

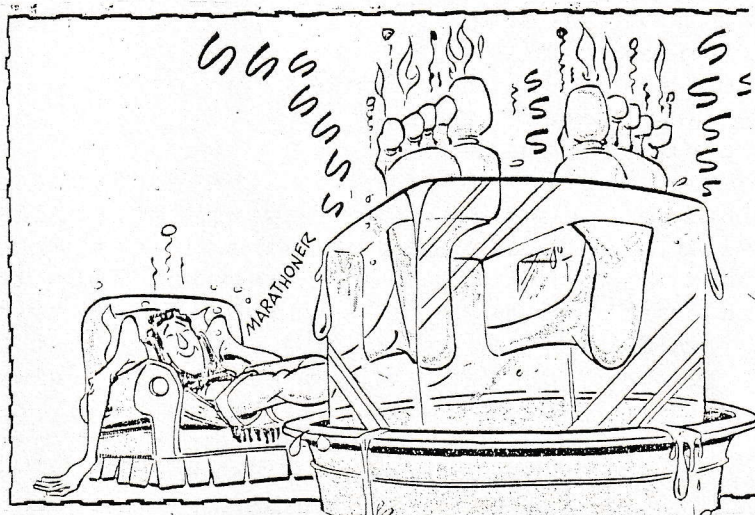
A full INTERNATIONAL ISSUE of the Runner this month with reports from New York and Singapore and the People's Republic of the West Midlands (Powerpart 10). We hope to publish the Welsh epic next month, providing Gary buys another pen.....What is encouraging is the number of new writers contributing to the 'Runner'. There is still time for your articles to be included in the next issue, so get writing.....

COMMENT....COMMENT....COMMENT....COMMENT....COMMENT....COMMENT....

Every club has quota of unsung heroes who devote a lot of time and energy to giving service. This can be demonstrated in a number of ways and usually results in a lot of time and energy being directed away from other activities in order to do a satisfactory job. Club secretaries fit into this description very easily, as do club coaches, treasurers and committee members to mention but a few ! Not one of these individuals asks for thanks or often gets it(!!!) but the occasional acknowledgement of a job well done would not go amiss.

A club without a good secretary is like a ship without a navigator. NORTHBROOK AC without John McKenna as secretary would be in a sorry state today. Since he has taken over we have gone from strength to strength, the club notice board is just one example of his efficient way of conducting the club's business. Not only does this present a good 'face' to other clubs, but it also makes NORTHBROOK a club worth joining.

John feels he has not had the support of the club behind him and sometimes the criticisms leveled at him are unjust and uncalled for. I agree. It is all too easy to give a load of 'flack' when someone else is doing the job, especially when little thought has been given to the amount of time needed. Many of us are quick to yell, often before we have looked to see who has used the pin ! If we lose John as secretary at the AGM (he wants to resign) we will lose a lot more than a secretary. He will be annoyed with me for writing this about him, but when was the last time you told him he was doing a great job ?



A merry christmas to all our readers and an injury free new year !!

POWERPART 10 RESULTS POWERPART 10 RESULTS POWERPART 10 RESULTS POWERPART 10 RESULTS

1. D.Glassborough 49.37 First Vet G.Patton 51.59
First Lady S.Carey 62.08.

NORTHBROOK RESULTS NORTHBROOK RESULTS NORTHBROOK RESULTS NORTHBROOK RESULTS

42. J.Kelly	55.58	105 R.I.Gill	60.20
107 J.McKenna	60.20	116. W.Nicholson	60.52
147 C.Nicholson	61.58	174 A.Harrison	63.04
183 N.Buckenham	63.47	184 D.Brooks	63.47
193 R.Hewitt	64.23	221 I.Corbett	65.26
222 M.W.Smith	65.26	246 E. Brook	66.23
251 P.Davies	66.39	264 D.Hart	67.10
271 A.Fanning	67.31	274 I.R Gill	67.40
282 J.Varden	67.51	289 D.Sinclair	68.12
296 M.Turrall	68.24	312 S.Watson	69.16
316 J.Lee	69.24	317 G.Perrins	69.24
329 P.Van Ristell	70.03	340 A.MacKenzie	70.21
341 M.Hall	70.21	342 T.Schofield	70.21
355 N.Sutton	71.05	360 D.Saunders	71.14
366 G.Nicholls	71.27	376 J.Murland	71.53
400 T.Murphy	73.46	427 N.Moore	75.29
429 R.Garner	75.31	434 J.Thacker	75.44
453 M.Parkes	77.36	488 G.Barnwell	82.10
496 J.Storey	84.03	505 J.Grumbly	87.45

POWER PART 10 RACE REPORT POWERPART 10 RACE REPORT

The day arrived, gets up early to have breakfast (bacon and eggs), gets out the club colours, gets in the car and off we go. Looks at my watch and thinks "I'm a bit pushed for time here, better get my foot down!"

Gets up Broad Lane... lights on
RED... waiting... waiting... Down to the school and off to the start.

"Where is everyone?"

"Oh you missed 'em mate.. they went off two minutes ago"...

Running through the start to shouts of "Go on mate, you can catch 'em". Running like a two stroke trying to catch

someone so I won't be last! First mile in 6.10.. carries on round the corner... Ahaa! runners. Passes a few bodies, hang on there's a NORTHBROOK vest up there.. catches up... "Hello Bev... Hello John... sorry can't stop... got left behind at the start"....

Gets a bit further up the road, hello there's Jim Grum, "Where've you come from?" he says... Pushing on a bit further thinks blimey there's Banner Lane already, half way already. There's that bloke again shouting "Go on mate, you're catching 'em now".

Starts second lap round corner... there's Bob Garner... "Alright Bob?" I says

"No!" he says... "Knackered"

6 miles and I'm sure that's Mick Parkes up there, catches up... "What's up, Come late?" says Mick....

"Yeah" I says "How'd you guess?"

7 miles now and starting to suffer from the early pace..... 8 miles and the boiler pressure starting to get really low. my shoulder... "Allo Nick" ... looks round and it's Bob Garner again, he must be taking PHILOSAN or something. Into the last mile now with Bob tracking me, he's going to let me tow him up the last bit and then duff me on the run in... put a stop to that, better start putting the pressure on. Halfway up Banner Lane and he's still with me breathing down my neck... boiler pressure almost gone now.. 50 yards to go... it's now or never... head down pedal to metal and turbo boost .. that was close... just manage to hold him off.

Through the funnel and there's the lads having a wobble about the race "Thought you weren't coming" they say

"Nearly didn't " I say.

Nick Moore.

Congratulations to David Hagan on his selection for the
West Midlands Schools Inter - Counties 'B' team running at
Rugley on Sat' Dec 14th.



Gin-slinging (running) in Slingahoare (Singapore)

From your far east correspondant:

I arrived in Singapore and heard from my next door neighbour about some lunatics who meet at various parts of the island and RUN. He took me along one evening and it turned out they were Hash-House runners, I'd never heard of them but apparantly they have groups world wide. They meet at 6.00 p.m. and follow a paper trail through jungle, parks etc. over a distance of about 10K. As it gets dark every night at 7.00-7.15, there's a natural incentive to keep running! The trail/run ends at a parked lorry full of booze and everyone gets well lubricated (or liberated). Announcements are made and various peoples parentage debated, a lot like a rugger club outing. After one run a cloaked figure emerged, called the Hash-whip, and verbally whipped someone for carrying a camera on the run, well it was ladies night.

Although the hash is mainly social, the running can be tough and is good training. 10K across rough ground, through tropical jungle (sometimes) in an hour is good going.

Anyway at the first hash I heard the New Zealanders forces, who had a base near the north coast, were organising a half marathon. Rumours of a medal and a Tee-shirt tempted me, I entered.

Soon found myself leaving Palms wine bar early Saturday night in order to make the start the following morn. 5.30 a.m taxi arrives and ferries me to the NZ barracks. 6.30 a.m the start, its dark, hot (28 deg C), and clammy. I follow the crowd (I don't know where the hell the route goes) out of the barracks and down a lane through the jungle. Hope there aren't any mozzies about, or Japs who haven't surrendered yet. The first 7 miles, apart from day dawning, passing the occasional Kampon and amusing the locals passed quite quickly. I got a bit fed up with comments from fellow runners like "Phew its hot", "It's gonna get hotter" and "Mad dogs and NZ...." etc. At the 8 mile mark a girl goes steaming past, right that's it, time to dig in and show the Northbrook colours etc. feeling good so I stretch out after her -bloody foolish thing to do- by the 9 mile mark I'm dead on my feet. A humid 30-32 deg.C and rising, where's that water station? I thought Singapore was flat, this bit is like the Himalayas. Sun is up proper now and ambushing you between trees, God its hot, at last water, ugh! its awful - whose idea was this?? Back on the main road now. 12 mile mark, must look good at the finish, show the flag etc. A few All-Blacks are dying on their feet and threatening anyone who tries to help, the finish and I'm all in. Apres finish its only 8.10 a.m., O.K. where's me medal, Tee-shirt etc? "Leave yur name an address, we'll post it on, cobber" (sorry wrong antipodeans - did you know the NZers really hate being mistaken for Aussies? I soon found out.) Thinking I'd been conned and feeling pretty p----- off I went and caught the bus home.

Anyhow three weeks ago I received a package and inside was a Tee-shirt and a Certificate, all is forgiven, what a great bunch of lads etc. Well it wasn't that bad really, I certainly left my mark on that half marathon (about 100 yards from the finish), maybe next year a full marathon?? Someone shoot me if I volunteer.

Dennis —



We arrive by coach at the Fort Wadsworth assembly area at 9.00am, smug in the knowledge that those who had used the public buses had set out as early as 5.30 am- the start wasn't until 10.45 am. Apparently those who had caught the bus before 6.30 am were promised free rolls and coffee at the start area- I preferred the extra couple of hours in bed!

Over the tannoy system someone announces that the current temperature is 64°- it somehow feels a lot warmer. It is expected to rise to 70° by noon. Still, that shouldn't be too bad -famous last words!

Having sampled the delights of the world's longest urinal, together with the usual $\frac{1}{2}$ hour queue for the portaloos, we make our way towards the dual starts at the entrance to the Verrazano-Narrows bridge. I decide to cheat a bit by starting in the 2h 40m finish zone. However, it soon becomes obvious that nearly everyone else has had the same idea as there seems to be at least 5000 people in front of me - and that's just on the blue start.

10.45 am - The starting cannon fires, and to the sound of the Rocky theme we're off. After 2 minutes I cross the start line and its on to the bridge for the uphill first mile (9m 05s). Its amusing to see the number of men who stop at this point to relieve themselves over the side of the bridge -apparently, its a tradition of the race, (perhaps the urinal wasn't long enough after all). Then its a downhill second mile from the bridge into Brooklyn and onto the dead straight, 8 mile long 4th Avenue. The crowds at this stage are very supportative, with continuous cries of 'Go Britain' and 'Good race Man' (it seems a bit early for that). Its important to keep your concentration at this stage as the roads are in a bad condition, and it would be easy to twist an ankle.

I pass the 10km mark in just over 46 minutes, but despite the frequent water stations I am already beginning to feel the heat.

The 2 starts finally join up after 8 miles and we run into the Williamsburgh area, which is largely populated by the Jewish community. Here the support quietens considerably, as it is apparently against their religion to cheer too loudly.

10 miles is reached in just under 74 minutes, but despite the steady pace I am already beginning to feel tired,

The Polaski Bridge, seperating the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, is the halfway point of the race and I pass this stage in 1h 37minutes. I'm really starting to struggle by now- all those nice steady 20 mile training runs back home don't seem to be having much effect here!

After another 2 miles we reach the infamous Queensboro Bridge which turns out to be just as hard as promised. There are no crowds at this point, and the iron grid surface of the bridge makes it feel like you're running on the cobbles at London, despite the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long carpet they've laid out for us to run on. The officials at the 16 mile point assure me I'm running at a 3h 18 m pace, but I can tell its going to take me a lot longer than that.

Coming off the bridge we make a 270 degree turn onto First Avenue, and we are greeted by a wall of noise from the 6 deep crowds on both sides of the road. First Avenue runs for approximately 3 miles, dead straight, slightly uphill, and it was somewhat demoralising to see the thousands of runners spread out ahead of me. The heat seems very intense at this stage, and my pace is down to little more than a jog.

We finally reach the 20 mile point (2h 40m) and cross into the Bronx. Its at this stage that I start to get cramp in both of my legs, probably due to the amount of water I've been drinking. I start to panic a bit, as the Bronx doesn't seem the best of places to stop, but fortunately after another mile the pain goes off.



We cross back into Manhattan after 22 miles and head through Harlem towards Central Park. The crowd support is really fantastic, with all the kids wanting to slap your palms as you run past—after a while, this becomes too tiring, and I decide to stick to the middle of the road!

We finally enter Central Park at 23 miles, but I know it will be hard from here as the last 3 miles are mainly uphill.

It's here that the crowd really get behind you, with frequent cries of 'Come on England' and (more to the point) 'Don't quit man, you can do it'.— I can't understand though why everyone keeps saying I'm looking so good when I'm feeling so bad!

The time is slipping away from me and it looks like I won't even break 3h 40m.

I eventually reach the far end of the park, where the route turns up into 60th Street, then back into the park, across the grass verge and up the final $\frac{1}{2}$ mile climb to the finish at Tavern on the Green. To my considerable relief I cross the finish line and am presented with my 'Jim'll Fixit' badge. The acclaim of the crowds as we walk back to the baggage buses is incredible, and you would think I'd won the race from the way they tell me how well I've done. I'm just relieved to have narrowly missed a PW.

Having just about recovered from the race by now, I can assure you that, despite being a tough course, the NYC marathon is the experience of a life time and one that I would recommend to anyone with the time and money to do it — only don't go looking for a PB!

RESULT

1. O. Pizzolato	2:11:34
2. A. Saleh	2:12:29
3. P. Petersen	2:12:59
74. G. Waitz	2:28:34
4523. R. Adams	3:41:18



LETTER FROM JIM SOLAN LETTER FROM JIM SOLAN LETTER FROM JIM

Hi folks,

Just a short line to let you all know how I'm doing. I've joined Chelmsford AC in the Essex League (they haven't asked for any membership fees yet) The club is a bit hot for me, probably slightly better than Masseys, but it's OK socially and they've got a bar, and it's the only one in Chelmsford! I've only run for them once and was their 11th. finisher in the Essex League, coming 71st. overall, so I don't think I'll get in their National team this year !!

The trouble with Essex is that it's all flat, no Straicase (I'd have thought you would have been pleased about that Jim! Ed.) After a summer of discontent due to niggly injuries, long holidays and general apathy, my training is starting to get together now, which is more than can be said for work!

Best wishes, Jim.

"I am fed up with running in those sort of races where you go in knowing that you are going to win, you trot around and wave to the crowd."
Steve Cram after the 1500 metres world record.

"We thought that the next European Junior Games in two years time, would be in Greece or somewhere really exciting. But we looked it up and it's in Birmingham." The Tulloh twins, Jojo and Katherine.



5. Don't forget the Christmas 'do'. Royal Court. 21st Dec. 7.30-8.00 — until 1.00am!