

Festival City Runner

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NOVEMBER, 1979



RESULTS RECORD

The Festival City Marathon is conducted in association with

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Festival City Runner

NOVEMBER, 1979

Newsletter of the Distance runners Club of S.A. Inc.

Distributed free of charge to entrants in the FESTIVAL CITY MARATHON and members of the Distance Runners Club. Additional copies \$1. Another issue of the Festival City Runner will be produced in March, after which D.R.C. membership registration for the 1980/81 season is due. A separate subscription will then be charged to non-members.

THE DISTANCE RUNNERS CLUB OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA INC.

The Distance Runners Club of South Australia is a voluntary body affiliated with the S.A. Amateur Athletic Association with the objective of promoting and developing distance running as a sport and recreation.

The club is responsible for the organisation of runs each weekend and on some week nights throughout Autumn and Winter and organises the Winter competition of the S.A.A.A.

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EDITORS FESTIVAL CITY RUNNER 1979:
Bruce Abrahams, Sipra Lloyd. Correspondence to P.O. Box 388, Unley, 5061

"I consider running, distance running in particular — the healthiest of all contemporary sports. The marathon is not the most arduous sport, as it's commonly known, but the most perfect sport for the human organism. Muscle elasticity, commitment of will, and preparation of the nervous system are all required in a single long run. The ability to recover from stress — not in an armchair, but while actually running — is equally important. The person who can put all these abilities together is a hero, who can rightly congratulate him/herself on the achievement. Medal or not, such a runner has proved his/her mettle."

Emil Zatopek



RESULTS RECORD

NUMBER OF ENTRIES: 695
NUMBER OF STARTERS: 525 (estimated)
NUMBER OF FINISHERS: 464 (89%)
FIRST MAN: Grenville WOOD 2:30:08
FIRST WOMAN: Robyn BROWN 3:28.24

Winners of \$835 QANTAS overseas travel plus inter-state connection by ANSETT:

Ian HILL 3:53.24
John CARTER 4:23.11

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL FINISHERS

TO FINISH, WAS TO WIN

Smiling through the pain of a marathon run

THIS SPORTING LIFE
with Geoff Roach (courtesy the News)

Up O'Connell St they came, past the Oberoi Hotel and on to the delicious downhill sweep towards Adelaide Oval and glory.

Singly at first, then in ever increasing number, men and women of South Australia ran their race against distance, a gale and the clock.

Flecked with the wind-dried sweat of their own perspiration, some sprinting others limping, they veered across King William St., by the Cathedral and into a spectator guard of honor clapping them on to the Victor Richardson Gates finish.

How richly they deserved that applause for they had joined select company.

They had just run 42 kilometres. Completed the first Festival City Marathon.

Various hours earlier at 7.30 Sunday morning, they had assembled in rain and gloom at Gawler's Princes Park to run to Adelaide.

Most were breaking virgin ground. They had no real conception of what awaited them. But all knew with absolute certainty that the southerly gale would be against them, forcing into their eyes and mouths and opposing their bodies all the way.

In the circumstances, the pre-race favorite, Grenville Wood, running his third marathon in three months predicted a winning time of 2 hours, 40 minutes, slow by current standards.

Wood knew that to run even that quickly he would have to apply the only proven wind technique. Get in behind early and let others do the work.

"Sneaky, but the only way to win," he admitted.

Yet, when the start sorted itself out, he was among the group of five that set the pace past Smithfield and Elizabeth, into the left hand turn at Salisbury and then on to Bridge Road at Para Hills.

It was steady going and Wood felt strong, so much so that he was tempted to break another pre-race decision. To wait until Ingle Farm before making his move.

He runs from Ingle Farm to Adelaide and back every day as part of his 180 km per week preparation and was confident nobody could pace him from there.

So it proved.



GRENVILLE WOOD, FIRST ACROSS THE LINE,
2:30.08

(Photo by Sue Forth)

Running in all red, with a prophetic no 1 on his chest, he broke away down Hampstead Road and breezed by the Oberoi just as 22 year old Alan Hanley entered O'Connell St.

Pouring it on down the slope, Wood finished in a fine 2 hr 30.08.

Hanley, meanwhile was running on fear, He knew Bob Barnard, whom he had passed earlier, was coming on strong again. But he dared not look back. To do so

he would surely reveal his anxiety, give Barnard the spark of hope that could turn things around.

So he stared straight ahead and, with arms flailing and his body seeming to sag lower with each stride, he gutsed it out to finish second.

Barnard was next, then daylight. The hard competitive surge had ended. But this marathon wasn't really about who finished first. And what followed was marvellous — a river of runners diverse of shape and size but united of purpose. To finish.

Contrast abounded. Early on came Ian Dobbie, 41, and on his thirteenth marathon, side-by-side with the first junior, Andrew Both. Eighteen year old Both had caught a stitch seven km out, then cramped 200 metres from the finish. But he was smiling broadly over the line.

Track 800 metres star Peter Jenner produced an astonishing finish. He had run within himself until he was sure he could make the distance. Then he looked around for an incentive.

Entering O'Connell St. he spotted 17 marathon man Phil Afford 500 metres ahead and set out to catch him. He did, right on the line.

John Bannon finished a noteworthy twenty-first then hobbled around on legs that could barely support him. He had psyched himself to get past Bridge Rd and knew then he would make it.

But he was astounded that his legs could give way so definitely. "After this an election will be easy," he confided.

Schoolteacher, Tony Weaver, propped at the Gates, faltering as the reality of his effort engulfed him, then eased himself on to the ground to share his thoughts with friends.

Blood coated his calves where they had rubbed together and he was, he said, weak, hungry and thirsty at the same time.

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At one stage he had to fight an urge to stop and go to sleep by the curb.

"My head is so clear but it's a long way from my body. Everything in the extremities is tingling", he said.

"I was bored because it was so slow — my watch even seemed to be slowing down — yet I didn't dare go faster.

"The people along the way were terrific. Little kids and old people were out there clapping or just nodding their heads."

One had the feeling he'd be doing it again next year.

Football umpire Mark Coombe certainly will. "My word I'll be there. There's something mysterious about it. I was all right to the 35km then, exactly as they said, I was in trouble. The companionship, people helping and encouraging each other was really something," said Coombe who finished high up.

Robyn Brown, 26, beat the women home and looked as though she could have run the course again.

Not a bead of sweat disturbed her freckles as she calmly accepted congratulations.

A crack hurdler who moved here from NSW two years ago and competed in the Perth nationals last summer, she ran a fine three hours 29 minutes and will beat that in the future.

"Once you start you can't stop. Otherwise you've wasted everything," she said.

On and on they came the majority in surprisingly good shape.

Robin Millhouse, barechested as always clocked in at 3 hr 22 min, and a 13 year old Jonathan Abrahams cleared the four-hour barrier.

Mates John Auld of Qantas and TAA's Geoff Wickham ran stride for stride the whole way to try and beat four hours. They made it by two minutes.

A one-armed man finished just ahead of a long-haired runner wearing an outrageous pair of checked green bermuda shorts. Still they came.

Inside the oval, the survivors glugged down Berri Juice, joyfully greeting each other and swapping times and experiences.

But there was pain too.

One middle-aged man moved agonisingly through the throng, his thin legs knotted with cramp.

He staggered, then dropped to the ground. A spectator moved quickly to his side. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"How do I feel?" the runner looked up, his eyes moist with pride and fulfilment.

"Bloody marvellous is how I feel. I finished a marathon. It's the greatest moment of my life."

But it's 'a bloody long way' for me

By "Advertiser" journalist Bob Howlett who competed in the Festival City Marathon. (Courtesy the Advertiser)

The first Festival City marathon — a sort of fun run for masochists — took place between Gawler and Adelaide yesterday.

State marathon runner Grenville Wood was persuaded to enter and win it, but my field of vision was distinguished by his presence only at the start.

The field was aged mostly between 30 and death at the start and looked closer to the second at the end.

About 700 goose-pimpled people in running shoes stood in light drizzle at Princes Park, Gawler, waiting for the 8 a.m. start.

For most of us, it was the first try at the 42.2 kilometre haul.

The starter appeared elevated above the crowd, and counted down with a devastating lack of theatrics to send us pounding up the first of an-at-the-time infinite series of hills.

It was also one of the few times we were'nt running into the wind.

"Too late to pull out now, but hell, its only 26 miles," said the philosopher. Yes.

Through Gawler and down the Main North Road, and Adelaide Oval is just over there. Feet feel fine and knees, the weakest link in a disordered chain of command, are rallying to the cause.

At five kilometres the leaders are out of sight, eliminating permanently any half-baked thought of actually winning the thing. From here it's just for fun.

Every five kilometres, there were drink stations, sponge stops between and the last resort an STA roadliner almost begging to carry us in comfort to the finish.

Through Smithfield, Salisbury, Para Hills, little family groups cheering everyone as a winner.

But in the stretch along Bridge Road the bastard wind blew up.

Smiling STA driver tries temptation again. Not yet — but please don't ask again.

The fun ended, as we were warned it would, somewhere on the slope up to Clearview. The wind became personified, cursed, reviled, spat into (a mistake) and tears of frustration mixed with sweat.

Reports from the toes became more urgent and unreasonable, spectators applauded without quite believing what they saw and grace, balance and

smooth running style degenerated into a shambling shuffle.

Down Hampstead Road, up Nottage Terrace (last bloody hill) Main North Road and the last drink stop. It's strange but with the finish only two kilometres away, we still stop and drink.

Just as well — everyone will finish this run at least two kilograms lighter, most of us double that.

Down O'Connell Street at last — and surely it wasn't this long in the practice runs — roll on Brougham Place.

Past the faithful at St. Peter's and at last, my own prayer is answered.

Just lead me to a small hole and let me die.

I don't know why people run marathons — after all, the original killed its sole entrant — but I do know one thing.

It's a bloody long way.

And some fool was talking about next year!

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PROFILES

BY SIPRA LLOYD



Bob Barnard, Grenville Wood and Allan Hamley.
(Photo by Rick Todd)

GRENVILLE WOOD, the winner of the Festival City Marathon is 24 years old. He started running marathons 5 years ago when he was 19.

The State Marathon of 1974 was his first attempt at the distance and he admits he intended to pull out of this race at the 13 mile mark. However, at 13 miles he was leading the field and he went on to win it in 2 hours 36 minutes.

The Festival City Marathon was his 10th marathon and his second time at winning the event. He feels it is a little unfortunate he started running marathons so early in his athletic career, as only this year has his training really been tough enough to cope with the strain of running a marathon hard.

His training consists of an 8 mile steady run in the morning and fartlek training in the evenings plus two 20 mile runs a week. Only in the mornings does he train at slower than a 5 minute mile pace. His weekly mileage is around 120 miles a week.

He hopes to compete in marathons overseas but feels he won't be ready for this sort of competition until he

has broken 2.20. "I'm not good enough yet." His personal best time he ran in Perth at the National marathon this year. He finished 12th in a time of 2.22.

He came to Australia from Yorkshire, England 10 years ago and is a draftsman with a building company. He joined an athletic club and started running at 16.

Grenville's best time for 1500 metres is 4.02 and he hopes to go below this during the coming summer months as part of his training for the Olympic Marathon Trials to be held in April in Adelaide.

"It's no good coming third or fourth in an Olympic trial. You have to go all out."

"I advocate long, comfortable, fast running. Running as fast as you can, but as comfortably as you can and as far as you can."

Grenville weighs just under 8½ stone and is 5 feet 10 inches tall.

"I enjoy my running. I think you've really got to **want** to run and that's what drives me on. I believe in fate and when there's something driving you on you've got to keep going. I love running. I'd be lost without it!"

ALLAN HANLEY, second across the line is 22 years old and has been running for 5 years. He is a packer with a medical company. The Festival City Marathon is his 4th marathon and he represented South Australia in the National Marathon in Perth in August where he did a personal best time of 2:26.

Allan runs 90 to 100 miles a week in training. He normally does two sessions of fartlek a week and often trains with Grenville Wood.

His goal is to succeed in running some way. "I don't want to be a slogger all my running career." This season he has had a degree of success. He feels he has done what he set out to.

"My aim primarily was the Australian titles and I was there!"

BOB BARNARD, third man in Festival City Marathon, is 26 years old and started running 5 years ago. He has completed three marathons and runs 110 miles a week.

He runs many miles in the winter months on the roads with one fast session per week. In the summer season he runs a little less mileage and does a track session every night.

Bob says, "Basically, I run because I enjoy it. Racing is secondary because I like to see improvement. I can imagine myself running at 60 or 70."

Bob is a Recreation Officer at the Parks Community Centre where he plans fitness programmes for members of the community.

He says that the high mileage of this year has done something to his body systems which has been very beneficial.

He sees himself more as a cross country runner, but his performances this year in cross country have not pleased him. His future ambitions in running are more in cross country than marathoning. Marathons have been included as part of his training for cross country.

ROBYN BROWN, the first woman in the Festival City Marathon is a 26 year old physical education teacher. Robyn started her athletic career as a sprinter and hurdler at the age of 12 when she joined the Woolongong Athletic Club. When she was 17 she signed up with the South Sydney Athletic Club where she specialised in 100 and 200 metre hurdling. She has represented N.S.W. 5 times in national championships and was the team captain in 1975 for her state. She moved to Adelaide in 1978, when she married a South Australian. She started preparing for long distance events last year with 5 and 10 mile runs.

Her husband, a footballer and cricketer has been converted to long distance running and often joins Robyn on her training runs.

Robyn, running her first marathon, ran with a friend until the last few kilometres. She finished in a time of 3

hours 28 minutes, just under a 5 minute a kilometre pace. The furthest she had run previously was 20 miles.

She feels now she'll drop back from her 50 miles a week training and try to develop more leg speed for the shorter distances of 800 metres and 1500 metres over the summer months.

"I enjoy just getting out and running," she says. "There's no pressure on you. Whereas training for sprinting, you've got a schedule and there's a definite specific training you've got to do".

About winning the Festival City Marathon, she says, "All I wanted to do was finish it. Then I got about ½ way and I was told there were only 2 women ahead of me and they were only 3 minutes ahead. So when I passed them I felt I could keep going and be the first woman in."



Wally Beames, age 57, World Veteran Champion leads Robyn Brown first woman across the line.
(Photo by Sue Forth)

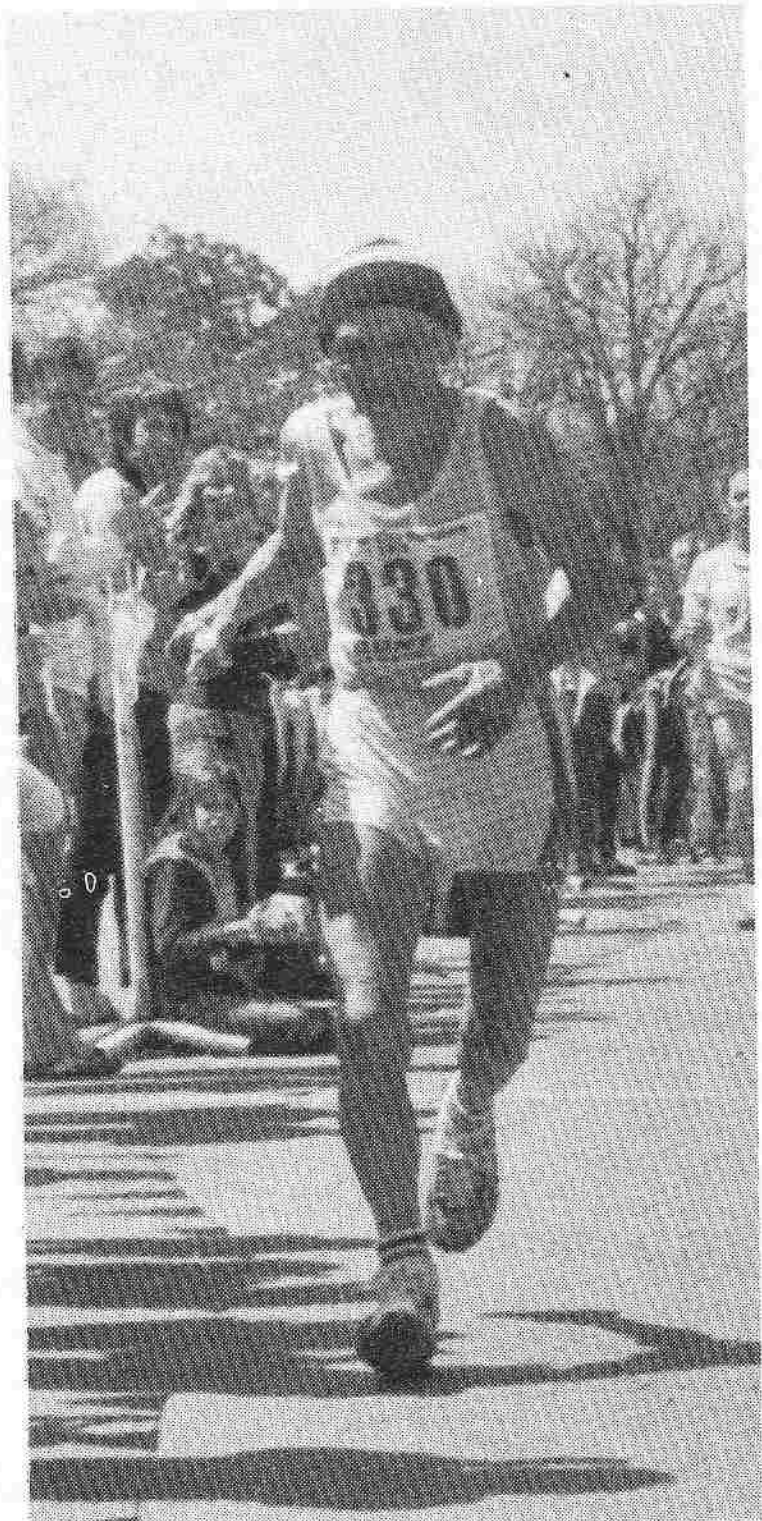
HARRY PURVIS is 69 years old, (70 in November) and completed the Festival City Marathon in 4 hours and 25 minutes. Five years ago he retired from the Electricity Trust and he decided he had better do something with his life, so he took up running. He joined a fitness class and became a member of the Veterans Athletic Club.

He has completed the City to Bay 5 times now and his times are improving each year. This year he finished in 55 minutes.

His training for the Festival City Marathon included a 5 week period when he covered 110kms a week which included three 18 mile runs a week.

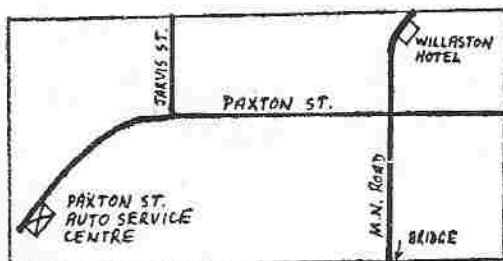
Harry's wife is very tolerant of all the time running takes. Twice a week Harry runs with a runners' group comprised of men from 35 to 50. He says, "You meet some good mates running and I enjoy the companionship. Running has improved me physically and mentally and given me a greater awareness of things."

Harry has never drunk or smoked during his life and he attributes his ease of breathing now in running to this fact. He feels more people his age should run and said he has no competition in his age group. During the Festival City Marathon he found himself comfortably running with a 30 year old man. He has encouraged some of his friends to take up running. One 65 year old mate of his 'folded' at the 30 km mark according to Harry.



Harry Purvis, 70 years old in November, 4:25.46
(Photo by Sue Forth)

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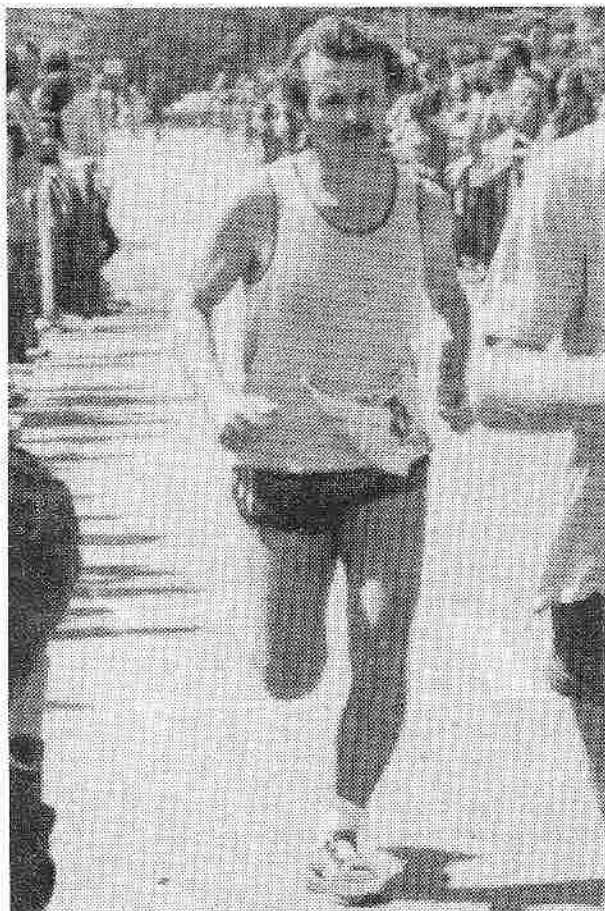
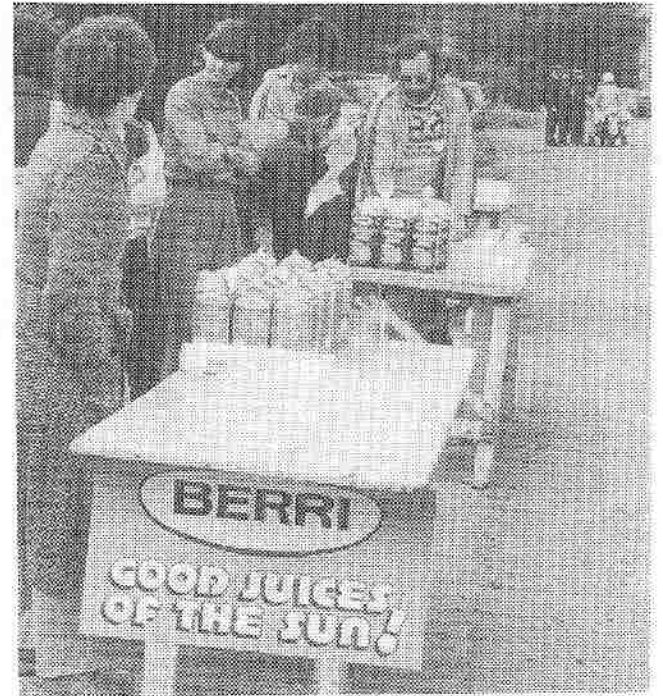
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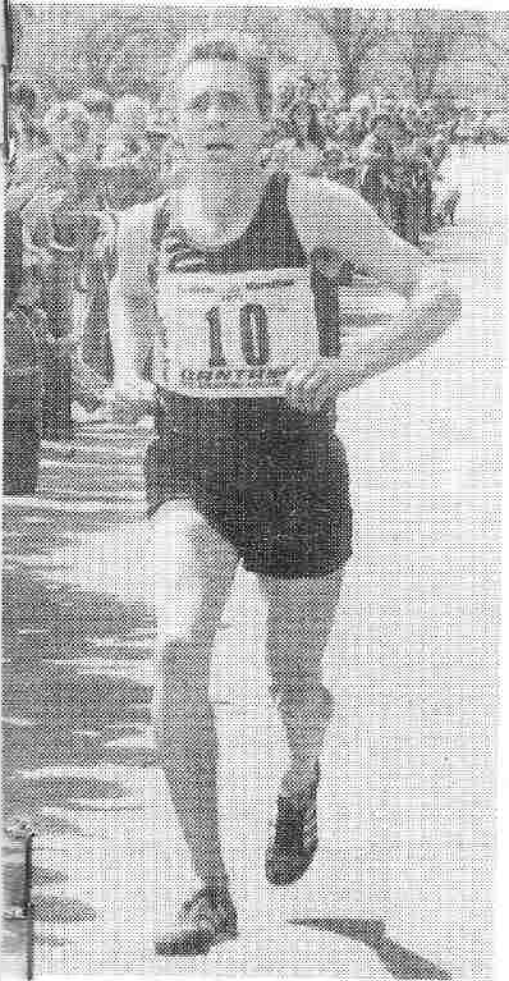
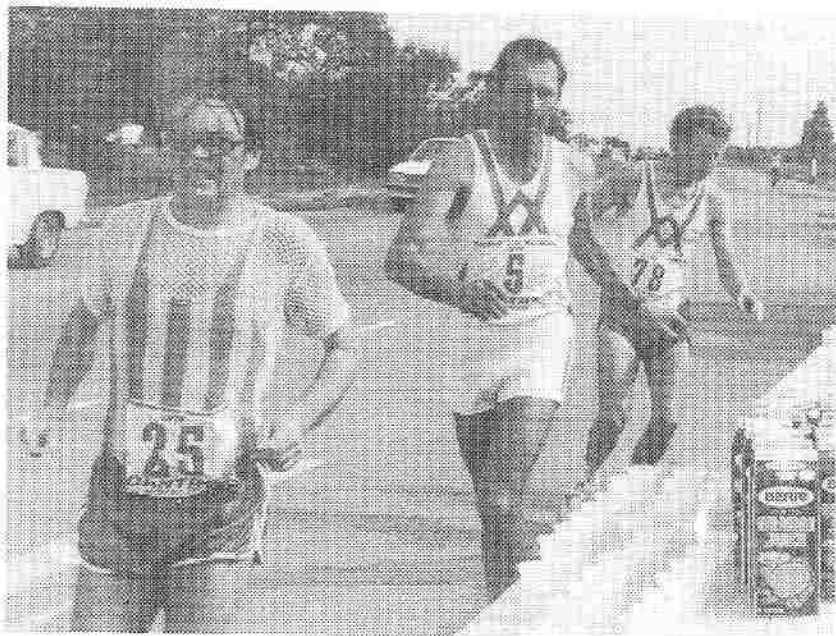
JOHN CARTER, a 35 year old high school art teacher and international lacrosse player is the current Australian National Lacrosse Coach. John says one of his motives for running the Festival City Marathon was the possibility of winning the draw of a Qantas trip. He was running with a friend until 25 kms and then his better trained friend went on ahead. At the 35 km mark John had "hit the wall".

"..... but I'd made up my mind to finish and that was it!"

He was a little dissatisfied not to finish in under 4 hours which was what he'd hoped to do. He had to walk and run the last few kms and the last 2 kms took him 20 minutes. He hopes to run next year and will do more training in the hope of breaking 4 hours.



PHOTOS BY SUE FORTH AND RICK TODD



LETTERS

A SELECTION FROM MANY RECEIVED:

Thank you for inviting me to start this, the inaugural Festival City Marathon. I believe that it is the first marathon of its type to be held in South Australia and certainly the toughest fun run ever held in this state.

I congratulate and thank the Distance Runners Club and other associated bodies who assisted in organising the event. I congratulate the runners and hope that you all had a successful run, and may your individual efforts encourage the organisers to establish this as an annual event.

Gilbert Harnett
Mayor of Gawler

★★★

Congratulations on a superbly organised event — the Festival City Marathon.

For my wife and I it was the first of what we hope will be many marathons and we could not have wished for better organisation. From the start to the end of those gruelling 42.2 kilometres, we found everything went smoothly. And even the people of Adelaide seemed to have been well conditioned to the event, offering encouragement and support as we pounded through their suburbs.

The event has all the potential to become one of the great community fitness runs in the country. We wish you well in future years when again we will hopefully be participants.

Wayne Tregaskis
Lane Cove, NSW

★★★

Dear Bruce,

As a participant in the first Festival City Marathon, I'd like to let you know how greatly impressed I was by the organization of the whole event, and to thank and congratulate yourself and other members of the organizing committee, the voluntary aid-station attendants and the sponsors of the run.

From the initial advertising of the Marathon and the supply of informative literature to entrants, to the provision of facilities during the run, and to the actual calling of each runner's name as they entered the final chute (a terrific morale-booster after a few hours out on the road), I thought the whole event was organized with remarkable care and competence.

Again, congratulations, and thanks
All the best for future events.

Peter Patton

This is just a note to say how full of admiration I am for the arrangements for the Marathon last Sunday. I thought they were excellent.

The run itself was Hell but apart from that the morning could not have been better organised or pleasanter!

Yours Sincerely
Robin Millhouse

★★★

I am writing this note to offer you and all concerned in the organization of last Sunday's Marathon, my thanks for making it, for I feel sure all participants, and certainly myself, a really enjoyable event, my first marathon, but now, certainly not my last.

Once again my thanks to all,

Yours
M. Brennan

★★★

Just a short note to thank your club for organising the Festival City Marathon. I thoroughly enjoyed the event and attribute this in no small measure to the people who provided drinks and sponges along the way. I also used and appreciated the guide to training. Having completed the run in just under 4 hours I feel sure I'll do better next time and trust that I will once again have the good health to compete.

Yours Truly
R.W. Sinclair

★★★

Dear Bruce,

Just a note of appreciation to you and the committee for all the time and effort put into organising the Festival City Marathon.

It still seems like a dream that someone has at last made it possible for mug runners like me to have a go and experience what was formerly the most mysterious and unattainable event in athletics. To say that I have enjoyed the whole deal would be an understatement — the seminars, the training runs, the literature, the excitement of the 8.00 start and the sight of that Cathedral at the end — I could go on and on.

Thanks once again to everybody who helped to make 1979 a year to be remembered.

Yours Sincerely
Ross Martin

P.S. When will entries be open for 1980?

THE FESTIVAL CITY MARATHON — “A REAL COMMUNITY EFFORT”

Bruce Abrahams, Convenor of the Organising Committee.

The birth of the idea of the Festival City Marathon came about among a few runners who had entered the Melbourne Big M Marathon in November, 1978 and found it qualitatively different from any previous experience in marathoning. Why not a “Big A” marathon for Adelaide?

The Distance Runners Club set up in January, a committee which reported in March that the idea was indeed feasible and should be proceeded with, even though at that stage, no sponsors had indicated definite support, yet several had shown an interest.

The first tentative publicity for the event occurred on April 29th, after the Myer-to-Myer fun run. From then, the early promotion of the event continued by word-of-mouth and roneoed hand-outs until the formal launching in July with posters and entry forms.

A marathon is of course, an event that requires maximum pre-publicity for runners so that they can mentally and physically prepare themselves. As well, since the Festival City Marathon was to be promoted as an “Open” event, the Organising Committee saw it as vitally important to provide as much training and educational advice to potential runners as possible; hence the training articles and training forums.

The staging of the Festival City Marathon quickly became a community effort. As convenor of the Organising Committee, I would like to acknowledge the tremendous assistance of our sponsors, supporters and volunteers:—

- CHANNEL 7:** printed posters and entry forms, start and finish banners and screened about 150 pointers on T.V. As well, they provided assistance towards the cost of the finish area and runners numbers. Channel 7 was a major contributor to the successful promotion of the event.
- QANTAS:** donated \$1670 worth of overseas travel prizes and assisted in the cost of runners numbers. QANTAS prizes emphasised the philosophy of the event being “every finisher a winner”.
- BERRI:** donated newspaper advertisements and played a vital part in setting up the aid stations. Berri provided at no cost, cups, cartons, of cool filtered water, diluted orange juice and a truck to quickly set up the stations of the day. Berri's assistance was an invaluable contribution to the safety and comfort of runners.
- IBM:** provided computer facilities for recording entry details and results. This was a great time-saver and all the more impressive in that it was available on their smallest computer (IBM 5110), with such a small amount of programming.

ANSETT: donated connecting flights to winners of overseas travel and the loan of an AVIS truck for the finish platform.

DIVISION OF RECREATION AND SPORT: The Sports Administration Centre which serves many amateur sports was made available at minimal cost to the D.R.C. The valuable assistance including typing, printing, telephone, storage and general administrative assistance by the staff.

IMAGE SPORTS: assisted in the promotion of the event and obtaining sponsors.

LABOR DAY COMMITTEE helped us publish the Festival City Runner and donated prizes to the winning man and woman.

THE S.A. AMATEUR ATHLETICS ASSOC. the event would not have got off the ground without Brian Chapman's enthusiastic endorsement and practical assistance on the committee. As well, the manning of the aid stations and other officials all came from affiliated clubs — around 150 people in total.

S.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT All runners will applaud the sensitive and important role of the Police in the staging of the event on major highways.

The many others included the Australian Citizen Radio Monitors, St. John Ambulance, the S.A. Cricket Association (for facilities of Adelaide Oval), Councils and Corporations of Gawler, Munno Para, Elizabeth, Salisbury, Prospect, Enfield, Walkerville and Adelaide.

Donors of prizes to runners were: McDonalds Restaurants, San Remo Spaghetti, Reg Clements Sports Store, Nike Shoes, Puma, Myer Stores, John Martins, Vadoulis Garden Centre — Gawler, Gawler Trotting Club, Lyndoch Hotel, Wendts, Coca Cola Bottlers, Kaiser-Stuhl, S.A. Brewing Co., Sustagen, Mars, the Athletes Foot, City Books, Shiels Jewellers and Casio Importers. Other donors included Union Carbide (garbages), BP (Petroleum jelly), Dencorub and Olympic General Products (sponges).

I would like to acknowledge the time and enthusiasm put in by the members of the Organising Committee and co-opted workers, both individually and as a team. To list them all would take pages, but a special mention must be made of Lisa O'Dea, as Administrative Officer to the event, she ensured that entries were processed, enquiries answered and day-to-day problems solved.

The runners, the sponsors, the supporters, organisers, officials, the spectators all ensured the success of the event. The Festival City Marathon will undoubtedly grow in numbers and status to become a major community celebration in Adelaide, promoting running as an enjoyable, healthful community sport and activity.

See you next year!

ADELAIDE BECOMES "MARATHON CITY" IN 1980

Brian Chapman, Executive Director, S.A.A.A.

6 April, 1980 (Sun.)	— Olympic Trial Marathon, West Lakes.
4 May, 1980 (Sun.)	— Whyalla Marathon. Entries Ian Dobbie, 8 Stirling Drive, Whyalla Stuart. 5608
8 June, 1980 (Sun)	— S.A.A.A.A. Marathon, West Lakes (for registered runners).
27 July, 1980 (Sun.)	— A.A.U. National Marathon, West Lakes. National Veterans Marathon — same venue (tentative).
12 October, 1980 (Sun.)	— Second Annual Festival City Marathon, Gawler to Adelaide.

The signs are clear that Adelaide is being engulfed by "Marathon Mania". In 1980, five of the 42.2 kilometre ordeals will be run in the city; and that does not count the Whyalla Marathon in May.

Naturally after this year's resounding success, the Festival City Marathon will be on again. The field will likely be upwards of 2000 and over 10,000 people will watch the event along its route and at the finish. It is unlikely that many other events have had such a big first-up impact as has the Festival City Marathon.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!

Marathon action in 1980 really begins with the Olympic Marathon Trials, scheduled for Easter Sunday at West Lakes. Without doubt this will be the fastest marathon ever run in Australia with Moscow berths up for grabs. Favourites include seven runners with 2.14 credentials or better — Dave Chettle (2.10), Gerard Barratt (2.12), Bill Scott (2.12), Chris Wardlaw (2.12), Robert DeCastella (2.13), Brenton Norman (2.14), and the comebacking John Farrington (2.11). Watching

that leading pack floating along at "sub fives" would be worth any money, but we will get to see it free of charge.

Then in June, the State Marathon will have its 29th running, again at West Lakes. Rumours are rife that an overseas trip will be provided to the winner and there is little doubt that over 500 runners will face the starter. For the not-so-fit, a 6000 metre Fun Run will be conducted around Delfin Island and this in itself should attract some 2000 runners. Thus the State Marathon will be conducted in front of thousands and so will be one of the best ever.

In July, the Australian Marathon Championship will be conducted at West Lakes. Open only to sub 2.40 runners, this event could see the emergence of a new star on the marathon scene since most of the established runners will be in Moscow.

It is likely that the National Veterans' Marathon Championships will be held in conjunction with the open race and so a large field is assured.

So if you are getting hooked on marathons, don't feel odd — the whole city is.

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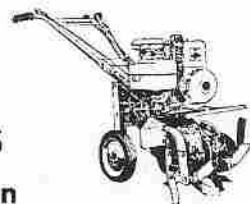
for

ROTARY HOES

and

LAWN MOWERS

Main North Road, Willaston



Festival City Marathon

by GEOFF GOWING

About four months ago I met a guy in a sports shop buying shorts to wear in the State Marathon. The fellow said, "It's easy. If you run an hour a day you'll have no problems."

There happened to be a marathon run coming up in October. Great, I thought, that's for me. I'll do a bit of extra training and run in the marathon.

After some research I found out that it was not going to be *that* easy. After further research it looked even more difficult. But I'd made my mind up before I did the research so I was going to have a go; it seemed like a reasonable sort of challenge.

At this stage my wife and friends said I was mad (more incentive—prove them wrong). My doctor said, "Don't do it. What's it going to prove?" So I got a second opinion. Same answer. I was determined I'd run the First Annual Festival City Marathon, 26 miles 385 yards (42.2km) Gawler to Adelaide in under 4 hours. Previous experience: City-Bay Run 1978, 66 minutes. Better do a bit of training.

My programme consisted of running five or six nights a week over varying distances starting at about 8km in the early weeks and building up to short and long runs ranging between 15 and 25km. In addition I was swimming about 5,000 metres each week. Should be plenty of training, and the marathon was three months away.

By August I was going well with my training. Then the injuries started, caused by overdoing it. First the left knee, then the right, sore feet, etc, etc—all caused by bad shoes. Neck injuries caused by the constant jarring from pounding the roads.

I was still determined to go ahead. I launched out and bought a couple of pairs of good road-running shoes (which bowled the budget over for a



WALLY BEAMES, aged 57, leads first woman ROBYN BROWN across the line with a time of 3.28.23. (Sue Forth)

couple of weeks—have you seen what they cost these days?).

Eventually the marathon came closer. City-Bay run to go first. Did that easy (1979 time—52 minutes). This training must be doing me some good. It was certainly doing something. I had lost about 10kg in two months.

A fortnight to go and I'm starting to feel myself peaking for the run. A friend and I had just been for a tryout run on the course. We ran into Adelaide from Smithfield—32km in 2 hours 48 minutes. My confidence was riding high. At that stage I was fairly sure I could make it. All those hours of training had paid off. I only had to maintain it for the next fortnight and I'd be home and hosed.

The last week was easy—only short runs to let my body build up strength and shake off those minor injuries. In the last few days I went onto a full carbohydrate diet to charge my muscles with glycogen for extra energy.

October 7th, THE BIG DAY! At 7.45 am it was cold and miserable at Gawler with light rain falling and a strong south-west wind. I was feeling very nervous. I had set myself a programme based on a 5½-minute kilometre—nothing fast, just a steady pace to ensure that I finished still running in under 4 hours, my main aim.

The gun went off at precisely 8 am and something like 600 would-be marathoners, most of them first-timers like me, headed out down the main street of Gawler with Adelaide 42 kilometres away into the wind.

I settled into a steady jog with the leaders already streaking off ahead. At each 5km point there were aid stations for drinks. I reached the first one right on schedule feeling good and running easy. Same with the second station—still feeling great and going easy. And why not? I'd been training at distances greater than this and logged 650km in the past three months.

Between the 10 and 15km stations my friend pulled away from me as I was going too slow for him. I was tempted to pick up my pace to stay with him, but there was still a long way to go and any energy saved in the early stages is very handy later on—especially if you hit the wall.

All marathoners talk about hitting the wall. It's when your energy reserves are exhausted and your body begins burning up stored body fat to provide the necessary energy for your muscles. It usually happens at about the 30-32km mark and is described as just like running into a wall and very



Left to right: BOB BARNARD (3rd), GRENVILLE WOOD (1st) and ALLAN HANLEY (2nd). (Rick Todd)

painful, and from that point on it's mind over body in a struggle against the pain. And I have that to come.

The section through Elizabeth felt good—just a few little inclines to make it interesting. I had found another runner at that stage; he was running the same pace and we teamed up for quite a while. It helps to have somebody to talk to to get you through the bad spots. He was good company—but I didn't get his name.

The headwind was strong and the frequent gusts were upsetting my rhythm and balance occasionally. I had made it halfway (The Old Spot Hotel) and was 3 minutes ahead of schedule. Must cut back my pace or I'll burn out. My feet feel okay—not sore, no blisters starting. Glad I bought these good shoes.

On to Salisbury and up Smith Road to Para Hills, the first of the real uphill stretches. The field was well strung out by now and they were starting to drop out, especially just after that hill.

I'd finished stage one. Next stage was down Bridge Road to Grand Junction Road. If I can make it to Grand Junction Road I reckon I'm home. It's downhill all the way after that. There's a hill just before Grand Junction Road that will be the big test. It's been called the 'wall hill' because it's about there that most will

hit the wall.

At this stage I was still 8km away from Grand Junction Road and feeling the strain a bit, but it wasn't too bad. I've been drinking at every aid station and I'm still feeling good—no sign of exhaustion or dehydration. The wind's a nuisance though; seems like it's getting stronger. Might be me getting weaker—hope not. It's hard to tell.

Somebody says, "Keep it up, 224, you're looking good!" Don't know who that was but it sure gave me a boost.

Another aid station near Pooraka—30km down, 12.2 to go, and the wall still ahead of me.

The big hill is now in front; it's been a steady climb for the last 5km. Remember, Geoff, this is the end of stage two. Make it to the top and you're home; it's downhill all the way.

Made it! I've crossed Grand Junction Road. An official shouts I'm in the first three hundred. Great! Now just a short trot down Hampstead Road, Main North Road, across to North Adelaide and down to the Adelaide Oval and finish. Feeling a bit tired, but it's not far to go—7.5km, and one minute ahead of my schedule. It's all written on my arm so I know exactly how I'm going.

Then it started to happen. First my left leg starts to ache; I think it's

because of the extra load caused by the camber of the road and the wind. Not much trouble, just a little ache.

Then it starts. I've hit the wall. Christ, the pain in my left leg is tremendous. Now the struggle begins. I've been running non-stop for three hours and I've now got pain in both legs from my waist down. It's incredible how painful it is—my body is screaming out to stop running. Just walk for a bit, it says, ease the pain. Hang on, my mind says, if you stop running you won't get started again. Keep going. You can do it.

There are a lot of other guys walking now. I'm not going to walk in to the finish. I was determined to finish running and finish running is what I'm going to do.

Five kilometres to go. I pass groups of guys walking now—they're all beaten by the wall. I feel good in spite of the pain. I'm winning the battle—lots of these guys passed me in the middle stages.

Past Channel 2 and my daughter calls, "Good on you, dad, keep going!" Hell, I hadn't even seen her on the road. Just the boost I need though. Can't let her down.

Along Nottage Terrace and a car toots encouragement. I can't even look back, I'm that exhausted.

Final aid station, only 2.2km to go. I take a drink out of habit.

Well, Fred, barring cramps you've made it. I think the time calls show I'm 10 seconds behind my schedule.

Traffic's getting heavy. Hope I don't get clipped by a car—not now. I'm about to make it to the finish.

Down O'Connell Street. I can feel the excitement of the finish building up in me. There's heaps of adrenalin pumping. I'm going to finish.

Down past the Children's Hospital. I thought running downhill was going to be easy. It's as hard as going up. Must be careful not to fall.

Past St Peter's Cathedral I can see the finish—there's a crowd there. Into Victor Richardson Drive and down the finish chute. Everybody is clapping. I lift my stride for the last few yards. Mary and the kids are there to see me finish—I'm feeling fantastic.

Across the line—I've made it. Incredibly the pain has stopped. I've made it in 3 hours 52 minutes 43 seconds—37 seconds behind my schedule.

Hey, I made it!

RESULTS: 1st man—Grenville Wood 3.20.08. 1st woman—Robyn Brown 3.28.24.

* * *

A REAL COMMUNITY EFFORT by Bruce Abrahams, Convenor of the Organising Committee

The first annual Festival City Marathon, 42.2km Gawler to Adelaide, on October 7, 1979, was conducted by the Distance Runners' Club of South Australia with assistance and support from a very large number of private, voluntary and government organisations.

It was the first promotion of such an 'open' event by the club and broke new ground for the club in both size and extent of the organisation required.

From feedback by runners, officials, spectators and the media, the event was an outstanding success. Praise was even forthcoming from an *Advertiser* editorial.

Lead-up activities to the marathon included the publishing of training advice in a new journal, *The Festival City Runner*, sent to all entrants, the conducting of five training forums (over 600 people attended), and a carbo-loading dinner the Friday before the event.

At the finish, photos were taken of all finishers who were all given a hero's welcome.

On race day, at a prize presentation ceremony, all finishers in less than 5 hours were included in a draw for two

lots of Qantas overseas travel to the value of \$835.

A post-race report and results were posted to all entrants, and finisher certificates to all finishers within a month of the event.

Some statistics:

Entrants—695; Starters—525; Finishers—464 (89%); Weather—drizzle at first, then fine and windy (headwind). 12.5°C (min), 20.6°C (max), 16-20 knots wind.

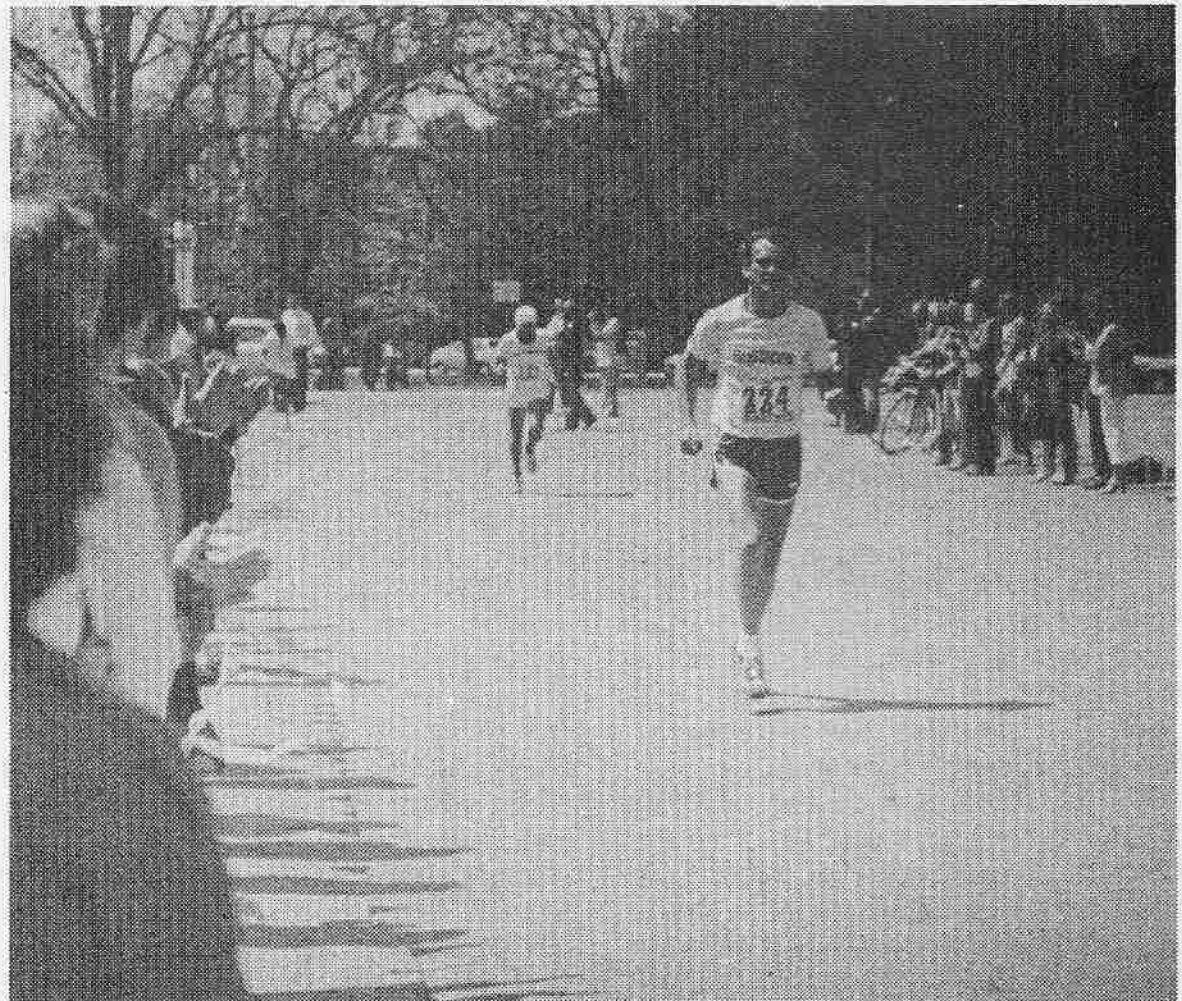
Planning for the second annual Festival City Marathon, to be held on October 12, 1980, is well under way.

This year, first-time marathoners will be able to attend weekly training sessions, more training forums and a number of time-trials over gradually increasing distances as preparation for the event.

The Festival City Marathon has become a distinctly South Australian community fitness run, well organised, with the safety and comfort of runners paramount, over a particularly interesting and appropriate course with a philosophy of 'every finisher a winner, no matter what time'.

Interstate visitors are particularly welcome.

For further information, please send s.a.e. to 'Festival City Marathon', P.O. Box 163, Goodwood, S.A. 5034.



The author, GEOFF GOWING, runs down the chute to the finish.

Marathoning may be fun for some

Only eight of the 529 starters in the inaugural Festival City marathon from Gawler to Adelaide Oval failed to finish the race yesterday.

They pulled out of the gruelling 42-kilometre course to be treated for exhaustion and one was taken by ambulance to hospital for observation.

The casualties were picked up by cars following the field.

One runner who did not need a lift was the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Bannon.

Mr. Bannon, competing his first marathon, completed the course in just under three hours (2:59:11) and finished 21st.

He described the course as "pretty tough."

"In driving a car from Gawler to Adelaide you don't notice the undulations on the road," he said.

"But I can tell you you're well aware of the ups and downs when you run it."

The State Parliamentary Leader of the Australian Democrats, Mr. Millhouse, finished 90th with a time of 3:22:24.

The winner was Western Districts runner Grenville Wood.

Wood, 24, battled a strong headwind to complete the course in 2:30:08.

He said he was pleased to see the finishing line at the Victor Richardson gates of Adelaide Oval.

"I took it easy for the first 20 miles then broke away with about six miles to go," he said.

"I probably pushed myself a little too hard. For a while there I didn't think I'd make those last six."

Alan Hanley (Western Districts) was second in 2:33:34 closely followed by Bob Barnard (Combined Teachers) in 2:33:51.



Grenville Wood winning the Festival City marathon yesterday.

... But it's 'a bloody long way' for me

The first Festival City marathon — a sort of fun run for masochists — took place between Gawler and Adelaide yesterday.

State marathon runner Grenville Wood was persuaded to enter and win it, but my field of vision was distinguished by his presence only at the start.

The field was aged mostly between 20 and death at the start and looked closer to the second at the end.

About 700 goose-pimpled people in running shoes stood in light drizzle at Princes Park, Gawler, waiting for the 8 a.m. start.

For most of us, it was the first try at the 42.2-kilometre haul.

The starter appeared, elevated above the crowd, and counted down with a devastating lack of theatrics to send us

By "Advertiser" journalist Bob Howlett, who competed in the Festival City marathon.

pounding up the first of an-at-the-time infinite series of hills.

It was also one of the few times we weren't running into the wind.

"Too late to pull out now, but hell, it's only 26 miles," said the philosopher. Yes.

Through Gawler and down the Main North Road, and Adelaide Oval is just over there. Feet feel fine and knees, the weakest link in a disordered chain of command, are rallying to the cause.

At five kilometres the leaders are out of sight, eliminating permanently any half-baked thought of actually winning the thing. From here it's just for fun.

Every five kilometres, there were drink stations, sponge stops between and the last resort — an STA roadliner almost begging to carry us in comfort to the finish.

Through Smithfield, Salisbury, Para Hills, little family groups cheering everyone as a winner.

But in the stretch along Bridge Road the bastard wind blew up.

Smiling STA driver tries temptation again. Not yet — but please don't ask again.

The fun ended, as we were warned it would, somewhere on the slope up to Clearview.

The wind became personified, cursed, reviled, spat into (a mistake) and tears of frustration mixed with sweat.

Reports from the toes became more urgent and unreasonable, spectators applauded without quite believing what they saw and grace, balance and smooth running style degenerated into a shuffling shuffle.

Down Hampstead Road, up Notgate Terrace (last bloody hilly Main North Road and the last drink stop. It's strange, but with the finish only two kilometres away, we still stop and drink.

Just as well — everyone will finish this run at least two kilograms lighter, most of us double that.

Down O'Connell Street at last — and surely it wasn't this long in the practice runs — roll on Brougham Place.

Past the faithful at St. Peter's and at last, my own prayer is answered.

Just lead me to a small hole and let me die.

I don't know why people run marathons — after all, the original killed its sole entrant — but I do know one thing.

It's a bloody long way. And some fool was talking about next year!