? All the problems we experienced last year were suddenly very fresh in my mind.

The first day was used to establish the routines which were to become ingrained over the next week. Firko was to eat regularly in small quantities, about every hour. His diet consisted of mashed vegetables for his main course and canned fruit in jelly for dessert.

We had discovered last year that Firko was able to absorb mashed vegetables without any ill effect and they provided quick energy as well as all the minerals and trace elements that his body required. The only problem was the monotony of the diet, which I tried to counter by allowing him to choose whatever he wanted to eat at his major rest stops. This gave him something to look forward to every 12 or 14 hours. I also allowed him a low alcohol beer on these occasions.

Initially Firko was quite rebellious about continually eating vegetables and on one occasion grabbed an Esky belonging to some roadside workers as he ran past. He was heard to mutter something about their lunch being better than the crap Alf was feeding him as he was forcibly dispossessed of the Esky!

Later in the race, after he had lost weight and was running on negligible reserves, he began to actually ask for his vegies as he was then better able to appreciate the benefits that flowed from them.

The other vital part of his diet was his drinks, which were needed to maintain both his fluid and blood sucrose levels. I had spent the best part of the past year accumulating supplies of a carbohydrate polymer powder called Endurolode. It is a South African product which for political reasons is not available in Australia. Every time I heard of someone going to South Africa or had visitors from that part of the world, they were instructed to bring me a few cannisters of the vital powder.

When mixed with water, Endurolode is a drink which provides the body with a quick glycogen boost, which is used first by the body, thus allowing the body's natural reserves of glycogen to remain intact. This drink played a big part in keeping Firko going and prevented him from suffering many of the nasties which afflicted other runners.

Another product which I obtained from South Africa in limited quantities was something called a "Squeezy", which was simply Endurolode in a viscous liquid form, rather like condensed milk, and packed in plastic sachets. It provides an even quicker burst of energy and I felt they would be useful during the nights when Firko would not require quite so much liquid.

The race consists of a number of segments which must be completed within a stipulated time or the runner is disqualified. The first such cutoff point was in Goulburn, 164kms from Sydney and the time allowed was 25 hours. As Firko had covered more than 200kms in a 24 hour race, it was considered that he should cover 164kms in 25 hours without any difficulty. Consequently it was decided to give him a couple of hours rest at Mittagong, some 77kms from Sydney.

He was following a sequence of 10 minutes running, 5 minutes walking, with stops about every hour for a stretch. The latter was something which he had not done last year and which I had felt had been detrimental to his performance then. This routine plus the correct food and drink seemed to be working well and Mittagong was reached without major difficulty at about 8.40pm.

I had allowed for a 2 hour stop in Mittagong but it was nearly two and a half hours before we were on the road again. I was not particularly worried as we had plenty of time in hand to make Goulburn.

The only incident of note that night took place at a point which Firko subsequently named Shit Hill. Included in the equipment on this trip was a toilet seat mounted on foldup legs, the idea being that if Firko needed to go while we were out in the sticks he could take his seat out behind the nearest bush and do his business.

It was at Shit Hill that Firko received his first urge to use his foldup toilet seat. The seat was duly set up a discreet distance from the road and Firko went about his business. He was just about finished when he felt a little uncomfortable and tried to adjust the seat which promptly collapsed, depositing Firko in his recent deposit.

The language was something to behold. Even the cows in the nearby field hurriedly moved away and Barbara was muttering that she had thought she had finished with cleaning babies' dirty bottoms.

Our first dawn found us less than 30kms from Goulburn and we were all in good spirits because Firko was going so well. A few hours later we crested the hill about Goulburn, and soon passed the cutoff point with almost 2 hours to spare. 164kms covered in a little over 23 hours. Not bad at all.

I ruled a two hour rest period and at exactly 1.00pm we were on the road again. The next cutoff point was 92kms away in Canberra at 4.00am next morning. This gave us 15 hours to cover the distance and I calculated that we would make it with 2 hours to spare.

I felt that the leg from Goulburn to Canberra was going to be crucial in assessing Firko's chances of getting to Melbourne. It was midway through this section last year that he collapsed, totally exhausted. Also by the time we reached Canberra he would have been on the road for around 39 hours with only 4 hours rest. He had to cover this leg in some style if he was going to have any chance of getting to Melbourne.

I needn't have worried. He wasn't even aware of passing the point of last year's trauma, but I must confess to a sigh of relief once we were past it.

Barbara had told me that Firko only wanted Barbara, Steve Nordish and myself to join him out on the road. This meant that the three of us had to share the duties of shuttling his food and drinks out to him while Steve and I had to do most of the motivating, cajoling and assisting through the inevitable low spots. This was not a reflection on the rest of the crew, but merely Firko's view that the 3 of us understood him best.

The result was that Steve and I spent long periods out on the road with Firko, especially in the hours after midnight and during the latter stages of a leg as we were approaching a cutoff point.

Thus it was that both Steve and I were out on the road with him as we made our way down the mist shrouded Northbourne Avenue towards the cutoff point in central Canberra. Firko was a model patient, following every instruction I gave him to the letter and never failing to respond when I asked for an effort. So much so that we arrived at the Canberra cutoff at 2.00am exactly, precisely to the minute 2 hours ahead of the cutoff, as I had calculated 13 hours earlier in Goulburn.

At the motel, where I calculated we could afford a 3 hour rest, we examined Firko's feet. I was amazed because they looked as if he had hardly walked around the block let alone run 255kms. There were no blisters, no weals, no red blotches or bruises, just his normal clear white flesh. It was the first time on the trip that I had the feeling that God must be with this man.

Disaster very nearly struck us in Canberra, and from a most unexpected source. I set my alarm for 5.00am and went to sleep instantly and deeply as I had had about the same amount of rest as Firko had had. I became conscious of someone beating a drum next to my bed. "Go away" I mumbled and rolled over. The noise from the drum wouldn't go away. Annoyed I sat up in bed. Someone was knocking on the door.

I staggered around in the darkness trying to find the door in the unfamiliar dark room. It was Barbara. "Wazzamatter" I muttered, cross that she had disturbed my sleep.

"It's quarter to six. Firko is ready to go and is shouting for his crew" she replied. That woke me up with a jolt. Incredibly I had slept right through the alarm, as had the other four crew members sleeping in the same room.

Although everyone was galvanised into action, it was 6.20am before we got back on the road, nearly an hour later than I had planned. I felt sick because I knew that the next leg to Cooma was going to be a tough one with lots of severe climbs, particularly during the latter stages as we passed through the foothills of the Snowy Mountains.

The distance to Cooma is 115kms from Canberra and we needed to get there by 1.00am next morning, only a bit more than 18 hours away. It was going to be tight, but I kept my concerns to myself. Stick to the routine and see how we go.

Around 9.00am we had cause for a small celebration as we passed the spot where Firko was forced to withdraw in agony last year. This year a quick photograph and a celebratory beer. What a contrast!

Our delayed start from Canberra had left us last in the field, at least of those who were still in the run. Firko was progressing so well that we soon began to see the flashing amber lights atop other competitors vehicles. Gradually we pulled up to them. First we passed the irrepressible Cliff Young. Later in the afternoon Firko sailed past the Japanese competitor, Norio Wada.

Dusk was beginning to settle and I sent the second van into Cooma to arrange some accommodation for us. This was something we seemed to be doing at each stop as we invariably arrived in the wee hours. When they returned the first van went for a run to charge its batteries, a daily necessity caused by the long hours of ultra-slow travel.

Cooma was still 45kms away and 7 hours to the cutoff. I calculated that we had half an hour to spare if Firko kept going without any breaks. This was a pretty tough assignment as he had already been on the road for nearly 12 hours since Canberra without any rests other than his brief stretching breaks. And I knew that about 75% of the remaining 45kms were going to be pretty severe uphill climbs.

It was going to be dreadfully close and I rued the hour we lost in Canberra due to my sleeping through the alarm. I wondered if I would ever be able to forgive myself if Firko got eliminated for not making the Cooma cutoff. We just had to get there.

At his next stretching break we had a gentle chat. "Are we going to make it?" Firko asked. "Sure" I said, "provided you have no rests and reduce your stretches to every two hours."

"How much will we make it by?"

"By five minutes" I lied.

He responded as I knew he would: "Shit, we had better get moving then," and he immediately turned and started running.

I had brought enough Squeezies to be able to give Firko about 5 per night, but this was an emergency. There was no point in missing the cutoff and having squeezies in stock. I resolved to cut into our stock to whatever extent was necessary to get to Cooma on time. I warned Steve that we were both going to need to be out on the road for the next 6 hours.

Firko responded splendidly both to the Squeezies and to the demands of the occasion. Steve and I set him a tough pace and he never wavered. Naturally he complained about some of the hills, but then so did I, and I hadn't covered 340kms as he had.

We continued to pass other runners and I pitied them for I knew that if we were barely going to make the cutoff, then they could have no chance of doing so. Their race was over.

I will never forget the last 20kms into Cooma. It was a bitterly cold, crystal clear night and we were all wearing our warm gear, including gloves and beanies. Every 5kms I recalculated our position relative to the cutoff and found that we still had a steady 30 minutes in hand for emergencies.

Firko had been on the road 16 hours since Canberra without a break and I monitored his condition continuously. A couple of serious cramps could easily cost us our precious 30 minute buffer, but I was more concerned about Firko reaching a state of total exhaustion. Every time I perceived him to be flagging and not maintaining the correct pace, I ordered another Squeezy for him.

The last 10kms were covered on grit, determination and Squeezies every half an hour. It was amazing how he responded to the Squeezies. They were a real find.

Another thing which helped considerably was the speaker mounted on the front of the first van through which tapes could be played. It was on this section that I first became aware of the lift that Firko got from listening to a tape of hymns and spiritual songs by Burl Ives. This was the second time on the trip that I felt that God was looking after Firko.

At 11.00pm I sent the second van ahead to allow at least some crew members to have a shower and clean up before we arrived. I told them that I anticipated being at the cutoff point, which was on the outskirts of Cooma, at 12.30 and that we would get to the motel in the centre of Cooma at 1.00am.

Our log book shows that we passed the cutoff point with 29 minutes to spare. I must confess to a bit of deception. I did not tell Firko the good news as I wanted him to make his way to the motel and not have to backtrack when we restarted. We kept looking for a non-existent "Welcome to Cooma" sign which I told him was the cutoff. Just before 1.00am we reached the motel and gratefully got into bed. I only removed my shoes before diving between the sheets.

The next leg to Bombala is about 90kms and we were allowed 22 hours to get there. This seemed fairly comfortable seeing Firko had just completed 115kms in 18 hours, so I felt justified in allowing him a slightly longer rest - 4 hours. That would leave 18 hours to cover 90kms, or 5kms per hour, virtually walking pace. Should be a doddle I thought as I wafted into dreamland.

It was tough getting going again just after 5.00am. It was still bitterly cold and fog had settled down to ground level. Visibility was reduced to about 50 metres. Firko was wearing his black balaclava and looked for all the world like Ned Kelly reincarnated.

Suddenly we picked up conversations on the CB radio. It was Terry Cox's crew. From what they were saying it was quite clear that Terry was very much in the race. Yet he was one of the seven runners behind us going into Cooma. We knew that he could not possibly have made the cutoff in time. He had been running with his son, Terry Cox Junior, and the youngster had been in a lot of trouble when he passed them.

We called them up on the CB to ask what had happened. It transpired that the Race Director had belatedly changed the cutoff time by an hour which enabled the laggards to get into Cooma without disqualification. The Race Director had stated that he had set far too tough a cutoff time for Cooma.

I was stunned. We had needlessly put Firko through the wringer to get him to Cooma in time and, almost as bad, we had needlessly used up half our meagre stock of Squeezies. I knew that Firko would take the news badly and yet I had to tell him.

We discussed the issue for some time. We were naturally pleased for the other runners that they could continue. They had all spent many thousands of dollars renting their vans and equipment. Their crews had all taken leave and volunteered their services. It would have been a great shame if they had been eliminated.

It was simply bad luck for us that the cutoff time had been changed after we got to Cooma. It would have been a major bonus if we had known about it 10 or 15kms out. I put it to Firko that the race organisers now owed us a favour and that we might just need a favour before we got to Melbourne. This seemed to calm him down and, indeed, was to prove prophetic.

That day on the road to Bombala turned out to be anything but the doddle I had anticipated. Firko was visibly dragging his heels. The effort to get to Cooma had taken a great deal out of him while the change in the cutoff time was bad psychologically.

It became a long hard slog over extremely undulating terrain. We were still traversing the fringe of the Snowy Mountains. Steve and I were destined to spend long periods out on the road trying to motivate Firko and keep his mind on the job. We had to resort to periodic 15 minute rests with occasional 30 minute breaks.

Fortunately, after nightfall Firko picked up noticeably and we reached Bombala around 9.30pm, about an hour and a half before the cutoff time. All the cutoff times had in fact been extended by an hour following the change to the Cooma cutoff time but Firko, in a fit of pique, said that he wanted to stick to the old cutoff times.

Firko and the crew were in desperate need of rest so I decided on a gamble. If I gave him a long rest he might recover his energy levels much better than from a short break and be able to make up the ground by moving faster the next day. I rostered 6 hours sleep for everyone, which meant that the full break was about 7 hours. It was blissful and did the trick.

The next day, Monday, was by far the easiest and nicest day we experienced. The dawn was perhaps the most magnificent I have ever seen. The colours and cloud formations were stunning and seemed to cover the entire firmament. It set the tone for the day.

After a couple of hours we moved off the edge of the escarpment and started down the scenic Cann River valley, through dense forests and occasionally along the banks of the Cann River itself.

Firko was happy and running comfortably. The crew were relaxed and Brian and Jack took the opportunity to go for runs up ahead through the forest. Even a brief rain shower could not dampen our spirits.

Several notable events occurred on this section. In quick order we passed the 500km mark, the halfway mark and the Victorian State border. The latter seemed to give Firko a special lift.

We also received the first of the newsletters which contained many messages of encouragement for Firko, all of which were greatly appreciated.

The only sour note during the day was when Jack Nordish took over the driving of the lead vehicle. He sniffed the air and asked Barbara whether she was cooking fish only to be told that it was my running shoes that he was smelling.

At about 7.00pm we pulled into a motel in Cann River, having covered 90kms during the day. The next cutoff point was still some 77kms away at a town called Orbost. Firko's strong performance during the day enabled me to allow him a 3 hour sleep in Cann River.

When we got underway again, it was back to the serious business. For starters, there is a long 40km climb out of Cann River. It seemed to take forever. The wind was howling but unfortunately we were sheltered by the dense forests that we were travelling through.

I insisted that Firko walk up all the hills to conserve his energy, which meant long periods of walking when Steve and I took turns at keeping him company. Burl Ives and Rocky were the main musical fare. Steve said that he counted 25 separate renditions of the Burl Ives tape on that leg! While he came to detest this tape, it actually grew on me. I am listening to it as I type this and it is astonishing how vividly it brings back the memories.

The trip into Orbost was relatively uneventful. Once we cleared the mountains Firko got back into his easy rhythm, alternating 5 minutes running with 5 minutes walking. He was running comfortably and showing no signs of stiffness or pain anywhere.

One incident about 10kms outside of Orbost is worth recording. We had gradually caught up with Terry Cox. From the slow pace at which he was travelling we deduced that he must be in some sort of trouble.

I was out on the road with Firko at the time and as we started to get close to Terry, he fell forward flat on his face and didn't move. His crew rushed to his assistance and by the time we drew level with him they had him on his feet on the side of the road. He was bent over retching and looked all in.

I turned to Firko and told him that no matter how badly he wanted to get to Melbourne, I was not going to let him do it if it was necessary to drive him to the same condition that Terry was in at that moment. Firko had clearly been shocked at Terry's condition and he agreed with me.

"I don't want my wife, kids or family to ever see me in that condition" he said quietly. Fortunately we understood each other.

I thought that Terry Cox would have to pull out of the race, but ultra-marathoners have their own form of insanity. Terry got going again, didn't stop for a rest as we did in Orbost, and he remained ahead of us all the way to Melbourne!

When we got to Orbost, Firko had been on the road for exactly 5 days and had covered 629kms, an average of nearly 126kms per day. It was hard to believe that the leaders were some 350kms ahead of us and were approaching the finish at that time. One certainly gets a greater respect for the enormity of these performances when one is out there day after day, living the whole experience and maybe covering 50 or more kilometres per day oneself.

From Orbost the course loops down to the coast at Lakes Entrance and then curves back inland to Bairnsdale, which was the next cutoff point. It is about 60kms to Lakes Entrance and a further 37kms from there to Bairnsdale. After allowing Firko 4 hours sleep we were left with 19 hours to cover the 97kms to the Bairnsdale cutoff. It should be a doddle, I thought, but once again events were going to prove me wrong.

Up to Orbost I had controlled everything that Firko did. I told him when to run, when to walk, when to eat, when to sleep, what to eat, what to drink. About the only thing I did not control were his bodily functions and, believe me, he functioned often. If anybody is looking for a donor with a good quality kidney I can recommend Firko's. They are in perfect condition! I can vouch for it as I carefully observed more than 50% of his piddles to check the colour of the urine and to be sure that it contained no blood. If Firko could have found a sponsor who would donate 50 cents for each of his piddles on the road to Melbourne, there would have been no need for any other sponsors!

Thus it was at Orbost that Firko rebelled.. In the nicest way, of course.

"Alf, do you mind if I walk and run as I feel up to it?" he asked plaintively.

After 630kms I figured that he was probably getting the hang of it, so I agreed. In any event I was feeling pretty bushed and a few extra hours shuteye was very appealing. Once I was sure that everything was going well I climbed into the bunk above the driver's cab in the second vehicle and slept for nearly 4 hours.

I was awakened by this terrible earthquake. Indeed it was several earthquakes. I was in a very tall building and when it eventually collapsed I woke up to find that it was the shuddering of the van as it started and stopped that was causing the earthquakes.

Firko was still going well and had covered more than I had expected him to while I was asleep. We were about 3 hours out of Lakes Entrance and, as had become customary, I joined him for the last pull into town.

I had promised Firko half an hour's break in Lakes Entrance where he could have a change of clothes, let Steve massage his feet and have a proper meal. Firko had asked for steak and kidney pie and to my amazement, that is exactly what Barbara produced for him.

Firko still had 8 and half hours left to cover the 37kms to Bairnsdale, working on the old cutoff time and an extra hour if we used the revised cutoff time. It looked pretty comfortable and my idea was to get to Bairnsdale with two or more hours in hand so that Firko could have a good rest there.

There is a long climb out of Lakes Entrance. Not nearly as bad as the climb out of Cann River, but still quite a tough slog. We took it fairly slowly, taking nearly an hour and a quarter to complete the 6km hill.

Once on the level Firko started his walk-run-walk routine. He had been doing this for about 15 minutes when suddenly he veered across the road, staggering into me. I could see that something was seriously wrong and sat him down on his haunches.

"What's the matter, mate?"

"Dizzy. Just dizzy" he mumbled, "Can't stand".

"Right, you are going straight to bed," I ordered. He just nodded his assent.

He had clearly been overcome by exhaustion. What concerned me was that I was right next to him and I had not been able to pick up any signs of imminent collapse.

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There was a dark, deserted filling station 50 metres up the road. We pulled the vans in there and laid Firko out on the bunk. He was snoring before we had removed his shoes and covered him up.

Some of the crew stretched out for a sleep, others mulled around outside. I sat in the cab to do a bit of figuring and thinking. It was exactly the situation I had dreaded. I kept thinking of the column in the daily newsletter which gave the reasons for those runners who had withdrawn. Half of them had simply withdrawn from "exhaustion."

We still had 29kms to go to Bairnsdale. If I let Firko sleep for an hour, we would have either 6 or 7 hours to get him to the cutoff, depending on which cutoff time was used. It was going to be a resurrection job, similar to that which we had to do on him last year on the road to Canberra. Lots and lots of vegies, no running, slow walking and a few Squeezies. Maximum speed would be 5kms per hour, so a full 6 hours would be needed. An hour's sleep was all we could afford, but we would still be left with the hour from the revised cutoff as an emergency buffer.

I went to look for Barbara to tell her the news. I found her on her own, down a side road quietly sobbing.

"It means so much to him," she said, wiping the tears away. "He is desperate to make it to Melbourne."

"If there is any way of getting him there without half killing him, we'll find it," I promised her.

What had looked like a doddle had become a desperate race to make the cutoff. I blamed myself for allowing him to do his own thing. He had obviously overdone the running. I blamed myself for having a 4 hour sleep. If I had been awake I would have seen the huge effort he put in to make Lakes Entrance so quickly.

Nothing for it now but to institute Operation Resurrection. Lots of vegies and lots of slow walking. And once again it worked. After some two hours Firko was looking as bright and chipper as he had been at any stage in the run. Better still, he had suffered no further bouts of dizziness.

In fact, he was looking so good that when we came to a gradual decline, I suggested that we trot down the easy half kilometre or so. When we got to the bottom of the hill I was shocked at the change in his condition. He had lost all his chirpiness, his face was drawn and grey and he looked as if he was going to be ill.

Running was immediately banned and within 30 minutes he had recovered to the point where he was smiling and cracking jokes again. After another 30 minutes I decided to try another trot down a gentle decline, but the result was identical to what had happened an hour earlier. The smile faded to be replaced by the drawn, grey look.

My heart sank as I diagnosed what was happening was that when he started running, the pain was causing his body to go into shock. We were going to have to walk all the way into Bairnsdale. Worse still, we were probably going to have to walk the remaining 300kms to Melbourne.

I tried to explain to Firko what was happening to him but I'm not sure that he understood fully. "Walk to Bairnsdale and we'll worry about it from there," I said.

Firko looked dejected. "I'm sorry to be holding you up," he mumbled.

I put an arm around his shoulder. "Mate, if there is anything which is going to make me very cross, it is you apologising and feeling sorry for yourself."

Some weeks after the event, Firko confided that what I had said had been like a slap across the face, that it felt as if he was back at school. He didn't apologise again on the trip. Nor did I ever have the impression that he was feeling sorry for himself.

The long walk into Bairnsdale was highlighted by the arrival of Firko's son Shane, who was stationed at the Air Force Base at Sale. It was a welcome moment for Firko and helped to break the monotony.

When it became apparent that Firko was going to be able to walk to Bairnsdale and arrive within the original cutoff time, I allowed myself to think about the next leg, which was 120kms to Traralgon. From cutoff time in Bairnsdale to cutoff time in Traralgon was 24 hours, with an extra hour if we used the revised time.

The problem was that I had a runner who couldn't run and was walking at about 5.5km per hour. He was going to need 22 hours to cover the distance at that rate, but he also needed a rest. I decided that we had no alternative but to start using the extra hour available from the revised cutoff times. If he walked 40kms, slept for an hour, walked another 40kms, slept another hour and then hightailed it to Traralgon, it would take exactly 24 hours.

If we followed this schedule, then I could only give Firko a 90 minute break in Bairnsdale. As I could see no other alternative in the circumstances, that is what we did. There was barely time for Firko to shower, shave, have his feet massaged by Steve and get an hour's sleep before we were on the road again.

I walked with Firko for the first 3 hours out of Bairnsdale in order to try to get him up to 6kms per hour pace, thereby building up a small buffer for emergencies. We did cover 18kms during those 3 hours, but it was quite a humiliating experience for me. At the end of the 3 hours my feet were sore, I had a couple of blisters and I was exhausted. My respect for Firko's stamina and guts went up another notch as he continued to stride out towards the setting sun.

It took 7 hours for Firko to walk those first 40kms, an average of 5.7km per hour. This was slightly better than the 5.5km per hour that I had budgeted on, so we had a small buffer. After an hour's sleep, a change of clothes and another foot massage, Firko was walking again. We were into our seventh night on the road.

Firko had lost a considerable amount of weight and his buttocks had almost disappeared. His face was haggard and drawn, and his pace was gradually slowing. As midnight approached, I started to get alarmed. We had only covered about 16 of the next 40kms that I had scheduled before his next hour's rest. At the pace he was going at, we were not going to make the Traralgon cutoff. Firko was approaching total exhaustion and there was nothing I could do about it.

Three kilometres further on, while he was having a stretch, he asked: "How much further is it to my next rest?"

"About 12kms," I replied. His shoulders sagged.

"Alf, do you think I could have half an hour now and reduce the next rest by half an hour?"

My heart went out to him. It was the first time since we had left Sydney that he had actually asked for a rest. I knew how much it had cost him just to ask. I also knew that he was finished, both physically and as far as the race was concerned. He had to have a decent rest and after that there was no way that he could make the cutoff in time. It was crunch time.

"No mate, you can't have half an hour. You are going to have a full hour, maybe more."

I think that the crew also sensed that it was over. It was a brave attempt, but the body, particularly a 51 year old body, can only take so much. Most of the crew found a spot to stretch out and sleep. I sat in the cab with Ken Gray and we discussed the situation.

We were then 784kms into the race and my thinking was to try to nurse Firko through another 16kms so that he could at least have covered 800kms, which would still have been an enormous achievement. He had never been further than 292kms, so 800 was a huge advance.

Although I knew that he was finished, I felt that I owed Firko at least enough time to make it to Traralgon if he had it in him. Once again I hauled out the logbook and a pencil and did some calculating.

About 75 minutes after he had gone down to sleep, I was shaking him awake and turning the lights on to get enough bodies up to get the show on the road.

I gave Firko one of our latest remaining Squeezies while I explained the position to him. There was something over 10 hours to go to the revised cutoff time and 59kms to be covered. With no further rests and by doing a little bit of running from time to time, it was possible to just make it.

Barbara walked the first few hundred metres with him. Suddenly I saw him hug and kiss her, then he was running. Barbara jumped into the van, tears streaming down her face.

"He says that he is going to do it," she sobbed.

I still believe that we witnessed a miracle that night. From being in a state of total exhaustion where he could scarcely put one foot in front of the other, to a mere 90 minutes later being right back into a 5 minute run/5 minute walk routine, is beyond rational explanation.

Not only did it happen, but he kept it up to such a degree that we reached Traralgon with 30 minutes to spare. I now felt certain that God was with Firko on this run and that nothing could stop us now.

To fully appreciate the enormity of this performance, it needs to be seen in perspective. It had taken 5 days to get to Orbost. In the 48 hours since Orbost, Firko had had the following sleeps: 90 minutes outside Lakes Entrance; an hour in Bairnsdale and two one hour sleeps on the road to Traralgon. A total of four and a half hours sleep in 2 days, and that after he had already covered 625kms during the first 5 days. A truly miraculous effort.

Firko's troubles were far from over. We were still 168kms from Melbourne and, of more immediate concern, still 65kms from the final cutoff point at Warragul. Firko needed sleep badly, but I had to balance this necessity against the time required to get to Warragul.

In the end I allowed Firko 3 hours sleep, which I felt was the absolute minimum that he needed. This was going to make the next leg very tight indeed as it left only 11 hours to cover the 65kms to Warragul. We would have no emergency buffer and there would be nothing spare for a rest on the way. It was going to be a nailbiting finish.

For the first few hours Firko managed to maintain the required pace but then he started to fade. I knew that he was in trouble when we came to a long, but not particularly steep hill. It seemed to take forever to reach the crest. When we reached it, Firko said that he needed a 5 minute rest. This was only the second time that he had asked for a rest on the whole trip and confirmed to me that he had no reserves left.

The walk down the other side gave him some respite but when we got back to level ground, it was obvious that he was keeping going on willpower only. The vegies and Enduroloide drink did not seem to be helping. By this stage all the Squeezies had been used up, so there was nothing available to give him a boost.

We were still 35kms from Warragul when he asked for another 5 minute rest. What he needed was about 12 hours sleep. I called a halt and put him to bed. Even if we kept going, we were not going to make the cutoff. In fact, I was doubtful that he would even get to Warragul if we kept going without giving him a rest.

It was time to call in the debt that I believed the Race Organisers owed us for the cockup at Cooma, which now seemed years ago. The official dealing with our section of the field was Firko's friend "Mountain Man". I knew that he would be along shortly as he always arrived at dinner time.

Sure enough, ten minutes later Mountain Man pitched up. I explained the situation to him and asked if I could use the car telephone to talk to Charlie Lynn, the Race Director and the man with the final authority.

I explained to Charlie how we had been prejudiced by the events at Cooma and why I felt that the Race Organisation owed Firko a favour. I told him of Firko's condition and said that I was not prepared to drive him into the ground in order to make the cutoff point at Warragul. I asked for official permission for a late arrival at the cutoff point for Firko.

Fortunately Charlie was very friendly and accepted what I said about Cooma. He agreed to allow Firko to reach Warragul after the official cutoff time and to continue on to Melbourne as an official runner. He said that he would issue instructions accordingly.

Later I checked with Mountain Man and also with the driver of the night safety van which followed the last runner in the field after sunset and found that Charlie was as good as his word. He had told them that we were to continue to Melbourne even if Firko missed the Warragul cutoff time.

After an hour I got Firko up again and we set out for Warragul. It was tough going as Firko still did not seem to have anything in reserve and the Enduroloide was not perking him up. The Race Doctor had given us a can of "Maximum" to try. This is an Australian made product similar to Enduroloide, but I had refrained from using it because I didn't want to change a winning formula. I decided that it was time to give Maximum a go and it produced an immediate positive effect. Perhaps Firko was saturated with Enduroloide.

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord,"
"Sometimes it causes me to tremble, trrreemmmbbblllece."

The gravelly tones of Burl Ives' voice filled the night sky for the umpteenth time. I was out on the road again with Firko, but this time there was no respite. I had discovered that Steve Nordish had a serious ankle injury which he had successfully concealed from me for two days until he could no longer walk. He was now resigned to a driving and foot massaging role for the remainder of the journey.

"He walks with me and He talks with me, and tells me I am his own."
More Burl Ives. Seemed appropriate.

Ever so slowly the hours and the kilometres ticked by as Firko and I strode up the long, straight, dark road. I was too concerned about his weakened state to leave his side.

Midnight came and went. Finally at 2am, the cutoff time at Warragul, we were still some 7kms from the town. I felt exceedingly grateful that we had a debt to call up and that it had been honoured.

"Come home, come home, Ye who are weary come home,"
"Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling."
Burl Ives droned on in the background. Eventually the lights of Warragul appeared ahead of us.

It was 3am and I was exhausted. Heaven knows how Firko was feeling. To me it seemed like a miracle that he was still on his feet. Another 2 kilometres into Warragul and then bed.

I noticed an official Westfield Run car pull up and the Race Marshall got out. He trotted up, smiling and waving to the bleary-eyed crew. I thought that it was jolly nice of him to come out at 3am in the morning to give Firko a helping hand into Warragul.

Firko was walking at the time. I was on his right hand side carrying the drinks bottle. The Race Marshall joined us on Firko's left hand side.

"Graham, this is something which is very hard for me to do," said the Race Marshall, "but rules are rules and the Warragul cutoff time has already passed."

I suddenly realised that he was not there to help Firko and that he was on the verge of withdrawing him from the race. I am a very easy-going person and used to be able to count the number of times that I have blown my cool on the fingers of one hand. I was about to start on my other hand.

I simply exploded, fumes were literally coming out of my ears. No doubt the lack of sleep, the physical exhaustion and the emotional pressure of keeping Firko on the road all took their toll.

Suddenly I was poking my forefinger in the Race Marshall's face and yelling at him.

"Who the effing hell do you think you are coming here to withdraw this man?" I think that the words were probably somewhat stronger. "You better get on your effing phone and check your effing facts with your effing Race Director before you do anything that you might regret. We have official permission to be late at this cutoff."

"When did you speak to Charlie," the Race Marshall wanted to know, quite taken aback by my outburst. I told him and he scurried off with his tail between his legs to check what I had said. A few minutes later he returned to say that everything was as I had said and that we were to continue. He left muttering under his breath about not having been informed and that Charlie should not shoot from the hip like that.

It gave us something to talk about over the last little hike into Warragul.

Firko still had 103kms to cover to the finish line in Melbourne. To get there at some sort of respectable time, we had to be on the road again at 6.00am. That gave us about two hours for a much needed sleep.

"Wake up, Alf, I heard your alarm go off." It was Toots shaking my shoulder. Once again I had slept right through the alarm.

Steve Nordish was propped up on one arm on the adjacent bed. "Last day," he said cheerfully.

"What do you think the odds are of making it?" I asked him.

"I never had any doubts that he would make it," he said. "The only time I was concerned was before Traralgon. He'll make it now." I wasn't so sure. I knew how close Firko had been to collapse the previous day. It was a question of crossing fingers and keeping going. I was determined that we would get him there, even if we had to carry him the last 50kms.

We had been ordered to have someone on Firko's right all the way from Warragul to Melbourne, in case he lurched to the right into the traffic, which was expected to become increasingly heavy. This was the opportunity to give the rest of the crew a chance to be out on the road with Firko and I believe that it was also the time that he was ready for a change of company. A roster was prepared so that everyone could have a turn out on the road. I decided that I would save myself for the last 30kms when I might be most needed.

I had phoned my wife, Rosanne, when I began to get confident that Firko was going to make it to Melbourne. I suggested that she might like to fly down on the Friday morning and be with us on the final day. It would also enable her to bring us a packet of Squeezies which I felt would be sorely needed before we got to the finish line.

From about 10.00am I was scanning the oncoming traffic, looking for Rosanne. Eventually there was a toot as she flashed past on the other side of the double highway. Then she was parking up ahead of us and running towards us with a broad grin on her face.

"I've never seen Rosanne without a smile on her face," remarked Firko as she rushed up and gave him a peck on the cheek.

As we walked back towards the van to greet the crew, Rosanne said: "I hear that Firko has been withdrawn from the race. What has happened?"

I stopped in midstride. "What are you talking about?"

"I was listening to the news on the car radio and heard that Firko has been withdrawn from the race but is being allowed to complete the course as an unofficial runner."

Once again I was flabbergasted. This was completely contrary to my arrangements with Charlie Lynn, the Race Director. I suddenly realised that we had not seen a race official all morning. Was Firko really out of the race? Did this mean that he was not going to be recognised as a finisher? After the incredibly courageous effort that he had made, was he going to be denied a Finisher's Medal and recognition in the Race Records as a finisher?

We discussed the situation with the rest of the crew and decided that we would not mention anything to Firko until we had further information from a race official. The hours ticked by, but no race official appeared.

Eventually Firko had covered 25kms. I had decided to break the journey into 4 sections of about 25kms each, allowing Firko an hour of sleep at the end of each section.

About halfway through the second 25km leg I noticed a television crew up ahead. I knew instinctively that they were going to question Firko about the circumstances of his withdrawal, something which he still knew nothing about. I dashed forward in the hope that I could fend them off.

Sure enough, the interviewer immediately launched into questioning Firko about why he was continuing after he had been officially withdrawn. I countered by asking from where they had got their information that Firko had been withdrawn. The interviewer replied that it came from an AAP-Reuters wire report. My heart sank. Such a report had to be official. All I could do was to say that we had not had any such notification from the race authorities and as far as we were concerned, Firko was still an official runner.

As a result of this confrontation I had to tell Firko about the radio report. We still had not seen a race official and I was starting to feel a bit desperate. Firko's brother Ron and his son Shane had arrived to cheer him home. As they needed to go into Melbourne to make some motel bookings and Rosanne needed to pick up our motel key, I suggested that they drive to Melbourne, track down Charlie Lynn and find out exactly what was going on.

Shortly after Firko's second sleep we had our first good news. We had a visit from a couple of policeman who told us that they were there to estimate Firko's speed so that they could estimate his final arrival time. They told us that Charlie Lynn had requested a police escort into Melbourne for Firko, something reserved usually for the leading runner only.

I was quite amused when they figured that he would arrive at 8.30pm. I told them that it would be closer to 3.00am and that I had a week's practise at this sort of thing. We eventually arrived at 3.25am.

It was dusk when Rosanne, Ron and Shane returned from Melbourne. The news was good. Charlie had said to ignore the media reports. Firko would be an official finisher. He would get his medal and Finisher's Certificate. They would keep the Finish facilities open until Firko arrived, no matter what time that was. There would be hot food and cold beer waiting for us. The TV cameras would be there waiting and the Police escort would see him right to the finish.

Clearly Charlie was bending over backwards to undo the damage of the erroneous media report of Firko's withdrawal and was honouring the arrangements that I had made with him.

It was a great relief to me and I could now concentrate on getting Firko through the final kilometres to the finish.

We had become quite a cavalcade as we wound our way through the outskirts of Melbourne. Two Police cars with flashing blue lights up ahead, then Firko followed by the first van with its flashing amber lights, then Ron's car, the second van and finally the night security ute with its flashing amber light and huge sign "Runner Ahead" on its rear.

I was still very concerned about Firko's condition as I knew that he had already exceeded his limits of endurance, but he kept putting one foot in front of the other. My greatest fear was to have him collapse with only a few kilometres to go. I seemed to be the only one so concerned. The rest of the crew, other than the drivers, had donned their shirts with "Firko's Crew" emblazoned on the front and were walking in a group around Firko. I remained steadfastly at his right shoulder.

Suddenly Firko veered off to the left and ran off the road. "What the hell is going on?" I wondered as I chased after him. I caught up with him in front of a flower seller's stand that he had spied.

"Alf, can you lend me \$5 to buy Barbara some flowers?"

I can't think of another runner who might have done anything similar, but then Firko is one of Nature's gentlemen. He might even repay the \$5 sometime.

With ten kilometres to go we were joined by Charlie Lynn who walked to the finish with Firko. I thought that this was a very touching gesture as Charlie had had virtually no sleep during the past 48 hours and this was beyond the call of duty. But then Charlie is also a Sydney Strider.

The final few kilometres seemed an eternity, as they always do, no matter how long the race. After eight days and sixteen hours they seemed to stretch on forever.

Finally there was the Westfield Doncaster shopping centre. The final 50 metre straight to the tape. The bright arclights to enable the TV cameras to catch the moment. Firko kissing Barbara. Firko hugging his mother, who had made a special journey to Melbourne to witness the finish. Handshakes. Backslaps. Pandemonium.

Charlie hanging the most enormous gold medal around Firko's neck. Ken dashing hither and thither with his video camera.

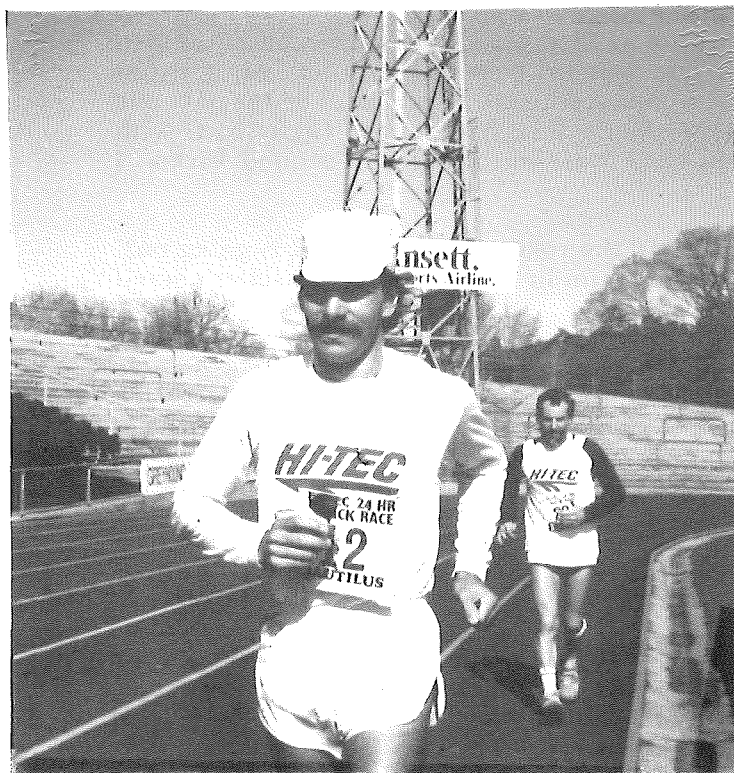
Suddenly we were inside a warm tent. Charlie had honoured his promise. There was warm pizza and cold beer.

I was all choked up. It was a combination of tiredness, release from the emotional pressure of continually monitoring Firko's condition and the sheer ecstasy of the moment. I could feel the tears welling up. All I could do was to pat Firko on the back as I pulled the tag on a can of beer.

The joy was that Firko had conquered his own personal Everest and I was proud to be a part of his team, a team which had supported him to the hilt, to the extreme limits of their own endurance. I am sure that they will all join me in saying: "It was a magnificent effort, Firko, and it was a privilege for us to witness it. We are really proud of you."

As I sat there sipping my beer the words from the Burl Ives tape kept ringing through my head.

*"And the joy we share as we tarry there,
 "None other has ever known;
 "Come home, come home, its supertime;
 "The shadows deepen fast,
 "We are going home at last."*



Patricke Macke and Dawn Parris at the 24 Hour International Race, Melbourne.

HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP

We've had three magazines returned from our last posting and were wondering if any of you could help us the the new addresses of the following people:

Philip SMITH of Coogee, NSW
 Kevin BURNSIDE of Fitzroy, Vic.
 Tracy Lewis of Rosebay, NSW

Thanks!

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

BLOOD IS LIFE!



KEEP IT RUNNING

Ultrarunning is a sport for only the very fit. Blood is always urgently needed by the Red Cross to assist those less fortunate who need blood to survive a crisis. If YOU are not already giving blood on a regular basis, may we suggest you give it serious consideration. Thanks.

"HE SURE AS HELL CAN RUN" by Mike Maddock

WHO?.....Mike March
WHAT?.....24 Hour Track run (Aust. & A'Asian Champion)
WHERE?.....Harold Stevens Athletic Track, Coburg
WHEN?.....25/26th February, 1989
WHY?.....Because he wanted to

To be sung to the tune of "Click go the Shears"

"I thing I'll go to Melbourne
And take the Vics apart"
Was what Mike March did tell me
Three months before the start
Of a 24 Hour Track Race
To be run in Coburg town
With a field of 50 starters
Of extremely high renoun.

Chorus:

"I'm not a pig" Mike cried aloud
As he 'oinked' around the track.
And carbo-loading was his strength,
He never knocked food back.
If others hoped to win this race
Then they were out of luck
For Mike, he circled endlessly
Like a wind-up clockwork duck.

With Talay's van just chock-a-block
With things that we would need,
On board the Abel Tasman we
Sailed off to do our deed.
Mike was full of confidence
With no thoughts of defeat,
And as happy as a pig-in-shit
As long as he could eat.

Chorus

Mike and I spent pre-race time
Swapping insults to and fro
People thought that we were touched
They really didn't know
That it was all part of our plan
And things weren't what they seemed
For iust 24 hours later they
Were all to be well creamed.

80. Chorus

At 12 o'clock the gun went off,
Away the 50 went.
Our Mike sat on his even times,
With that he was content.
While others ran their guts out just
To try to keep first place.,
Our "piggy" knew he'd soon be first,
There was no need to chase.

Chorus

John Breit the early leader
Ran like it was his last,
But at 18 hours of running he
Was stuffed when Mike ran past.
Cliff Young was ever friendly,
A really lovely man.
He's up there with the best of them
He just does what he can.

Chorus

From day to dark and back again
The hours they rolled along
The crowds in tents around the track
Formed an ever-changing throng.
Once Mike was into first place
On the best he shut the lid.
He told me that he would slow down,
But he never really did.

Chorus

Laps in 2.12 are marvellous, it's
5.30 for a kay,
One or two are hard enough,
But try it for a day.
It was magic just to be there and
To be part of the fun.
The bastard, he can't do much else,
But he sure as hell can run

DOGGY TALE

by Jeanette Cauldwell, and submitted by Nobby Young

Is there anyone in this world who has not seen a school report which reads something like "..... is working to a satisfactory level at present, but has not reached his/her full potential" ? This probably sums up my running career. Some people manage to go from strength to strength; I struggle from injury to physical disability. The worst two physical disabilities of my running career were dogs named "Ben" and "Scruffy".

"Ben" was a Benji type of dog, full of energy, and "Scruffy" was a black, heinz, panther-like dog who fancied himself as part greyhound, I think.

The tale begins when I was training for a marathon in 1985 and the owners of Ben and Scruffy thought it would be a great idea if the dogs joined me on my training runs. This sounds ideal in theory, but in practice..... Well, things went wrong. These friends, (well, ex-friends really) firstly didn't tell me that the dogs weren't leash-trained! So the first 3 kilometres were hell because Ben and Scruffy wrenched my shoulder joints from their sockets as they bounded in different directions; sometimes they even bounded straight ahead!! The next 5 kilometres were also hell because I physically had to drag the dogs around the streets and then back to their home. They were so unfit that they virtually collapsed when I delivered them home. Then I would actually go for a REAL training run for myself. I suffered this for a few nights.

Tactfully, I tried to explain to my friends that this running business wasn't working out for the dogs or myself and that I wasn't getting much training done for myself with the two dogs. Problem solved, they said - the next night I could take one dog 8km. then drop him home, pick up the other dog and go for another 8km. Once again, this sounded great in theory, but somewhat less than that in practice.

But who am I to upset my good friends?

Ben met me the next night, straining on the leash, ready to drag me as far as he could, which he most certainly did. Then he started to tire. For a kilometre or so he managed to stick with me, then he started to fall behind. He looked tired, so I stopped and gave him a drink from someone's front garden tap. He sparked up a bit and kept with me, but, bit by bit, he began to slow until I literally had to drag this dog to keep him moving.

This had me a little worried, and, upon closer inspection, I found that my dragging was the only thing that was keeping him moving. Yes, he had died! Well, what a quandry I was in. My friends insisted on me bringing out this dog, and now, it lay dead in the gutter!

How was I going to explain it to them? "Sorry, I ran your dog to death!" No, I couldn't carry a dead dog 2 or 3 km. either. What else was there to do but tie it up to the nearest fence, run back to their house and tell them, "It's not very well". Yes, that's what I'd do..... I had to appear humane though, so I pulled the dog out of the gutter, up onto the footpath, near a tap in a front garden. Of course, I turned the tap on, just in case this very unwell dog got thirsty. Ben all set, I headed for home, ready to face the family.

They met me at the front door with Scruffy. I explained to them that Ben was very unwell and tied to someone's front fence, and that I'd go with them to pick him up. They wouldn't have any part of it. No, my training was too important. With that, they thrust Scruffy's lead into my hand and got into their car, and after hasty directions, set off to pick up Ben.

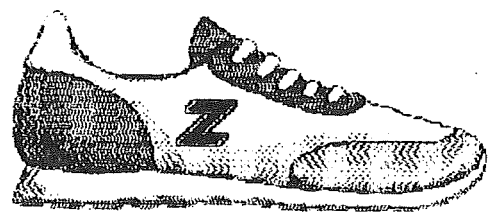
Scruffy set off at a "bat-out-hell" pace, dragging me behind. As soon as I could take control, and Scruffy would follow, I aimed us back towards my friends' house.

I was ready for the abuse and yelling and upset. As Scruffy and I approached the front door, we were met by the family, stoney-faced and sombre. They had tissues at hand and gently thanked me for my valiant efforts to help Ben, whom they had found dead when they got to him. They tried to console me and continued to thank me for helping him to die with dignity. (I felt lower than a snake's belly!)

Next day, I rang to once again express my sorrow at the passing of Ben. The news was bad. Yes. Scruffy had died during the night.

Perhaps this is what led me to do a p.b. time of 3hrs.16min.

Anyone want their dogs taken for a walk?



H E A L T H W A T C H

ROD COUCH

Isn't it remarkable how the taboos and holy cows of nutrition and health can change with the passage of time? Many years ago, if you sprained your ankle they would place a heat lamp on it; now they pack it in ice!

Fifteen to twenty years ago, if you wanted to lose weight, you had to cut back on carbohydrates - they were fattening. Actually there are four calories per gram of carbohydrate, 7 calories per gram of protein or alcohol, and 9 calories per gram of fat. So it is pretty obvious which foods you must cut back on if you have an overweight problem. Remember this saying, "avoid all oils in your food as they cause problems with the heart"?; we now find that some oils are actually good for the heart. Monounsaturated oils such as olive oil, and the Omega 3 fish oils combat the dangerous LDL cholesterol.

Protein seems to have gone the full circle, from good to bad and now back to good. In 1842 a German Scientist named Von Liebig declared that the primary source of human energy was protein; and for the next century or so practically everyone believed him. Everyone knew that meat supplies protein, protein is muscle, and muscle wins races. Then came the new age of nutrition, runners quickly recognised that what they needed to get them through the final tough kilometers was not a steak dinner, but a couple of days loading carbohydrates, potatoes, spaghetti, bananas, etc. These foods give an athlete the winning edge, and for marathons a few unsaturated fats might help too. But protein - no way!

We were told that adults don't have a high requirement for protein unless you are pregnant or recovering from major surgery. This has now been found to be wrong. Protein provides approximately 5% to 10% of the energy you use in sustained exercise. Protein is made of twenty-two amino acids. Your body constantly breaks down dietary protein into amino acids, and recombines these acids to synthesise new protein, especially proteins in your muscle tissue. Repeated experiments show, however, that some of these amino acids are oxidised to keep the muscles working.

In effect, proteins are "burned" along with fats and carbohydrates to supply you with a significant percentage of your energy. The percentage varies with the intensity and duration of the exercise. According to Ellen Coleman R.D., author of "Eating for Endurance" - "when you have enough glycogen for an hour of training, 5% of your energy expended comes from protein; in a two-hour run, as much as 10% of your energy will come from protein".

Since the body doesn't store protein, the way it stores carbohydrates and fats, you actually break down a bit of muscle tissue to provide your body's furnace with extra amino acids during exercise. You then restore those tissues during recovery. Therefore the increased rate of protein breakdown and amino acid oxidation during exercise means that a runner could need more protein than the average person. Peter Lemon Ph.D. of Ohio's Kent State University, a professor of Exercise Physiology, found that the protein requirements of distance runners who had trained regularly for five years could be one-and-a-half times more than those of sedentary adults. The average Australian gets 1.5 grams of protein per kilogram of body weight per day, and nutritionists generally consider this is a safe amount. Some runners may be at risk because they have slashed their protein intake. Not at risk are the all-Australian meat eaters, nor the serious vegetarians who get a good balance of protein from the whole grains, nuts and legumes, but the quasi-vegetarians who have given up meat because they are too busy carbo-loading, generally don't get enough protein.

Nancy Clark R.D, author of "The Athlete's Kitchen", says that of the runners in her nutrition courses, half are protein deficient. John Treacy, 1984 Olympic Marathon silver medalist, aims to consume between 1.5 and 2 grams of protein per kilo of body weight per day, besides eating a chicken or tuna sandwich at lunch and chicken or fish at dinner; Treacy gets lots of protein from skimmed milk, he drinks as much as a gallon a day!

Perhaps some runners who have been overly influenced by the Pritikin diet may wish to re-assess their protein intake.

Reprinted from: QMRRC Newsletter June, 1989.

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Reproduced from: QMRRC Newsletter September, 1989.

VEGETARIAN ATHLETES AT RISK

Vegetarian athletes may be putting their bodies at risk by sticking to strict diets, says Ann Grandjean, chief nutrition consultant for the U.S. Olympic Committee.

The vegetarian diet is probably the oldest form of diet known, its origins having been traced back to biblical times. Recent surveys have shown that an increasing number of American athletes are adopting vegetarian diets, decreasing their intake of red meat, and/or increasing their consumption of plant foods. Tennis players like Chris Evert have shown that vegetarians can be world-class performers. However, according to Ms Grandjean vegetarians need to make careful food selections to obtain adequate amounts of essential nutrients.

Vegetarian diets form a continuum from pure vegetarians or vegans, who avoid all animal products, and fruitarians, who follow the most restricted diet, to vegetarians who will only eat food considered to be "organic" or "natural".

The major risk of vegetarian diets is nutritional inadequacy. As the diet becomes more restrictive in food sources, it becomes more difficult to get all the nutrients needed in sufficient amounts. But according to Ms Grandjean, studies have shown that diets based upon plant foods can be nutritionally adequate if they incorporate a source of vitamin B12, which is not found in plant food. Other nutrients supplied in less than recommended levels by vegetarian diets include protein, iron, riboflavin, calcium and zinc, as well as energy (calories).

Vegetarians, especially vegans, have low calorie intakes and more difficulty meeting energy needs. One reason is that they consume foods that are high in bulk and low in calories. Athletes participating in vigorous training programs often require 3000 to 6000 kcal daily. Ms Grandjean believes that many athletes may be selling themselves short in this regard.

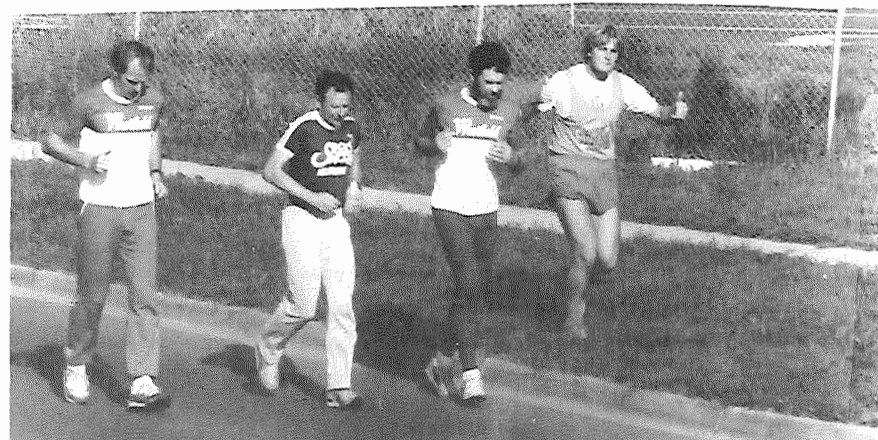
Athletes who are lacto or lacto-ovo vegetarians usually consume enough protein because of the high nutrient density of milk, cheese and eggs. As food options narrow, however, menu planning becomes more of a challenge. Vegans, in particular, need to put more effort into securing adequate protein.

Iron deficiency is a concern for athletes because it can affect several metabolic functions related to the production of energy. While inadequate intakes of iron can be a problem for the athlete who eats red meat, the athlete consuming a vegetarian diet is at an even greater risk. Vegetarian diets are generally high in fibre which can interfere with iron absorption. Iron is also absorbed less efficiently from vegetables containing phytases. In diets where little or no animal tissue is consumed, iron absorption can be increased by including foods high in vitamin C with every meal or snack.

Diets of strict vegetarians tend to be lower in calcium and riboflavin unless enough milk and milk products or dark green leafy vegetables are consumed daily. According to Ms Grandjean, the problem affecting many vegetarians is that calcium is inadequately absorbed from such foods as spinach, rhubarb, tea, cocoa, soybeans and other greens because these foods contain large amounts of oxalate. Dietary fibre, especially whole grain fibre, can also limit calcium absorption.

The best dietary sources of zinc (meat, poultry, and seafood) are excluded from many plant-based diets. Additionally, vegetarian diets are high in fibre and phytates, which can bind with zinc and decrease the amount available for absorption.

The author stresses the need for continuing athlete education in this field, and suggests that vegetarians should be made aware of the potential pitfalls prior to any major phase in their athletic preparation. If they take the correct supplements they should be able to fulfil all the basic nutritional requirements.



GREG WISHART IN THE SYDNEY TO MELB. RUN

Reproduced from: QMRRC Newsletter September, 1989.

ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE LOWERED BY HORMONES

SUSAN MULLEY IN "SPORTS MEDICINE"

In athletics, the difference between victory and defeat can be just a few centimetres. Where women's athletics are concerned, sports scientists are now focusing on the role played by hormones.

The ability to train for certain types of sport during menstruation is reduced and results are often poorer during this time, according to expert Dr. Kurtz Gotz Wurster, who is involved in sports medicine and gynaecology at the University of Charlottenburg, West Germany. "But individual differences are great and one woman can be quite different from another", he told the recent 3rd Asian Seminar on Women's Athletics in Kuala Lumpur. He reported on a study of the German National Athletics team. The majority of athletes claimed their capacity was reduced in the 3-7 days before and during menstruation.

However, a number of athletes felt they were able to make use of pre-menstrual feelings of aggression and improve their performance. In sports involving anaerobic work, such as sprinting, athletes experienced a peak performance shortly before or during their period, he said. But the performance of women involved in endurance sports declined around the time of menstruation, Dr. Wurster said. An objective assessment was also made of these athletes' performance. The athlete's temperature on waking was used to determine the time of ovulation. Pulse rates and lung function were found to be greater before menstruation. Feelings of irritability and depression were also greater, Dr. Wurster told the Conference.

Muscular capacity, both strength and endurance, and micromotory capacity were at a minimum. He said that training programs should be drawn around these cycles, but emphasised that they should be tailored to the individual. "New and difficult exercises that require a high degree of concentration should be avoided during and in the days before menstruation in the case of those women who have problems in carrying them out," Dr. Wurster said. Some women are only able to train before and during menstruation if they take the Pill, which reduces feelings of discomfort. Alternatively, drugs like naproxen are effective in treating menstrual discomfort.

Dr. Wurster said that by avoiding unplanned intervals due to menstruation - say, two days per cycle or 26 days per year - 7% more training would be possible. "Some athletes aged 30 with amenorrhoea have the skeletal characteristics of 60 and 70 year olds", he said.

In long-distance runners, 30-40% have a stress fracture of the leg at one time in their career. Stress fractures are ten times more common in athletes not taking the Pill, he told the conference. "The Pill is clearly protective," Dr. Wurster said. Before advising athletes to take the Pill, he draws up an endocrine profile of six different hormones and analyses the density of the athlete's bones.

He said the Pill was quite safe to give to athletes, as they were usually non-smokers, not overweight, and fit and healthy.

"Psychology is also important. Those who are happy with their training are less likely to have menstrual disturbances," he said.

* * * * *



BRYAN SMITH



ELEANOR ADAMS

WINNERS OF THE HI-TEC INTERNATIONAL 24-HOUR CHALLENGE HELD AT OLYMPIC PARK, MELB, 19&20/3/89.

The following is a continuation of an article entitled "The Ultra Marathon..... Westfield Runs. Some Important Considerations for Preparation" pp.72 to 74, inclusive from AURA Magazine Vol 4, No.2, May 1989.

WARM-UP exercises are very important in reducing the likelihood of cramping stresses, especially after short rest periods. WARMING DOWN following a run period is just as important. This can be accomplished by walking around for a few minutes at the end of any run period, thereby allowing lymphatic and venous circulations to continue clearing the muscular system from metabolic congestion. I would recommend a series of STRETCHING manoeuvres before, at periods during and especially at the end of any run interval.

NUTRITION:

What you use to provide your energy and nutrient requirements are virtually up to you. However it is wise to prepare a detailed schedule of TIMING/ QUANTITY / FLUID intake / VARIETY which should be used by your support team members to assist you.

Smaller, frequent intakes of high energy (complex carbohydrates) are necessary. Excess oily / fatty / high protein foods should be avoided as these items tend to retard rate and efficiency of assimilation. Liquid foods (such as 'Sustagen') are a good alternative to solid meals. "Spirulina" (sea plankton) is a high energy, easy to digest food, and this item should be readily available from health food stores in tablet form.

For those competitors coming from overseas, upsets in bio-rhythms resulting from "Jet Lag" can disturb normal digestive processes. I would suggest in these cases that supplementary Digestive Enzymes be taken to assist food assimilation when major food breaks are taken. These enzyme preparations should be available health food shops or chemists.

The nutrient requirements of conditioned athletes are considerably increased compared to the average person, due to increased stress loads. One cannot afford the risk of increased susceptibility to illness and undue injury through not using some form of additional nutrient supplementation both prior to and during the event. Allowing for individual variation in needs, following are some basic recommendations for your consideration.

A) IMMUNE SYSTEM ENHANCEMENT

VITAMIN C-Complex (with Bio-flavonoids)	} "SLOW RELEASE" TYPE
VITAMIN B-Complex	
VITAMIN E (Succinate form preferred with Octacosanol from wheat germ)	
VITAMIN A (for a period prior to event)	

B) ASSISTING STRESSED BIOCHEMISTRY

Potassium/Magnesium Asparate (esp. for heart function)
Dolomite or other Calcium source

Trace Element source (eg. Kelp / alfalfa)
Vitamin B15 (Calcium Pangamate) if available, to
reduce stress in hypoxic states.

Those travelling from overseas will find the Vitamins C and B complexes valuable in compensating for "Jet Lag" induced fatigue.

There are some things nutritionally that I would recommend avoiding for the event -

- * Carbonated drinks (risk of gas cramps and 'stitches').
- * Coffee (false sense of alertness)
- * Heavy digestion food (red meats / oily foods)
- * Too much liquid WITH solid food
- * Drinks too hot or too cold (should be taken just a little cooler than body temperature)

Wherever possible replenish your internal water supply with a pure source such as rain water. Under some stress conditions, your physiology may object to the widely variable local town supplies depending upon water source, content of minerals and additives.

CLOTHING:

What you normally find comfortable is desirable but do consider the following. Be prepared for HOT / COLD / WET / WINDY conditions.

- * Cotton absorbs sweat best and assists in cooling the body much better than synthetics.
- * Wool is a good insulator. However woollen socks should not be worn immediately next to feet (the coarse fibres are too abrasive and increase the likelihood of friction stress and blisters). Use one or two cotton layers first. Fill all air spaces in shoes.
- * Light colours reflect heat, dark colours absorb heat (from external sources).
- * Wet weather clothing should allow natural transpiration from skin to escape through air spaces.
- * Have a variety of styles and shapes of clothing especially underwear. Using the same types can promote area friction soreness, chaffing and rashes.
- * Running shoes should be well "worn-in" before the event. Do not bring any pair of shoes which has suspect construction or that feels uncomfortable for any reason. Open toed modifications may come in handy. At least one pair that have been exposed to wet weather previously are a good back-up. Spare shoe laces ?
- * What about head bands, "sweat bands", sun visors, Anti-glare sunglasses ?

FIRST AID:

A basic first aid kit is a must for each entrant. apart from basic items, I would suggest the following as being wise additions

(First Aid Cont'd)

- * Bathroom scales * Rectal thermometer (two)
- * Toe-nail clippers and file * Corn pads and lots of cotton wool
- * Vaseline and other lanoline creams, massage oil, anti-friction sprays.
- * Block-out sun cream * Instant cold and hot packs
- * Thermal blanket (reflective foil type or "space" blanket.)
- * Large sleeping bag
- * A range of elastic and NON-elastic strapping and bandages
- * A booklet on artificial resuscitation methods
- * Option stethoscope and sphygmomanometer (for blood pressure).

PSYCHOLOGY:

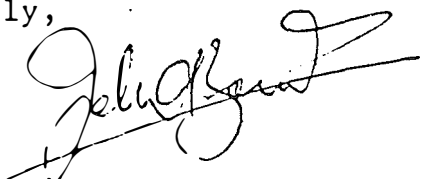
Many runners will experience emotional / mental "highs" and "lows" at different stages through the event. One cannot predict the order or degree generally. Highs tend to occur more towards dawn, lows around midnight to four o'clock in the morning. Ultra-marathons can produce ultra-lows called the "HORRORS" ! This is a period of intense mental contention within the runner which can wear down and possibly break a competitor's will to continue. The anti-stress effect of Vit. C & B will help overcome some aspects. Keeping your mind occupied with useful thoughts will also help. Try to develop a pleasant "centering" thought such as a short term goal, a loved one or pleasant memory during these times.

CONCLUSION:

The foregoing suggestions are based on previous study and experiences in competitive sport. They are not detailed but should be used as a basis for planning review and assisting you in developing an approach to the Ultra-Marathon which will minimise risk of injury and yet enhance performance, at least with a view to completing the course.

I would wish each entrant good luck but more importantly, sound preparation.

Sincerely,



CONSULTANT

WESTFIELD RUNS '85 / '86

(John A. ZAMBO Dp Sc, Dp SM, DC.)

Member - A.C.A. Council on Sports Injuries.

THE DIET FOR DISTANCE

By Patrick Holford Reproduced from: NZUA Newsletter September 1989.

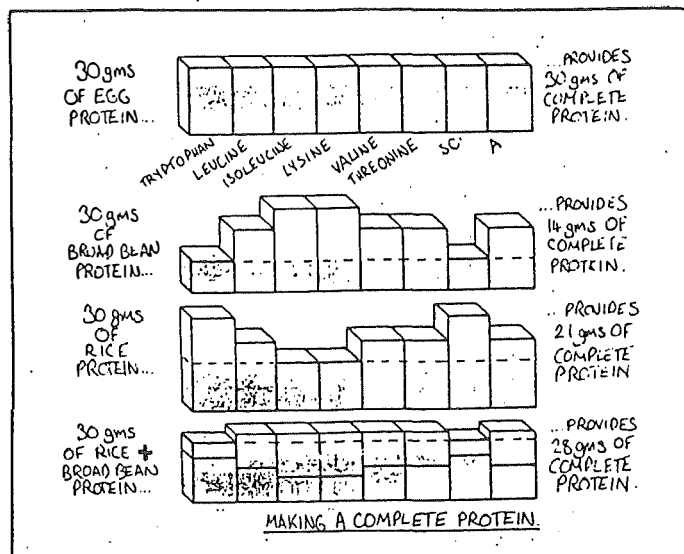
SUGAR for energy, peanuts for protein — that's what the ads tell us. A Mars a day helps you work rest and play — but does it? What really produces results in long distance running? These were the questions I asked when I started working and training with marathon runners two years ago. I began to see a pattern emerge. Most athletes were consuming vast quantities of sugar and carbohydrates foods like bread, biscuits and pasta, and massive servings of protein, some concentrated in the now popular protein drinks. Yet some 60% of them were suffering from exhaustion, poor recovery and general ill health.

Tentatively, I suggested a diet with less refined carbohydrates and less protein, and more balanced in vitamins and minerals. Invariably, performance and general health improved. Sometimes weight dropped, sometimes weight increased but all the runners felt better on this new regime. We tried the new diet on cyclists, runners, squash players and even weight lifters. Almost all experienced a marked improvement in performance. On the basis of my experiences and some recent research I think we have been misled to think the more the better. The crucial factor seems to be one of efficiency.

Protein is made up of building blocks called 'amino acids'. We require some 22 of these to reassemble into body protein. Depending on the way we assemble these building blocks we end up with a liver cell, a muscle cell or even hair tissue. Eight of these amino acids are essential to obtain in our diet, the others we can synthesize. Some foods like eggs, cheese, meat and fish supply all eight. Other foods like beans, nuts, grains, legumes and vegetables contain less than the eight and are therefore incomplete protein. By combining one food deficient in two amino acids, with another foods high in those two amino acids we make a complete protein. For example broad beans and rice combined are nearly as complete protein as eggs (see diagram).

It used to be thought that unless foods which combine to make complete protein were provided in the same meal, combination would not happen. Yet out findings strongly suggest that a truly healthy person, not deficient in other nutrients, can absorb protein, combine foods to make complete protein, and can synthesize body protein such as muscle, much more efficiently. Since excess protein is a burden to our bodies because it has to be broken down and eliminated, some of us may eat too much protein. Decreasing protein and increasing other nutrients would be better.

For instance, one of my clients, James, is a weight lifter. Despite eating eggs, milk and high protein drinks he hadn't been



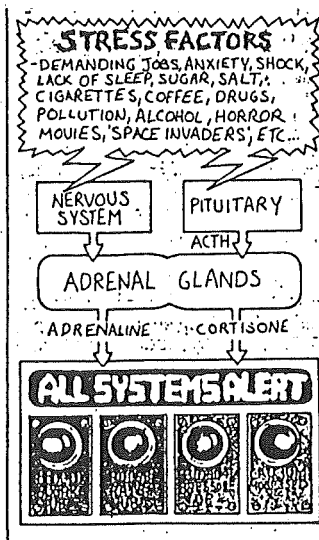
able to put on weight or muscle for two years. In fact, the high protein diets made him feel sick. I suggested less protein and a special vitamin and mineral programme containing hydrochloric acid which is a vital factor needed to improve the efficiency of the protein digesting enzymes. Within six weeks he had put on seven pounds of muscle and felt stronger and fitter.

While protein helps build muscle, a vital factor for runners, it is carbohydrates that supply the fuel. So surely the more sugar the more energy? A recent experiment on schoolchildren gave them meals high or low in refined carbohydrates. Those on high carbohydrate diets experienced a decrease in energy levels for a few hours following the meal. The old idea of sugar for energy must be reviewed.

Every time we eat sugar, a host of other nutrients are needed to ensure it is properly broken down into glucose and 'burnt' in the muscle cells or stored as glycogen in the muscles. These include vitamin C, B3, B5, B6, zinc, calcium, magnesium, iron, chromium and manganese. Of course, unrefined foods like seeds, nuts and whole grains contain more of these anyway. However, refined carbohydrates like sugar, glucose drinks, biscuits, sweets and cakes, soon use up our store of these nutrients, leaving us unable to use the energy producing sugar to the maximum. Once more it is a case of efficiency not quantity. Quality of foods not quantity.

Refined carbohydrates do us more harm than good by using up our stores of

other nutrients. These nutrients are needed for cell repair, controlling hormone levels and keeping us generally healthy. Deficiencies frequently lead to a lack of energy, poor wound healing, itchy eyes, cramps, hair, nail and skin problems.



lems, excess sweating and often irritability, depression and insomnia. The fast releasing carbohydrates like sugar actually act as a short term stimulant in the same way as coffee, tea and cigarettes. These

are called 'adrenal stimulants' and cause the release of adrenalin which produces a short burst of energy. This is useful in times of emergency and it is the efficiency of this system which is so vital in sports like squash or the martial arts. But for us runners the last thing we want is to use up our energy in a few short bursts. What's more these adrenal stimulants are addictive and we usually need more and more to get the same temporary boost.

If you find yourself regularly eating sugar, coffee or even drinking strong tea every four hours the chances are you're hooked. Try stopping for one month. You may experience withdrawal symptoms like headaches and sometimes a drop in energy in the first week, but after that you'll find you have even more energy without stimulants. Running will be easier and you'll recover from long races faster.

EAT MORE

Whole grains: Oats, porridge, oat cakes, Brown rice, rice cakes, Barley (cooked like rice), Brown bread.

Seeds: Sesame seeds ground on cereals, salads, etc, Tahini — sesame spread, Sunflower seeds, Sunflower bars (sugar free snack).

Beans and pulses: Kidney beans, Lentils.

Nuts: Almonds, Brazils, Walnuts, Peanuts, Nut roast (meat roast with nuts instead).

Vegetables: All raw vegetables for salads, Baked potato, Parsnips, Carrots, Swedes, turnips etc.

EAT LESS

Refined carbohydrates: Biscuits, Cakes, White rice, White bread, Overcooked food.

Sugar: Honey, Brown and white sugar, Condiments like ketchup, Canned soups, Sweets.

PROTEIN

(Please note you may not need to reduce protein. These are best sources of protein to include in your diet.)

Eggs, Cheese, Yoghurt, Free range chicken, Lamb, Fish.

In the next issue, nutrition consultant Patrick Holford (author of *The Whole Health Manual and Elemental Health*) shows how to balance your vitamin and mineral needs for optimum physical performance.



Race Director of the Westfield, Charlie Lynn and crew-member, Peter Gray congratulate Greg Wishart soon after he finished at Doncaster. Greg took 8 days and 55 minutes to complete the distance. A truly magnificent performance!

AUSTRALIAN 100 MILE

1	George Perdon	45	V	12-25-09	Olympic P	2May1970
2	Martin Thompson	31	V	12-42-50	Tinton UK	24Oct1975
3	David Standeven	34	SA	14-02-47	Adelaide 24Hr	1/2Nov1986
4	John Breit	38	V	14-14-00	Coburg 24Hr	25/26Feb1989
5	Bryan Smith	43	V	14-21-13	Olympic P	19/20Aug1989
6	Peter Schultz		SA	14-27-37	Adelaide 24Hr	13/14Nov1982
7	Owen Tolliday		QLD	14-28-18	Adelaide 24Hr	29/30Oct1988
8	Cliff Young	61	V	14-37-54	Manly NSW	2Apr1983
9	Joe Record	40	WA	14-40-00	NSW	1981
10	Anyce K Melham	22	NSW	14-41-30	Llandillo NSW	13Apr1980
11	Mike March	45	TAS	14-45-00	Coburg 24Hr	25/26Feb1989
12	Brian Bloomer	45	V	14-51-07	Box Hill 24Hr	15/16Feb1986
13	Keith Swift		NSW	15-10-52	Manly NSW	21Apr1984
14	Alistair Wallace		NSW	15-16-05	Manley NSW	29Mar1986
15	Graeme Woods		Qld	15-28-27	Aberfeldie 48Hr	23/25Jan1988
16	Geoff Molloy	42	V	15-29-34	Box Hill 24Hr	2/3Feb1985
17	Keith Fisher	22	V	15-38-20	Auckland 24Hr	22/23Aug1987
18	Ashley Parcell	29	QLD	15-48-44	Hensley 24Hr	23/24Feb1985
19	Chris Stephenson	28	NSW	15-50-45	Manly	21Apr1984
20	Frank Kelly	34	NSW	15-55-38	Hensley 24Hr	28/29May1988
21	Ian Javes	44	QLD	16-06-13	Box Hill 24Hr	28Feb1987
22	Don Keyssecker		NSW	16-09-48	NSW	26May1979
23	Barry Brooks	46	V	16-20-00	Box Hill 24Hr	28Feb1987
24	Max Bogenhuber	42	NSW	16-22-21	Manly	6Apr1985
25	Barry Massingham		NSW	16-22-44	Llandillo NSW	13Apr1980
26	Wal McCrorie	52	NSW	16-26-40	NSW	2Apr1983
27	Peter Tutty	22	NSW	16-32-48	Auckland 24Hr	22/23Aug1987
28	Brinkley Hepburn	37	V	16-35-52	Olympic P	19/20Aug1989
29	Peter Gray	24	V	16-38-58	Olympic P	19/20Aug1989
30	Alistair McManus	35	V	16-43-30	Perth 24Hr	12/13Oct1985
31	George Audley	51	WA	16-45-02	Perth 24Hr	18/19Oct1986
32	Jack McKellar	44	V	16-45-48	Box Hill 24Hr	15/16Feb1986
33	Geoff Kirkman	35	SA	16-46-14	Adelaide 24Hr	9/10Nov1985
34	Bob Bruner	45	V	16-56-15	Adelaide 24Hr	5/6Nov1983
35	Buck Dillon		NSW	16-59-00	NSW	26May1979
36	Bob Taggart	42	SA	16-59-22	Adelaide 24Hr	29/30Oct1988
37	Gerry Riley	56	V	17-15-59	Adelaide 24Hr	1/2Nov1986
38	Bob Hunter		QLD	17-16-32	QLD RRC 24Hr	1/2Jul1989
39	Alan Devine		WA	17-19-20	Perth 48Hr	16/18Oct1987
40	Maurice Taylor	39	NSW	17-25-56	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4Oct1987
41	Charlie Lynn	40	NSW	17-26-30	Adelaide 24Hr	9/10Nov1985
42	Ernie Elliott		V	17-27-01	Llandillo NSW	13Apr1980
43	Allan Croxford	43	WA	17-31-28	Perth 24Hr	18/19Oct1986
44	Alan Peacock		QLD	17-31-46	QLD	5/6Sep1987
45	Tony Dietachmayer	24	V	17-32-57	Coburg 24Hr	13/14Feb1988
46	Nick Read	36	NSW	17-33-50	Coburg 24Hr	13/14Feb1988
47	Bob Marden	31	NSW	17-43-00	Manly	21Apr1984
48	Greg Wishart	50	V	17-46-30	Coburg 24Hr	25/26Feb1989
49	Bill Beauchamp	42	V	17-48-53	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4Oct1987
50	Howard Ross	41	V	17-59-56	Box Hill 24Hr	28Feb1987
51	Geoff Hook	40	V	18-12-35	Manly	6Apr1985
52	Bruce Donnelly		QLD	18-16-02	Campbletown 24Hr	8/9Oct1988
53	James Wolstencroft	34	V	18-20-20	Coburg 24Hr	25/26Feb1989
54	Allan Fox		SA	18-26-20	Adelaide 24Hr	5/6Nov1983
55	Graeme Wilkinson	40	NSW	18-28-25	Hensley 24Hr	29/30Nov1986
56	Mike Thompson		WA	18-30-31	Perth 24Hr	27/28May1989
57	Graeme Townsend	30	NSW	18-33-06	Hensley 24Hr	28/29May1988
58	Klaus Schnibbe	42	V	18-33-57	Adelaide 24Hr	9/10Nov1985

TRACK RANKINGS

DEC. '89

59	Bruce Cook	ACT	18-38-40	QLD 24Hr	5/6 Sep 1987
60	Ron Hill	46 V	18-42-34	Hensley 24Hr	29/30 Nov 1986
61	John Bell	41 V	18-43-38	Box Hill 24Hr	15/16 Feb 1986
62	Mike Whiteoak	38 V	18-43-52	Adelaide 24Hr	5/6 Nov 1983
63	Ross Martin	56 SA	18-44-48	Adelaide 24Hr	9/10 Nov 1985
64	Bob Burns	QLD	18-45-42	QLD RRC 24Hr	1/2 Jul 1989
65	Chilla Wamyth	NSW	18-45-48	Hensley 24Hr	29/30 Nov 1986
66	Roger Stuart	45 SA	18-47-13	Adelaide 24Hr	29/30 Oct 1988
67	Robert Nash	37 V	18-51-00	Coburg 24Hr	13/14 Feb 1988
68	John Champness	47 V	18-57-08	Hensley 24Hr	28/29 May 1988
69	Doug Markulin	NSW	19-01-09	Llandillo NSW	13 Apr 1980
70	Murray Cox	42 SA	19-02-00	Coburg 24Hr	25/26 Feb 1989
71	Graham Stenner	44 SA	19-03-31	Coburg 24Hr	25/26 Feb 1989
72	Ross Parker	WA	19-10-40	Perth 48Hr	16-18 Oct 1987
73	Graham Firkin	51 NSW	19-13-58	Campbletown 24Hr	8/9 Oct 1988
74	Paul Woodhouse	23 NSW	19-17-15	Manly	29 Mar 1986
75	John Bencze	57 V	19-25-30	Coburg 24Hr	13/14 Feb 1988
76	Ian Partington	WA	19-31-04	Perth 24Hr	12/13 Oct 1985
77	Michael Bryce		19-35-35	Adelaide 24Hr	29/30 Oct 1988
78	Barry Allen	30 V	19-36-00	Box Hill 24Hr	28 Feb 1987
79	Ronald Smith	43 V	19-36-13	Coburg 24Hr	13/14 Feb 1988
80	Gerry Hart	41 V	19-47-44	NSW	13 Apr 1980
81	Terry Cox	49 V	19-50-30	Hensley 24Hr	29/30 Nov 1986
82	Dan Gray	39 NSW	19-54-32	Hensley 24Hr	19-20 Jul 1986
83	Peter Milne	32 V	19-59-49	Coburg 24Hr	13/14 Feb 1988
84	Andrew McCombe	SA	20-00-08	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4 Nov 1984
85	David Yeaman	51 V	20-13-33	Coburg 24Hr	13-14 Feb 1988
86	Gordon McKeown	61 V	20-17-25	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4 Nov 1984
87	Keith O'Connell	49 NSW	20-18-20	Hensley 24Hr	28/29 May 1988
88	Phil Pearce	WA	20-21-59	Perth 24Hr	27/28 May 1989
89	Patrick Farmer	26 NSW	20-24-20	Campbletown 24Hr	8/9 Oct 1988
90	Stan Miskin	59 V	20-25-22	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4 Nov 1984
91	Joe Gobel	47 V	20-34-03	Manly	5 Apr 1985
92	Kevin Mansell	NSW	20-35-42	Manly	29 Mar 1986
93	Max Kitto	41 SA	20-49-31	Adelaide 24Hr	3/4 Oct 1987
94	Tony McCool	SA	20-49-56	Adelaide 24Hr	9/10 Nov 1985
95	Peter Logan	36 V	20-52-41	Adelaide 24Hr	5/6 Nov 1983
96	James Sheridan	27 SA	20-53-48	Adelaide 24Hr	13/14 Nov 1982
97	Bruce Kirk	25 V	20-54-57	Coburg 24Hr	25/26 Feb 1989
98	Graham Medill	41 QLD	21-00-56	QLD RRC 48Hr	30 Jun 1989
99	Phil Lear	39 V	21-01-14	Box Hill 24Hr	4/5 Feb 1984
100	Kevin Cassidy	26 V	21-02-52	Adelaide 24Hr	1/2 Nov 1986

The average man usually empties his pockets onto his dresser or desk before retiring. Personally, I rather enjoy standing over a wastebasket during this process to see how many things I can throw away: notes, memos, scraps of paper, completed self-directions, even knickknacks which I have picked up. With relief, I deposit all items possible in the wastebasket. It is perhaps more important to empty the mind as one empties pockets. During the day we pick up mental odds and ends: a little worry, a little resentment, a few annoyances, some irritations, perhaps even some guilt reactions. Every night, these should be thrown out for, unless eliminated, they accumulate and subtract from the joy of life.

