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About 8k



MY BIG APPLE MARATHON

by Glen Davies

Late in 2011 I registered my interest in running the 2012 New York Marathon with a company called Travelling Fit. Travelling Fit are the official Sports Travel Agency for quite a number of the world's great marathons and ultra-marathons. With a sub 3hr qualifying time to get into New York, my only chance would be to obtain a spot through Travelling Fit. To my surprise, some 13 months out from the 2012 race they had sold out all the entries that New York Road Runners had given them. There was still a possibility that they would be allocated more spots so I was on the waiting list. As luck would have it I missed out on the 2012 race as they did not get any more entries. I immediately then registered and paid my deposit for the 2013 New York Marathon to be assured of a spot.

As you know the 2012 NY Marathon was cancelled at the last minute due to Hurricane Sandy. In hindsight I was lucky not to get a start. Not being sure my 2013 registration would be honoured due to the cancellation of the 2012 race, I waited impatiently for confirmation.

It finally came in December 2012. The planning for New York and a relaxing holiday afterwards started in earnest.

While luck was with me to obtain a spot, 2013 started the way 2012 finished – injured and on the sidelines. It was to be a very frustrating year in terms of running. It wasn't until March that I could finally start to put in 5 days a week training. By the time the Running Festival came around in August I was doing enough training to perhaps even tackle the Townsville Marathon as preparation for New York. But, knowing my body's susceptibility to injuries I thought better of it and stuck to the half marathon.

A few weeks after the running festival with the body feeling great, mileage was slowly building when I ended up with a Sciatic nerve problem in my left leg. This was to be the start of a frustrating 6 week period with not a lot of running. A few weeks out from the marathon I was able to start running again pain free, but by this stage the thought of running anywhere near my PB was a distant memory and my goal was to hit the start line pain free and have an enjoyable run around the streets of New York. Optimistically I set my goal at 4hrs, but realistically I thought 4:15 to 4:20 might be more like it, given my build-up.

We landed in New York late Friday afternoon with the run on Sunday. A couple of days to get over the jet lag was probably a bit ambitious, but I thought, "It'll be alright." Can't say I slept too much on the Friday and Saturday nights with the excitement building. I woke early on Sunday morning as our bus was picking us up from the hotel at 6am. When I got down to the foyer I realised that what I was wearing (jumper, long skins, long tee, singlet and gloves) wasn't going to cut the mustard as far as keeping out the bitter New York cold. It was forecasted to be 34 Fahrenheit (2 Celsius) at the start and we would be sitting out at Staten Island for around 1 to 2 hours before the race got started. Quickly I raced back to my room and said to my wife, "Give me the oldest pair of jeans I have." I put those on but talk about being unprepared !!!

Our bus trip to Staten Island took over 2 hours which was okay because the longer we were sitting inside a nice warm bus the better. Travelling Fit provided food and drinks on the bus to fuel up before the race. Time came to exit the bus and along with the other 50 000 runners I proceeded to migrate



PRESIDENTS REPORT



Hello again all you avid athletes, reluctant runners, social striders and ambulant amblers.



Welcome to round two of the Tony G president's report, about as informative as the care tag on the Bonds undies I was rocking (Eagle Rocking to be precise-With Dave Nahrung and his not so fat brother "Fat Tony") at the presentation evening. Machine wash, do not tumble dry, do not iron. And since when are they "do not tumble dry"? Nothing beats a toasty tumbled set of Bonds in the chill of winter mornings. Excuse my digressions, I go off on more tangents than trigonometry.

I thoroughly enjoyed the presentation evening. It was a roaring success. I would like to see the majority of the club turn out over the coming seasons and support this social event, made only greater by the people who attend. There is interest again in having a theme for the presentation evening. Anyone with thoughts or theories on this is more than welcome to approach me and it will be a management committee decision down the line.

Congratulations go to **Deahne Turnbull** and **Simon O'Regan** as the 2013 club champions. Simon also took out the President's Cup award and the President's choice awards. Basically all that was on offer Simon grasped, including half of **Kath Neimanis'** dessert!

On a sombre note, our community recently lost a charming, talented friend. **Evan Quagliotto** always had a smile and wave for me, I liked him. Evan's family has accepted donations to the charity [beyondblue](http://www.beyondblue.org.au). Simon O'Regan donated his profits from the final few Tuesday track sessions of the year and several other members forwarded over \$75 last week. Any further donations can be made at www.beyondblue.org.au.

Our off-season runs have been well received. I have thoroughly enjoyed a few new ventures by club members such as Aussie **Rob Ellershaw** and **Ian Frazer**. Aussie Rob gave us an education on the blue and yellow cones and their navigation significance. A week later he created a pop quiz about what was encountered en route. I'm a sucker for trick questions and riddles but am still baffled as to what constitutes a water reservoir in Douglas. Ian's concept was to get people running in teams of four until he last kilometre when one runner from each team made a dash for the line. I loved it! Five years ago I would have been overly competitive and burnt out my whole team in a demoralising spray of profanity and obscure adjectives and been of the "no-points-for-second-best" ethos. BUT in the spirit of this run I actually had my first real conversation with **Catrina Camakaris**, whom we figured by 6 degrees of separation is a teacher of my 8 year old sister! She moved to Townsville last year and got involved with Townsville Road Runners after the Running Festival. She will be joining the club in the up-coming season with her partner **Michael** (Mikey). I guess the social significance of Ian's event, for me, is that road runners is about forging friendships and being closer as a community of vastly differing individuals. Take what you will from it but I feel as though I have a responsibility to talk to at least one new person a week at each of our Saturday runs. Food for thought really, I put it to all club members to make a new friend.

Also on our trek around the Uni, **Annaliese Otto** came up with the brilliant idea of an off-season team treasure hunt run. Most probably down the Strand collecting napkins from local businesses and digging stuff in the sand (between hotly contested kilometres of course). The details are up for discussion and refinement. Once again thanks for your attention, anybody who made it this far is a true devotee of the club!

Run smart, run safe.



Continued from P1

into the starting zone. I found somewhere out of the bitterly cold wind to finish my breakfast, down a couple of hot cups of tea and start a nice long warm up routine. Luckily my start time was in wave 1 so I was called into the marshalling area about 45 minutes later which had a little bit of protection from the elements. Here I mingled and spoke to runners from all around the world. Amazing how many countries participate in this race.

Finally the gun went and I was determined to stick to my race plan of a 4 hour finish. The race starts with a crossing of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. Just over 2km in length, with the first kilometre an uphill climb and the second downhill, the trek to Central Park was on. With 3 separate courses for the first 4 to 5 km separating the runners it took me a little over 4 minutes from the gun to cross the start line. The race then proceeded through the streets of Brooklyn for the next 21km. After the first few kilometres the crowds started to build. Once we were well into the borough of Brooklyn the crowds were huge. In some places 5 to 10 deep on both sides of the roads. With the music pumping and the crowds cheering and high-fiving the runners, at times it was difficult to not get carried away with the adrenaline pumping. As you ran through the different neighbourhoods in Brooklyn, the make-up of the crowd changed from Italian to German to Asian to Irish. Every neighbourhood came out in their thousands to cheer on the runners all except the Jewish neighbourhood. As you ran through their neighbourhood hardly a sound except for the runners' feet for around 2 kilometres.

The end of the borough of Brooklyn marked the halfway mark. I went through the halfway point in about 1:54.30. Probably



around 4 minutes quicker than my race plan but I felt good. The race then proceeded to cross into the borough of Queens after another climb onto and over the second bridge of the race. Once over the bridge and into Queens the crowds reappeared en masse. I remember crossing the Pulaski Bridge when a few spots of rain started to fall. Just what we needed was rain to go with the cold and windy conditions. Luckily the wind sorted the rain out and it stayed dry for the remainder of the race. The race through Queens was quite short in comparison, about 5 kilometres. Leaving Queens we headed over the Queens Borough (59th St) Bridge into Manhattan. The climb onto the bridge plus the run across the bridge spanned some 2.2km. For my part it seemed as though 75% of the run across the bridge was uphill. As there were no crowds on the bridge, an eerie silence came over the runners. At 25km into the race the chatter between runners was also at a minimum.

As we descended the last couple of hundred metres off the bridge into Manhattan, a wall of noise from the crowds on 1st Avenue greeted the runners. A great pick-me-up for any runners feeling the pinch. The race then proceeded down 1st Avenue for the next 66 blocks. This by all accounts is the fastest section of the race with the majority of the next 6 kilometres either flat or with a slight descent. Again, the crowds were enormous along 1st Avenue. Probably greater than the numbers in Brooklyn but not quite as loud. In my race plan I had hoped to run a little harder in this section so I started to push the pace but not too much. Having not covered any distance beyond 28km in my training due to my injuries, things might start to come unstuck soon. I pushed on feeling good as



I left Manhattan and hit Harlem at the end of 1st Avenue.

A short run through Harlem sent us over the Willis Avenue Bridge into the Bronx. I felt surprisingly good climbing onto the bridge, passing plenty of people who had started to walk by this stage. Running through the Bronx was an interesting experience with the people and music certainly different to what we had experienced in the previous 33km. After only a few k's into the Bronx, bridge number 5 greeted the runners as we ventured back into Harlem for the final 8km. During the next couple of kilometres runners are greeted with more music, more crowds and a little bit of gospel singing from the locals.



As we left Harlem and entered 5th Avenue, New York's famous Central Park loomed which meant there was only 6km to go. I was still maintaining my pace to finish at 4hr but as happens to most runners at this stage the pain starts. The pain was manageable and I kept telling myself "pain is only weakness trying to leave the body". As we pounded down 5th Avenue for a few kilometres we passed all the museums then we turned into the park for the final 4 kilometres. The previous day I had run the final bit to loosen up so I knew what I was in for. The final 4km through Central Park is quite tough. An undulating run but with spectators lining the roadside, encouragement was plentiful. I toughed out the undulations and exited onto 59th St (Central Park South) where the crowds were 10 deep on both sides of the road. One more kilometre on the road then into the park for the final 600m.

I turned into the park for the final time and soaked up the atmosphere as I headed to the finish. I looked for my wife and family as I neared the end but due to the number of spectators they could not get into the park. I crossed the line in 3:54.07, well inside my goal of 4hr. Not only was I happy with the time (my second fastest marathon time), but the fact that I ran from start to finish without walking once and I crossed the line in good shape, made a frustrating year of injuries well worth it.

The New York Marathon certainly lives up to the hype. Not the easiest course to run by any means with its undulating profile and bridges to climb but it more than makes up for it with an atmosphere second to none and an iconic city setting to run through.



A decorative border of red poinsettias with green leaves surrounds the text. At the bottom, a blue dashed line represents a running path, with a silhouette of a runner in the distance.

SPEED BUMPS

WHAT a buzz for TRR oldies to see **Dominic Tonner** and **Richmond Sense** blocks ahead in last Saturday's off-season run at Riverway. They were out of sight by the Weir School and had finished the 8km loop before many of us had completed the 6km option. Enjoy the off-season and keep it up for 2014 boys.

* * * *

FRASER Bradley is back after many patient months of recovery from the leg injury that blighted his 2013 season. Like Dominic and Richmond, he took the Vickers Bridge long-cut last weekend.

* * * *

Speed Bump's spy spotted **Matthew Boschen** training in a jumper lately and joked he must be preparing for a Northern Hemisphere run - remembering his liking for obscure US events. No way said Matt, you just caught me on the hop, half-dressed in between the kids' brekkie and preschool.

* * * *

LES Crawford has moved back to Geelong, after a job offer he couldn't refuse. But be warned, any veteran who anticipated grief once Les turned 60 next year, He and his wife, Rose, love the North and have vowed to return now and then, especially for the running festival.

* * * *

APART from the chance to ply tracks and road less travel, the off-season tends to draw old friends back to the North, eg former club treasurer **Amanda Jocusen** who called in for the final JCU run, in November and **Larry Gilboy** and **Wendy Foulkes** in town for a VIP wedding this weekend.

* * * *

WITH news from Hawaii of the **Neimanis family's** marathon successes last weekend, I'm beginning to hear of grand plans for 2014. **Trevor Brown** is thinking of a NZ challenge, **Mike and Mary Donoghue** are contemplating a World War I battlefields' event in France, **Dave Nahrung** has unfinished business in New York and **Brian Armit** has a Perth or Adelaide marathon in his sights. About 8k editor Diane is keen to hear of other 2014 adventures.

* * * *

'If you want to run, run a mile. If you want to experience another life, run a marathon.' - **Emil Zatopek**.

*Are you interested in becoming a volunteer in the club?
Wondered what it involves? How much time it takes? This
month, TRR's Registrar tells us a bit about her role.*



Judy Davies

Being the Registrar is busy for the first half of the year but exciting. Why? Because you get to know all the members, record their details and put it all together in a long list of names. It's good being part of TRR's team helping the club to run smoothly and efficiently. Things are a bit busy at the start of the year when everyone should be registered by the Dash for Cash, which is the first points run. The club membership has grown in the last 3 years from about 250 to 350 .

The year starts off with organising new membership forms which are made available on the Web page and at the Saturday morning runs. The details from the membership forms are then recorded on a spreadsheet and sometimes it is a bit tricky deciphering the email addresses and some of the handwriting. From this spreadsheet a list of names, in alphabetical order, is put together for the Saturday morning runs for recording the tags numbers for the long and short courses and club points.

My other job is assisting the Treasurer by depositing the money from memberships, Saturday morning runs and the Fun Runs.

Farewell Natascha Costello

TRR this week said goodbye to one of our club's classiest competitors. Natascha has retired after 22 years at St Pat's but is hoping to pick up some occasional work on the Sunshine Coast. Despite a late start to running, Natascha achieved some remarkable results including running 2:59.48 in Townsville at 43 and winning the masters at the Honolulu marathon in the same year.

Some of her other achievements included the Great Ocean road(46k) 3:54 to take out the 55+ years and the Glasshouse Mountain 80k in 7:56—1st woman home and 3rd overall. Jenny Brown said she was an inspiration to the crew from Douglas during training runs, putting it to everyone on the hills. Widge Rowden wrote a tribute for her 50th birthday which still applies. The final stanza reads:

“Now the years have run fast & 50 she's made.
And our girl is still running, no lying in the shade.
So Natascha.. may the roads rise to meet you
& keep a smile on your face,
May you run on forever at a good steady pace.”



Four Peaks The Bright Alpine Climb November 2013 by Joe Scott



The information leaflet says: "enjoying" climbing the Four Peaks since 1979!! I'm not sure that this quite describes my memory of the event. It's bloody hard work!!

The series climbs four mountains around Bright Victoria, on successive days.

Day 1-Mystic Hill, 797m high and 11.09km-start finish at same spot.

Day 2-Mt Feathertop, 1922m high, 12km to finish- unfortunately the finish is at the top, and you have to walk back down to the start-tot 24km!

Day 3-Mt Bogong, 1986m high, 11km up- and the same problem as day 2- total 22km.

Day 4-Mt Buffalo, 1200m high, 10.5km up.

Fortunately runners can be picked up at the

top of this one after presentations and celebrations.

Fortunately our old TRR running mate Roger Liebish and partner Judy Kelaway live in Wandilagong, a beautiful spot overlooking the mountains, and only 6km from Bright, so Desley and I used this years event as an excuse for a trip to the deep south, and to catch up with old friends.

Jaap DeJong and Judy Davies joined us at Judy and Roger's, so we had a terrific pasta and alcohol loading party on the eve of the event to suitably motivate us.

The motivation evaporated a bit as we headed for the start of the Mystic Hill run at 6.30am and 3degrees C. The event is mixed walkers and runners, with the walkers starting at least 30 mins and upto 90mins ahead of the runners. Our hostess Judy was registrar, so had to be there at 6am to sign in the 300 or so starters, although not everybody did all four mountains. The Mystic Hill run starts in the Wandilagong sports field, and within half a k is going up a semi vertical fire trail. I didn't see anybody run this part! The first hour up to the high point was fairly fearsome, which meant that we were too stuffed to properly run the three k undulating ridgeline which would normally have been a synch. After the first steep bit of decent which saw a few people land on their tails, the last four k was steadily downhill, so Judy and Jaap vanished from view. I ambled back at a civilised walking pace to protect old war wounds, and try to preserve something for the next few days. Jud and Jaap's times approx 1hr50mins, mine about 2.15. There was plenty of tea and coffee, and cakes, bickies and fruit, even for the late finishers, and this happened even on the big days to follow when people were getting back to the start seven hours after starting and finishers spread over three or four hours. All in all, a really well organised event.

After a quick look around Bright, it was back to Rog and Judy's estate for recuperation and more alcohol loading. Incidentally, you will not find this recommended in most of the running training manuals, but Jaap and I have had some moderate success with this procedure in some very trying circumstances over the years.(Note of caution to beginners:- this may not be for everyone!?? Please consult your personal trainer, physician, age care adviser or mortician before trying either the event or the preparation. They won't understand, but consult them anyway!)

Day two was off to a bit of a surprise with the scrape the frost off the windscreen routine. Long time since we had done that! A half hour drive along the valley to Harrierville brought us to the start point of the Mt Feathertop race. Not quite so many starters as day 1, but still a good turnout.



Judy and I were suitably decked out in leg skins, gloves, beanie, and wind jackets. My jacket, courtesy of a loan from Desley, was a delicate shade of pink, and in combination with the black leg skins was rather fetching, I thought, and I expect it will set new style targets for coming years. Jaap, optimistic that frenzied activity would keep him warm, was in shorts and t shirt. The first k is on road, which Judy and Jaap jogged and vanished into the distance. My little knees had not entered into the spirit of the morning at that stage, and in fact, continued in mutinous mode along with my thighs and quads for the rest of the day. After the first k the track enters the forest, and is a single line track for the rest of the ascent, apparently originally set up as a donkey track to access some long forgotten diggings, but consequently a steady and consistent grade. Our pace could be described as a slow power walk, only interrupted by having to step off the track to let the runners through. Not too many walkers were faster than us. The beanie and gloves came off after about a half hour. The only respite in the trail is a hut at about 1800m, which is above the tree line with a view along the open ridges. Unfortunately the pleasant view is accompanied by the realisation that the real top is still about another half hour of hard yacker away, and not the small bump ahead that I had been eagerly focussing on. A couple of snow patches are around. On with the beanie and gloves again.



The finishing time is taken right on top at 1922m. The finish judge had set off up the hill at 4am replete with folding chair, Eskimo gear, thermos, compass, and clipboard, recorded all the times, and stays there until the "sweep" arrives to confirm that everybody is up, before folding up and walking all the way back down again.-a bit more demanding than the average helper duties!

The clouds had stayed high, and the view out over the snowy mountains and the Victorian high country was superb. I was surprised and enthused to have made it. I arrived at the top only about five minutes behind Jaap and Judy,

taking 2 hr 45mins. Jaap was already heading off the top and back to the hut as I got there, suffering from the sub zero temperature and in danger of frostbite to the nether regions. Roger made it safely to the top about 15 mins later- at 72 still going strong. The good runners floated back down the trail making it look easy. For us, the walk down took as long as the walk up and was nearly as hard on the knees and fetlocks. Fortunately we were able to celebrate the half way point in the event in the appropriate manner at a local Bright chinese restaurant, so the aches and pains were dulled briefly.

Day 3 greeted us with another hard frost and a half hour drive over to Tawonga to the start of the Mt Bogong race. Mt Bogong is Victoria's highest mountain at 1986m, and officials had decided to finish the event about 100m height below the top due to forecast high winds and sub zero temperatures on the summit ridge. As you can imagine this news filled us with eager anticipation!

Fortunately forecasts can be wrong-it was cold but clear. The track was another single file track through the forest, but steeper and rougher in many places than Feathertop. The 'steeper and rougher' is made much more severe in this case, as this is day 3, and a couple of really hard days are behind us! I found it a real struggle, and again lost a bit of time on the others, taking 2hrs40mins to get to the finish point. This time Roger had set off a bit earlier and was at the finish waiting for us. As it turned out, the weather was great so we all climbed onwards to the cairn at the summit. Again, magnificent views across the high country-we're at the top of Victoria- and it's good to be upright and alive!!



The walk down again took as long as the climb, the legs being even tireder and shakier than the day before. The steeper sections were interesting, and Roger did a couple of interesting pirouettes, and a minor somersault- I hadn't really appreciated his gymnastic abilities before. By the time we got back to Wandilagong, Desley and hostess Judy had been playing ladies in the local markets and coffee shops, and couldn't understand why we were limping around and complaining! This time the recuperation procedures were attempted in the local Italian restaurant- I'm not sure if they were working sufficiently well by that stage. In my case it was not critical, as I could not do day 4, as we had an appointment in NSW. Spiritually, I was a bit disappointed at not being able to complete the series. My little legs, however, and every joint from the neck down, were actually quite grateful that it was over, and that the body could return to some semblance of normality.

That left day 4 and Mt Buffalo to the survival of the fittest! The sting in the tail of the event is the race up Mt Buffalo, 1200m high, finishing at the lodge. Judy continues:-

The final day, Tuesday, Melbourne Cup Day started off a *really* cold morning of 0 degrees and more ice on the car windscreen. The track starts at a picnic area at the base of Mt Buffalo and finishes 10km at the closed down Chalet and viewing areas. The track is called the Great Walk and it is well marked winding up through the bush, across the main road to the top, over large boulders and up lots of steps. The view from the track of the Ovens Valley and townships of Bright and Myrtleford is glorious. As noted from previous days we were very leg weary and mostly walked the track; although to look really good we ran the last km up to the Chalet and the finish but not sure anyone noticed.

The usual hot drinks and snacks were at the finish and a sausage sizzle was also available with the day sunny and warm at the top. The Presentation Ceremony acknowledged Reg who started the event 30 years ago and still makes the hand carved trophies. The first male completed all the runs in a total time of 4.18 hours and the first lady in 5.03 hours Wow ! Our times were more than double those times.

After a lift down the road, back to the start we said good bye to our good friends Roger and Judy and went touring west/south Victoria.

All in all, it's a great event. It was well organised in a low key way, in a beautiful part of the world, and probably the cheapest in the country at \$20 entry for the four days.



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