

Run Walk Hawke's Bay

Newsletter

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Run Walk Hawke's Bay Inc.
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Napier

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Treasurer - Wendy Foulds
Secretary - Joff Hulbert
Patron - Dennis Little

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Treasurer - Robyn Galloway
Secretary - Sue Floyd
Members - Kevin Clark Yvonne Faulkner
Elly Govers Joff Hulbert
Michelle Hunt Richard Rapley
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From your editor

And here we are again, another year gone by and back we are to Christmas and New Year's Eve. It has been a special year, both personally and for Run Walk Hawke's Bay.

This year will be remembered as the year we had the Hawke's Bay Marathon for the last time. After consultation with our members the executive has made this decision (with pain in their heart no doubt). We were one of the older marathons in the country, but are now no more. It is a nationwide problem. Looking at the Invercargill marathon (the oldest one in the country) that had been going for 102 years: they only had 49 finishers (and probably similar number of starters) in the marathon and that is runners *and* walkers. Joff and Robyn W have just done the Wanganui marathon and they only had about 70 entries. They have the advantage that it is a four-lap course and coincides with the half marathon. That at least does not add extra cost for just the marathon. It is probably a sign of the times that not many people are in for doing full marathons. Except for the really large events like Taupo and Auckland, there may not be too many marathons left in a few years.

In that sense it is a bit mind-boggling that the organisers of the Staples Rodway Cape Kidnappers challenge start competing with our own local event of the Napier Half marathon, which has been going for years in early November, running it in the same weekend. It is hard to understand these "commercial" organisers and their sponsors, just don't care and do harm to both their own and our event. Probably not a sponsor I am going to support.

In the mean time we have a chuck full newsletter for you. With lots of contributions from different people. Even a Poem! One of those articles is from a member of the "Learn to Run" course organised by the Napier Branch. This has been very successful and I congratulate all participants in taking this step. And very well done for those that finished and graduated with their 5km run after 9 weeks! And a significant group of you is still with us and going on to the 10km distance. From then on it will be easy and you are able to go to any distance you want. Thanks to all our authors for contributing again. And finally: support our sponsors and enjoy your reading. And above all, a very happy Christmas and all the best wishes for 2012, for you, your family and all who you cherish.

Gerard

Committee news

Napier Branch Committee (By Mike Sheely)

Another year passes; a few more goals achieved and a bit of fun had on the journey. What more does a person need??

We have had some great club events, like our trip for the Rotorua relay (kindly sponsored by our executive team), and the various half and full marathon events that have been completed by great numbers.

To see all our club members lining up and /or cheering on from the side-lines is heartening and I know the boost it gives one whenever I am doing an event and have a contingent of supporters as you go!

The Pak-n-Save half marathon was an enjoyable event with a picturesque backdrop that is hard to beat. It is a shame it wasn't supported sufficiently and we need to address the decline in participant numbers for the 2012 event. Thanks to all that helped to put this all together.

As we reminisce on the events of 2011 and start planning for our event challenges in 2012, let us enjoy the long summer days and the spirit of good will that Christmas brings to us and our families.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Safe New Year
Mike and family



The Hawke's Bay Marathon

By Joff Hulbert

In the last edition of this newsletter I referred to the \$64 question of whether the Club would hold another marathon here in the 'Bay.

The question did generate a bit of interest. Forms were sent out to all club members from which 23 responses were received. There were also a number of oral responses, which in essence were consistent with the decision made below. A summary of responses to the 4 questions is as follows:

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. Discontinue the HB Marathon in its current format? | Yes: 17
No: 6 |
| 2. Provide a marathon course suitable to be used as a relay? | Yes: 13
No: 7 |
| 3. Create a new event over a shorter distance utilising the new walkways i.e. 10km and 10 miles? | Yes: 16
No: 4 |
| 4. Would you be prepared to be involved as a volunteer on event day? | Yes: 15
No: 4 |

Based on the above responses and considerable discussion, the Executive resolved to discontinue the Hawke's Bay marathon in its current format, investigate holding a replacement event (which may have a relay component) on the walkways and trial it out in 2012.

The Executive is sad we are losing this long standing marathon event. But the days of high interest in this event have long passed. I recall when it was a trial event for the Olympics and we were fortunate to have the Japanese team enter the event. Clearly it is not a favoured distance for our club members or the public. We need to be aware of what members and our target market require.

Over Christmas we shall explore possible options/routes, type of event/distances and then trial it out with a local focus initially. If it proves successful we can then market it further afield.

So 2011 was the last event; glad I entered and got the tee shirt.

Hawkes Bay Marathon 2011 – Review

By “A member of the 100 Marathon Club – NZ”

Note from the editor: This article came in through an Auckland running and walking club, as it was published in their own newsletter and thought to be of interest to us. It was totally unrelated to our decision on whether to stop or continue the HB Marathon; in fact I have learned since that they were totally unaware that the decision was on the table. I normally would not accept anonymous contributions, but the author did not want to be named. In the light of it having been the last marathon, I thought it would be a shame not to publish this recount of somebody from outside our own club.

According to the local newspaper supplement published in 1983, this event was first held in Hastings on the 29 September 1979. It was known as the Stortford Lodge Spring Marathon as it was sponsored by business houses in the Stortford Lodge area.

The idea was to set up a local marathon as the only alternative was the provincial event -which was a low key, non-sponsored race, with around a dozen entrants.

The inaugural 1979 event had the problem of running registered and unregistered runners together (this was before the one event registration came into being) so the unregistered runners had their own race and prizes within the main race.

110 registered runners and all 12 unregistered finished the event.

A pre-marathon evening with speakers was also held in 1979 and was a NZ first.

The original Hastings course was a flat there and back starting at Windsor Park and turning around close to the coastline on Clifton Road. A great course for PB's.

In either 1988 or 89 the start shifted to the Clock Tower in the middle of Hastings but still with a Clifton turnaround. A great course for PB's.

In 1992 a Clock Tower start, but the course went via the Tuki Tuki Hills finishing in Havelock.

In 1993 the organisers must have been pleased with more “interesting” course concept and the event base was moved away from Hastings to Havelock North.

In recent years the Havelock course has started at the Domain proceeding over gentle country to Clifton but then for most of the return journey you “hit the hills” particularly through the Tuki Tuki Valley.

For this year’s event however a new course was used in an effort - it is understood, to make it less demanding toward the business end of the race, and hopefully attract more competitors.

Unfortunately a smaller field than last year took part and this has continued the major drop in field size since as recently as 2005:

Marathon finishers:

2005 – 117

2011 - 67.

2011 race day had typical South Island weather.

The start was at Guthrie Park and although we avoided most of the old course’s hills there were a couple of beauties – one on the new section on Matangi Road (crampons required) and one they forgot to take out, the slog up the old nemesis on Waimarama Road.

The route is picturesque, taking in Te Mata Peak and the Tuki Tuki Valley but there are dog legs on the return on River Road (pleasant) and a long hot one on Thompson Road. The problem with dog legs is that when completed you are no closer to home than when you started – course designers please note.

Well done though, to Run Walk Hawke’s Bay - for bravely trying out a new course. Let’s hope it receives more support in the future. With a bit of fine tuning who knows they might come up with a course with the right amount of ups and downs amongst the flat bits - and so please us all?

Congratulations to Ingrid Frost and Malcolm Gray for winning their respective age groups.

Reminiscences of an Inaugural HBRW Participant

By Alan Mumford

Once were Harriers running, running
Long before our Club was formed
Men and Women , tough and stunning
Cross the hills and dales they stormed.

Then some Men one day decided
With the Heart Foundation sided
'Let us learn to run all day
In a kinder, social way'!

This was thirty years ago,
Long before the Walkers show.
Older, wiser Men than We
Gave us all longevity.

Vaseline between the toes
On the nipples, under arm
Many questions soon arose
Nothing which would cause alarm

Numbers grew and fitness flourished
Running wisdom grew with time
What to drink and how to nourish
Making running quite sublime.

Just as Eve appeared in Eden
So the Ladies came along
Supping coffees in the Garden
Then the Walkers joined the Throng!

Runners, Walkers, Walkers, Runners
Straddled through the Countryside
Pacing footpaths, striding Stunners
Spreading fitness far and wide.

Thirty years of fun and Spirit
Infiltrates the Hawkes Bay air
Let's endow the Sport with Merit
Showing that in US We care.

My 'Learn to Run 5km' Experience

By Karen Walker

'Exhausted, exhilarated and amazed' pretty much sums up how I have felt during every run I have been on since enrolling in the programme. The day before I saw the ad for it in the paper I had told a work colleague as he was heading out for a lunchtime run that I would run too – if only I knew how! I figured it must have been fate and enrolled straight away. It didn't take long to start doubting myself though... I remember thinking to myself after the first night 'Oh no! I am never going to make it to 5km! What am I doing!' and those feelings of doubt grew as the distances did but Elly, Kevin and Joff were so supportive and their advice and running tips have been invaluable. The rest of the club members have been really welcoming and encouraging too - even though I can't quite match some of the walkers for speed!

A few weeks in the homework was getting difficult to do on my own. I was finding it hard to stay motivated so I got a few of the others from the group to meet up and run together on Friday's which worked well - everyone who ran with us completed the course. I think the group thing and having shared goals is the secret – it has worked for me so far and I have a new running goal now to get to 10km, and who knows from there - so expect to keep seeing me on club days! And thanks for introducing me to running – I would have never guessed I would love it so much ☺



16 of the 30 starters of the "Learn to run" group, with Karen Walker 6th from left, in pink top and dark sunglasses.

The Relay in Rotorua

By Joff Hulbert *(photo through Sue Sheely)*



Earlier this year the Executive wondered if the club could involve club members in an out of town organised event. It needed to be something all members had an opportunity to participate in. A possibility was an “Ekiden” relay in Rotorua. Ekiden is a marathon distance, done as a relay with varying distances for the 6 team members.

This possibility seemed to be favoured by club members; so a decision was made the club would pay the entry fee for the club teams; the only proviso being each team member had to wear the club uniform.

Well we ended up with 7 teams. Then team “leaders” were “appointed” to sort out the legs for each team member and to organise the transport etc. for each team. Fortunately almost all of us were able to stay at the same motel. On the Friday 07 October the teams travelled to Rotorua. We had what might be called

a few drinks, though what constitutes a few is somewhat debatable and can be prickly when rose bushes are involved.

The morning of the 08th was ideal; so the teams got themselves sorted and waddled over to the start for the briefing. All up there was about 250 teams; so it's a huge event.

Our team, the Walking Ghosts* (for those of you who don't know I used to be the universal president of the Phantom Club, so the * is for Mr Walker, the Ghost who walks), as a consequence of ailments had a bit of reorganising to do. Our traveling reserve, Bruce Galloway had been required to undergo a series of time trials to see if he had the oomph to grace "our" team; he passed.

Well to make a long event a tad shorter, suffice to say our team kicked ass and won the walking section by about 30 seconds. The whole team performed well; which shows that a team with a couple of guns and a couple of slower ones ain't going to cut the mustard. Which is really why we won, we were all of similar ability.

I had been volunteered to lead out and do the longest leg. I felt I had a good race and was pushed very hard by a gun from the team which eventually finished 3rd. I managed to pass the gun and then held on to win my leg by about 10 seconds.

Then that Wendy steamed out (no hands on hips) and she put on about 4.5 minutes on the second team. As she finished we were scoffing fresh scones baked in a local dairy.

Bruce had been allocated the hills and while some of the following athletes were a tad dubious he gritted it out and held out a new second team by about 2 minutes.

Robyn W was next up; she was being chased by the second team's real gun. I had reminded the real gun that it was a walk (she has a dubious style at times). Her style was fine on the day and she eventually passed Robyn on the nasty hill near the Whakatane turn off.

Robyn G was our next walker; she had to make up 2.5 minutes on the new leading team. Fortunately for us the leading team comprised a couple of guns

and the rest of the team was of a quite different ability. Robyn G soon passed the then leading team and finished with a lead of 2.5 minutes.

This gave John H just enough of a cushion to bring the team home first.

All the club teams finished well. It was a great sight-seeing all the green and white shirts out there. Overall this was a great club initiative and it was a great buzz being part of it. So then it was prize giving, but that paled into insignificance as we had to have the “drinks” session and our own prize giving.

Drinks were then followed by a couple of Rugby World Cup quarterfinals.

Thanks to all who participated and made it all possible. Hopefully we can do something similar next year.

New York Marathon

By Leslie Holland

It takes 3 hours to fly from London to the Algarve

It takes 40 minutes to travel through the Channel Tunnel

It takes 6 minutes to become a success - if you believe Bob Proctor (Google it!)

It takes 31 seconds to rob one of those fancy Apple stores -
http://www.theregister.co.uk/2009/09/03/apple_store_robbery/

It took me 3 hours 46 minutes and 31 seconds to complete the NY Marathon. - Safe to say the Kenyans aren't too fussed about the threat to their crown next year - whatever! It was a fantastic experience and since it was timed with my birthday I'll have no problem reliving the details years from now as I reflect on 'what I did for my 40th'. The weather was perfect, about 60 degrees with clear blue skies and a gentle breeze. No doubt this contributed to the crowds turning out (more on this later) and that Kenyan guy breaking the world record (last time he gets a mention!)

I was on a 6am bus from the New York Public Library to take me across to Staten Island where the race was to commence. I sneaked out of my hotel at 5am so to ensure I wasn't late and joined thousands of other early birds on the

pleasant stroll up 5th avenue. Once safely aboard my bus and feeling confident now I wouldn't get lost, I turned to my right to introduce myself to my neighbour expecting someone from a far off shore to share stories of home with, only to find out that bizarrely I'd jumped on a bus and found a seat next to a young lady from Napier! - Worlds a small place indeed.

Once the bus stopped I wandered off into a sea of people and headed for the Green Village. There were 3 coloured villages, each of them had a band, free food n drinks, grassy banks catching the sun and enough port-o-loos to ensure there'd be no delay when easing out the last of those butterflies :-)) so my expected 3 hour wait until the gun was no chore at all.

From hotel to start line the process was seamless and with around 20 mins to go we entered our coral to get ready for the off. There was a moment of panic when over a loud speaker we heard 3..2..1..GO and I hadn't turned my GPS on OR double tied my laces, panic panic.....only to find out that this was a rock band kicking off rather than the official starter. Phew. Next came a few words from Mr Bloomberg and then we were off, all 47,000 of us. My coral actually housed just 15,000 but that's still a decent number of people I'm sure you'd hate to be at the back of in New World with a tub of Rush Munro's in your hand. Still despite the weight of numbers after only a few minutes spaces quickly opened up and it was relatively easy to settle into a comfortable pace. From that first stride to the last there was a mountain of people on either side of the route cheering the runners on, even on the bridges - yeah, work that one out - it was like a giant snaking carnival. The course takes you through 5 boroughs of NYC, Staten Island, Queens, Brooklyn, The Bronx, Manhattan, in that order with some 130 bands playing music along the way. The water stops - one every mile, were pretty hazardous as you had people crossing from left to right making their minds up and some very slippery patches, but I survived by staying as central as possible. Various people had given me clues on what it would be like with tips and pointers, but to be honest the whole experience blew me away, it was just fantastic!

Feeding on the buzz of the crowd I coasted the first 13 miles or so (at least that's how I remember it) and trotted past the half-way point at a time of 1.45. With an initial target time of 4 hours in my head I knew I'd gone off too fast but I was still feeling good so now I re worked my target and thought '#@\$% it, let's try n crack 3.30' - Muppet! Still trotting along full of confidence I maintained a decent pace of 8-9 mins a mile through the 22 miles marker when the wheels really came off. Suddenly I was struggling and taking on all sorts of

drinks n gels despite only having had water up until then and wondering where on earth the entrance to Central Park was. I'd been warned that on entering the park I shouldn't be fooled into thinking I was almost done - but fooled I was and those last 3 miles or so in the park itself were MISERABLE. Despite looking like a Kenyan ghost for over 3 hours the last leg brought me crashing back to my normal self and I clocked each of them at over 11 minutes.....BUT I still came home inside the original target (of course that was all I was now thinking of) and I could stand (unlike some others) and even waved to the TV crew as I crossed the line and got my medal - job done.

It really was a wonderful experience and has set me up now to do more events that enable maximum trackside support, hence the Ironmaori this weekend but that's another story. I was lucky enough to get my entry in the free lottery and I would encourage any of you thinking 'should I' to jump on the website now and register your interest.....you never know.

A classic moment I'll never forget was when finally turning for home up a wee hill a runner in front of me came to a halt. He had his name written on his shirt, Craig. Upon seeing him stop, a lady leaned across the barrier and yelled 'are you out of your *&^\$&%* mind, you've just run 26 miles, the finish is right there!!!!' It worked; Craig swiftly took off again and beat me across the line.

Napier City Pak'n Save Half Marathon

10km walk

By Marloes Vink from Hohepa

Earlier published in the Hohepa newsletter.



On Sunday Paul, Clinton, Tim and I joined Philip, Nicholas, Garry and Bronson on the 10K run-walk around Marine Parade & the Port. We met early – at 8am – and drove to the Napier Boys School. We waited for the call to start – a countdown – then everybody walking really fast or running ... a lot of people.

Paul, Clinton, Tim and I were in a group together and kept up with the crowds. The 10K took us 1 hour and 40 minutes to make the loop around the Port and back to the Boys' School. During the walk we had drinks to get refreshed again. We ran through the finish line with people cheering.



Afterwards we had a sausage from the BBQ... and a bit of a 'chill out'. I think we had a good joyful day. It was lovely weather. The sun was shining and we had a good physical workout.

Thanks Paul for inspiring us to get our running shoes on and keeping up the team morale!

Thank you

By Sherry O'Sullivan

For over a decade I have enjoyed the company of the members of our club. They've cheered me on in various events, commiserated the odd injury and become a huge part of my life. We have travelled together, walked together and partied together. Last month thanks to my career in real estate I was able to sponsor the 5 and 10km events in Napier.

Once again Run Walk Hawke's Bay were right in behind me. Thanks to everyone who helped fold and insert my flyers into the race packs, the blokes who helped, with Malcolm's supervision, erect the Tremains marquee and Pete and Co for putting up my signs.

I was really pleased with how the day turned out and absolutely delighted when I emerged from prize giving to be greeted by Joff who informed me the marquee had been dismantled and packed away for me. What a team! You guys are awesome.

Special thanks to Mike, Sue and Kevin also for holding my hand and making this all possible. You are all a special bunch. I found it very humbling to be involved in this manner.

Happy Holidays.

Kidnappers Challenge 2011

By Blue Dorward

Here we go again. All the training is completed. All the prep is completed. It's all go for this iconic off Road Race. The organization and the scenery are second to none. Just for a change the Date had been moved from December to October. Will it make any difference? Only time will tell.

Team Pop Gun, a Men's Walking Team, consisting of Bruce Allen; Jack Petterson & Blue Dorward were just waiting for the Start at Clifton Café at 7.45 am on a cool cloudy Saturday morning. No Flat Whites though. The place was closed!

Leg One – The Beach Stroll

Bruce started and got off to a clean start and soon got into a quick Race Stride along the Beach. This was a challenge as the tide was not fully out and waves had to be avoided thus knocking the rhythm. However along this stretch he was lying 12th. Another challenge manifested near the hill climb as the beach was replaced by rocks with waves splashing over them. Many were slipping and falling amongst the slippery rocks. Bruce picked his way through this stretch at speed but then his luck deserted him. Arse over kite he went with a heavy landing into a pond between some rocks ending up on his bum with water up to his neck and waves washing over him. Bruce being the tough guy that he is checked that all was intact with no claret flowing regained balance and feet. On he went at pace but a little more gingerly losing little time for his bathing experience. The hill climb went without incident as was the run along the top apart from the stink of birds with poor toilet habits. The Transition Point had been moved further inland this year and when Bruce spied this he realized that he was heading toward a cliff like very very steep bank being the shortest distance to the TP. Caution ruled that Bruce and most others headed to the TP via a nearby ridge to avoid a bone breaking fall down this slippery cliff. This

cost us about seven minutes of time lost. This was not mentioned as a hazard in the Briefing and should have been. Lucky the accident free record of the Event was not broken here. Pun intended. Anyway Bruce got to the TP in 12th place and passed the Transponder to Jack. A good run, I mean walk, Bruce.

Leg Two – Flat Rock & Inland Climb

Jack managed to get on the correct Bus to Transition Point 1 for he arrived there without fuss. Waiting for Bruce to arrive at the 1st Transition Point was exciting as so much frantic activity was going on. The day was quite windy and overcast for this Leg. Ideal weather for a farm stroll. Bruce looked good and had set a good time when he arrived. Now Jack had to rise to the challenge so he grabbed the Transponder off Bruce, punched the Timer and set off in hot pursuit of those in front of him. The trail led down to the Flat Rock Beach with its amazing rock formations. But no time for sightseeing for there was a mission to complete. The big hill climb was rather easy but it was good to get to the top. Jack passed many people here. Then realized that quite a few of them were Individual Competitors doing the entire race thus operating at a slower pace than the One Leg Competitors. One in particular was a Lady Runner with long dreadlocks. Jack would pass her going up the many smaller hills. Then she would pass him on the downhill stretches. This was repeated more than once causing a repoire to form. Finally on the uphill section to the Transition Point 2 she looked over at Jack smiled then laughed as she realized that Jack would get there first after all of their duelling. He he! This is what these Events are about. Camaraderie. The pass over to Blue was smooth and quick This gave Jack time to grab the last seat on the Bus just as it was leaving to save a long boring wait. Jack also had the chance to cheer Blue on from the other side of the Vermin Fence Overall Jack reckoned it was an excellent Leg especially scoring the bonus of not waiting for a Bus.

Leg Three – Inland Hills & the River

Blue also managed to jump on board the right Bus to Transition Point 2. The Team were doing well. After a wait of over an hour and a half for Blue at Transition Point 2 Jack appeared on the uphill track to the TP. Blue was ready and waiting on the downhill side of the TP unlike other competitors who were far from being ready for their incoming team mates! Anyway when Jack arrived in seventh place (a good effort) Blue grabbed the Transponder and took off to catch the seven in front of him He screamed through the Vermin Gate and passed the 7th victim before the top of the first mini hill. From here on as he

walked beside the Vermin Fence several other walkers and runners were passed on this group of mini hills Next a left hand turn to the south along a descending and sometimes very steep ridge towards the first gulley. Blue passed many here especially on the steep slippery parts where most were over cautious. 'Balls to the wall' he says as he throws caution to the wind! Winning is the only goal.

Along this ridge Blue passed the first placed Walker who confirmed Blues earlier calculations. Beyond the Gulley was the first major hill of this leg. Blue discovered a short cut which involved going pretty well straight up from the gulley crossing and meeting the track half up the hill. Soon others were following him. Blue passed six people as a result of this move. Good stuff but they were most upset. Bad luck for it's the quick and the dead. A quick stroll followed along the ridge with a steep decent to another stream. The track went along this stream to a big slip covering it. A narrow path and steps had been cut into it but the path was blocked by two people crawling along it like frightened snails. So Blue just clambered over the top of them and kept going up the hill losing little time passing a guy in bare feet and he was not enjoying himself!

Next the descent to the river flats and onto the river crossings Spice was added to some of these as ropes had to be used on some of the mini cliffs. The water was so cold that it raised Blues voice a few octaves. In the centre of this group of crossings the person that Blue had passed on the first descending ridge suddenly appeared beside him. How was this so? Either he caught a helicopter, or run or found a short short cut. He definitely had not played by the rules. Blue was not fazed by this but stuck to his race pace. His pace was much slower than Blues and he did not feature again due to the high volume of traffic on the last section preventing his antics being repeated. To confirm that he did something abnormal he finished over 12 minutes behind Blue. Anyway back to the Race.

The last Section was rather uneventful for Blue only being passed by a few fast Runners seemingly in a desperate attempt to make up time due to slow times on the previous legs. Blue crossed the finish line in good time thus securing first place for Team Pop Gun in a total time of 4 hrs 51 min. Victory at the third attempt. Jack was there to congratulate him but Bruce was not as he went to Clive and sauntered back thinking that Blue would be much later in crossing the Finish Line. All was okay as we had all given it our best efforts individually to secure a top podium finish for the Team.

Post-race the Pop Gun Team joined the other Run Walk Members for lunch and Prize Giving. The Team received Gold engraved Medals for their hard fought

victory. Then the big windfall took place with Blue winning a Spot Price for a meal at Clifton Café. Next thing Lorraine (Blue's Partner) won a Lunch for two at the nearby exclusive Farm Restaurant. A fitting end to a superb day. The aches, pain and fatigue are all worth it. The big question though who is Lorraine going to invite to her exclusive lunch??

Napier City Pak'n Save Half Marathon

10 Km Race

By Blue Dorward

This was the day after the Kidnappers Challenge due to the Date change of the Kidnappers Challenge. I decided to compete to support our Club and as a post-race shake down. Oh what a bad decision for my body was shattered from the Kidnappers Challenge. But I am not a quitter so start I will on a cool Sunday Morning. The major pre-race challenge was a lack of Toilets under the Grandstand due to some of them being locked. Racers had to resort to innovative measures to have the nervous pre-race pee.

I got off to a blistering start by starting on the right hand side of Vigor Brown Road and moving onto the footpath for a clear path to Marine Parade. I was only passed by four Walkers some of which were slower than me on a fit day. My legs just did not want to respond to my requirements so I decided just to maintain station and finish in the position I was in. Maybe someone ahead may falter. One lives in hope. We proceeded along the footpath with non-race strollers and cars entering and departing car parks obliviously to the outside world including us. The first drama was dodging the mobile chicane of obese tourists near the Sound Shell as they battled to get between the Tour Office and Tour Buses. I avoided them with some deft foot work.

As we went past the Port we crossed paths with Runners and quick Walkers returning from the ½ Marathon. No issue there. It seemed like an eternity to the Traffic Cone at the end of the Port. The turn was most welcome mentally for I was, to put it bluntly, shagged and this picked me up for the home run back past the Port and onto the Walkway directed by some excellent happy Marshalls although my sense of humour was waning. I had not lost much ground to those in front of me nor was anyone gaining on me so all I had to do was to hold the Straus quo. Not an easy task but I had to.

The Walk along the walkway was scattered with passers-by on foot walking or running along with those on wheels such as scooters, skateboards, and pushbikes. Most of these were good and gave us room but others did not care that we were racing and thus caused us to be very alert. Then I saw the gap to the guy in front of me was closing but the body was not willing and time was running out. Ah well a good thought. Stick to the Plan. Overall the stroll along the Walkway was largely uneventful even though the temperature was getting hotter. Post the Walkway we went along Vigor Brown Street and through the High School Main Gates onto the Cricket Field. Then I gave it a final big heave across the Finish Line in 5th Place overall and 3rd Male in a time of 1 hour 13 minutes. Not bad considering my state of fitness on this day.

Mega Walk 2011 – 28km Race

By Blue Dorward

This 28 Km Race starts at the Hastings Mitre 10 Mega Store and finishes at the Napier Store of the same name in Onekawa on Sunday 11th November at 7.30 am eight days after the Kidnappers Challenge. Shorter Events are run in conjunction with it and start nearer the Napier Store. There were 1274 Entrants overall. It's simply huge.

To the Race we were all ready for the 7.30 am Start at Caroline Road but some Official was not as we started 25 minutes late which totally stuffed up the pre-race warm up. I started on the left hand side and as the start signal went off I dived to the left of a truck parked across the Start Line and went onto the footpath giving me clear space. Most everyone else in this mass start of Runners and Walkers went along the road as in a mass moving ruck. At the end of Caroline Road we went left with me as the first Walker. The route then went between the Railway Line and the Show Grounds along a grass track roughly cut out of the long grass and large weeds. Some found this difficult but I with my off road experience enjoyed this challenge.

We then got onto Otene Road which was very boring and went all the way to Ruahapea Road. Not many people passed me from this point on and they that did were fast Runners who were catching up from a slow start. We were skilfully guided across busy Pakowhai Road into Pakowhai Park where we travelled across the old Ngaruroro River Bridge deftly avoiding Barkers Eggs. From here we went onto the limestone path on top of the Stop Bank to the outskirts of Clive. At the beginning of this Path Tracey, my Daughter and

Support Crew, caught up with me saying she had missed me at the entrance to Pakowhai Park as I got there too early for her! This Path was ever so boring and seemed to go on forever. I had to be disciplined to avoid losing concentration and in turn speed but I managed okay as nobody showed signs of catching me.

Once I got to the highway we stayed on the limestone path and undertook a series of loops and under or over bridge crossings. Just about made me dizzy it did along with confusing my bearings but the Marshalls kept me on track. A very funny incident took place here at one of those swing gates that only permit foot traffic and pushbikes through. As I got to this particular Gate one of the group of four cyclists pushed her bike through not realizing that I was closing in fast. She profusely apologized to me and the rest of her group made room for me and gave heaps of encouragement asking what can do to make up for the moment of time I lost. Jokingly I said to hold up the Competitors behind me. Soon after I glanced back only to see that they had taken my wisecrack seriously! One up to me and it boosted my moral causing my pace to pick up.

Immediately after this location the Limestone Path, along the beach, had been washed away by a king high tide. It was very rough, undulating and soft. My Off Road experience came to the fore yet again and I lost no time here nor came to any harm. The Awatoto Fertilizer Works were looming bigger as I approached the Start Point of the 15 Km race I suddenly realized that that This Event had started. The Officials were packing up in fact but the Drink station was still there and most Welcome. Tracey confirmed that the other race had indeed started and that I was still the first Walker. I walked along the Foot Path by the main road past the shingle works and the building between the Path and the Sea. At the end of the buildings I went back onto the Walkway proper cresting a small knob. The sight that greeted me was heart stopping!! Ahead of me for as far the eye could see along the Marine Parade Section of the Walkway was this massive red snake of humans. The red being the Florescent Red Vests that we were all meant to wear. There would have been, at least, 600 plus Competitors ahead of me. This has to be the world's biggest mobile chicane. Just go for it I said to myself as those following have to contend with it as well.

As I entered this red mass I realized early in the piece that these people had no idea that some, like me, were so much faster than them. They were in a different world in fact. I tried excusing myself to no avail. I tried ducking through gaps but just got closed out. I thought Grandmothers with Grandchildren and their paraphernalia would be more courteous but all they did was to shove pushchairs or trikes under your feet. My sharp reactions and good

sense of balance avoided me coming to grief. So I took to the grass where there were no big gaps on the Path. Grass walking saps the energy and slows the pace. I was buoyed by the vocal encouragement of friends with their sick humour and Tracey's words of encouragement. The Red Peril Chicane did not clear until we approached the Baths but it was still heavy traffic ahead.

We went past the Port and onto the Walkway again. Here the woman who had been behind me caught up to me. She must have had a better walk through the Red Mess. I let her through but kept on her tail pushing her real hard believing that she will break before the end. Before we left the Board walk I passed two blokes (Competitors) licking Ice Creams. Lucky them. Why not me?? We cruised past East Pier and Perfume Point receiving refreshments along the way. Then as I got to the Iron Pot I observed that people were walking right to the end of the Path and then turning hard left to walk parallel to the Iron Pot. Next to me was a Car Park and not a Traffic Cone or Official in sight. So guess what I went through the Car Park on the diagonal to meet the Path again at the far corner of the Park. This put me ten metres in front of the woman I had been following. Winning is in the top two inches I say. Nothing like a legal shortcut to gain an advantage. The woman lost the plot and screamed abuse at me. She was totally psyched out and was not seen again. So I was back in front using the Brain rather than Brawn.

I think it was about the time when we started going along the Café Scene that all of a sudden another woman appeared walking. She was as composed as someone who has just stepped out of a hair salon and was walking so fast that there was no way that she had started in Hastings or even the 15 Km Event and if she had started in the Mega Event she would have passed me long ago. If she had started in the 15 Km Event I would have not seen her at all. Where had she come from and what was her mission in life? We may never know but she did not faze me for victory was within my grasp. We passed the Blue Water Hotel and Apartments onto Westshore Road where yet again the Marshalls skilfully guided me across another busy road. I dare not stop in this sort of situation for my body was screaming out to stop. If I did I may not start again. Therefore game over after coming so far.

Next was the turn onto Thames Street into Pandora. I pushed as hard as I could, keeping the mystery woman in my sights. The traffic was reasonably light and I made good time. Next into Severn Street for the sprint to the finish along a very broken up Foot Path. This caused no issues. Tracey really let me have it to ensure that I did not falter. No way, I thought, for she is very formable at times.

The amusing thing was that some people did not like being passed so they tried to race me but they soon failed and dropped into obscurity again. Prebensen Drive was our last street for a short sprint to the Car Park and the Finish Line to possibly First Place. Here it was cluttered by many Competitors removing their Tags. I could not get past them to have a proper slow down. I started feeling faint and sagged grabbing a Cone. This collapsed as my legs turned to jelly. Down I went like a sack of falling spuds. As I lay there a Paramedic and Tracey appeared on the scene and revived me. I soon recovered but three Events in eight days had taken its toll on me. The important thing was that I had finished as the 13th Male overall in a time of 3 hours 28 minutes. It sure was worth it.

We had lunch and followed the Prize Giving. Then it dawned on me that even though the Event is called Mega Walk the Walkers are not recognized at all. So therefore my First Place could not be officially confirmed. I have taken steps to have this omission rectified for why should we Walkers be the poor cousins to the Runners. We put in as much effort as they do and therefore deserve to be recognized on equal footing.

The Southland Marathon

By Elly Govers

My intent was to run my first marathon this year. However, timing was important as I was not back from Europe until early July and needed three to four months for preparation. Looking at the marathon calendar my choice fell on the Masterton marathon, beginning of October. But that idea got trashed when the club decided to participate in the relay around Lake Rotorua, which was in the same weekend as the Masterton event. Gerard had already registered for Rotorua. Looking for other options this year we ended up selecting the Southland Marathon; the furthest you can go for a marathon in NZ. The date: 13 November. And we were lucky enough that one day after making this decision the flights to Invercargill were on special, so we managed to get relatively cheap tickets. So I started training, 4-5 days of running per week, and one or two sessions of cross training in the gym each week. I had downloaded a training schedule from the internet that I thought I would be able to stick to, and it has worked very well for me. The long distance runs consisted of one 29 km, one 32 km, one 33.5 km and one 35 km run. However, the latter two turned out to be 34 km each. Considering my time for the last 34 km race I figured I should be able to manage the 42.2 km if I managed to stick to 6 minute kms. I set my goal firstly to finish, and secondly to do so within 4 hours and 30 minutes.

On 12 November we flew to Invercargill and went to pick up the 'race pack': a tag, and a flyer with other events in the south in the coming months. Gerard had not been able to train enough and therefore was unable to do a marathon, but asked if he could still enter for the 10 km. The answer was no. Entries had closed at 1pm that afternoon (it was 3.30p, when we asked). Pity.

The Southland Marathon is a one way course. You are bussed out to Riverton in the west, and then you run back. The bus left at 6.50am, showing us the entire course on the way. More undulating than I had been hoping for, and very far. Close to Riverton we met the early starters who were already on their way. We arrived in Riverton at 7.30am, having to wait for another 45 minutes before the start. This proved a good opportunity to chat with some of the other contestants. Only just over 50 people participated in the marathon event, and 11 had started early, so the group was very small. By the time we were all cold it was time to start.

The first few kms of the race went through Riverton, which is a very pretty fishing village. I wanted to pick up my 6 minute kms pace but I missed the '40 kms to go' sign, which meant that I had to wait until the '35 kms to go' before I was able to gauge my pace. However, a local lady caught up with at this stage and then passed me. She told me she was a slow starter. Last year she had run 4:23, so seemed similar to my own intended pace. However, after she had passed me I saw her slowly disappear in the distance.

Coming to the '35 kms to go' sign my pace appeared fine. Just under 6 min kms, but it felt comfortable. And then the long lonely run started. Having so few participants on such a long course means participants were long and far apart. The road was long, mainly straight and slightly undulating; just running highway 99 back to Invercargill. Fortunately there was not too much traffic. Every 5 kms there were km marks. It was a bit of an ordeal to get the Gu out of the packet, which cost me a few seconds here and there but even with those stops and the drinkstops my intended pace was holding. The Gu was great though; I am sure it helped. And so did the Powerade that was offered at every drinkstop.

At the 25 km to go mark I had a bit of a down point as I was not half way yet and I started to feel I had done something. I ignored this and told myself that at the next mark, 20 km to go, I would be over half way and all would be fine again. For some reason I missed this mark and the next sign was in Wallacetown, one of the big cities that we had to run through, at 15 kms to go. I felt even better and was very encouraged.

By this time I had started to pass people who had hit a wall, but I still managed to keep my pace. The '10 kms to go' mark in Lorneville was a signal that the end was in sight – I also realised that I would never think like this when running a half marathon; it shows you how different your mindset is when running a marathon compared to a half marathon. Only one hour to go, really just from Awatoto over the walkway back home. Easy. And on I went. The road was a lot busier now as we were running into Invercargill. And suddenly I saw the local lady again, only a few hundred meters ahead of me, walking. At '5 kms to go' I passed her. Only 30 minutes to go, just keep running. At '2 kms to go' Mike Stewart, who many of you know, was running just ahead of me (he was one of the early starters). I passed him at the 1 km to go mark. And then there was the finish line: 4:11:17. I had indeed managed to keep a pace of 6 minute kms all the way and was incredibly pleased with this. Gerard was not expecting me yet

but nevertheless was ready with the camera. The stadium where we finished was almost deserted, as the 10 km, 5 km and half marathon had long finished.



I can look back on a great debut in a marathon. It was a fantastic day weather-wise. No wind, part cloudy, part sunny, and I had Stewart Island in view for a long part of the race. When I talked to the local lady at the finish she said she had found it too hot. They are apparently not used to a bit of sun in Invercargill.

Walking the Waikaremoana Way

By Wendy Foulds

Finally we had made the decision of when and who could make this intrepid Journey to the back blocks of the Hawke's Bay to take on the Great Walk around Lake Waikaremoana. The day came and dawned looking a bit grey, the further we headed toward our destination the greyer it became and eventually the rain came. But being the intrepid group we are we were not deterred by any foul weather or the fact we had to take a ...boat trip crossing the shark infested waters to the start of our 3 night safari across the Te Urewera National Park from Hopuruahine to Onepoto.

We were well prepared for just about anything, and leapt yes leapt from the ferry to the muddy ground at the start, prepared for any bushwhacking that had to be done or fighting off pig hunters for the best bed in the hut (as we have had previous experience of such) we began the 42km hike, as the ferry disappeared across the choppy lake we knew there was no turning back it was onward into the chartered over growth of the track and knowing there was going to be no lattes, cappuccinos and little civilisation for at least 3 days! With little disregard for this and a couple of deep breaths we set off. Did we care NO we were there to complete the tramp from start to finish and meet the ferry on the other side in time to get back to Napier for the all-important Rugby World Cup final.

Well actually we got the time wrong for the ferry and were late, therefore we still had a lot of the trip food still in our hands as we were hurried onto the ferry by a somewhat perturbed driver and after we disembarked onto a slippery rock at the drop off point at Hopuruahine but after grabbing something for lunch and loading everyone's pack up we set off in the right direction (always a good start, therefore couldn't have been me leading the way!) for the first hut.

The weather was overcast and drizzly and we were very thankful that we (John) had made the call to do the tramp this way round as going up the Panekiri hill with a full pack and in drizzly rain would not be pleasant. By the time we had reached Waiharuru hut the weather had improved tremendously and became quite hot the views from the hut across the lake were great. The hut itself was really well equipped (the newest hut en route). We shared the facilities with a group of scouts we had met earlier on, who were having everything they needed taken round by boat. Cheats!!!



There were also a couple who were camping instead of staying in the huts. They were totally waterlogged and spent the night drying out their tent and themselves sleeping on the floor by the fire.

As camp mother, I thought we would be very good and have an alcohol free weekend. That's all it was a thought, Robyn G was the first culprit and appeared with a bladder of wine which of course had to be drunk because it was bloody heavy and we weren't going to carry it any longer!! Any excuse really but went down well with the chicken and rice. It seemed to get dark very quickly and before we knew it after a few games of cards we headed back to the dorm. Dun no about you but I don't sleep well at the best of times, being away from home in a dorm listening to people snoring talking in their sleep etc plus having thoughts of what little four legged creatures could be sharing the room is something I don't look forward to and for me is the worst part of tramping. I was not to be disappointed there was snoring coming from every corner of the room and could definitely recognise the dulcet tones of Fouldsy.

The next day the weather improved and became quite hot this was to be the longest day of the tramp, most people split what we did this day into 2 days to take time and enjoy it all. But there we were thoroughly enjoying the weather and surroundings and the odd (well lot) of banter that was flying around when....Bruce yelped in pain, thinking he had been shot by a pygmy blow dart (we had been warned about the forgotten elusive and dangerous tribes of the area) we all came to a halt. Ready to take any action necessary as these darts could be fatal! But nothing so dramatic he had pulled a calf muscle but was in definite pain. We still had at least $\frac{3}{4}$ of the day tramp left, what were we to do (Bruce seems to have a habit of being part of catastrophes when we go tramping last time his boots fell apart! but that's another story) We could have left him to the mercy of the local wildlife. But there isn't too much of him to go round and couldn't of stood the squeals of pain! Never fear...Fouldsy being the good kiwi bloke that he is, comes to the rescue delving into his heavier pack than most just like his 5kg bum bag he has for walking he magically conjures up a neoprene bandage (that he had found on the road the Wednesday night before) along with some electrical tape. So Bruce spent the rest of the day, well the rest of the tramp hobbling with the aid of Fouldsy's stick and bandaged up with neoprene and electrical tape.



Bruce he just loves the attention as you can see!! John is applying tender first aid under Joffs scrutiny whilst showing his fufu valve is in very good working order! Onward to the 2nd hut Waiopaoa one point we thought of leaving Bruce with the Scouts and they could dropped him off at our next accommodation but he was determined to complete the trip and we couldn't have stood the gripeing had we abandoned him to the mercy of the Scout leader.

I think all of us were very pleased to see the night's accommodation looming it took us along time to get there not because we were held up by Galloway's hobble but we all thought it would be about 6 hours and when we saw the sign post telling us another 1 1/2 hours, Robyn didn't want to play anymore and I had my hands on hips but being true Run/Walkers, we carried on and were thankful the weather was good and the terrain relatively flat although muddy.

We knew we were in safe territory when we got to the hut and saw the ranger there had in true Kiwi style etched out Go All Blacks in the grass surrounding the hut, such loyalty!! The ranger's wife took pity on our damaged companion and offered some inflame muscle rub which seemed to help, well kept him quiet for a bit!

The next morning the weather had turned again and we set off in the rain heading up the other side of the Panekiri bluff. It seemed to go on and up for ages. By the time we got to our final nights' accommodation we couldn't see anything. The clouds had come down with the rain and we were drenched. In the hut were a couple of Germans drying out from their climb up from the Lake, throughout the evening the hut filled to near on capacity and both Robyn and I knew that the snoring was going to be an issue that night. One warning if Robyn asks you to play the dice game ask for a set of written rules beforehand. I think we went through nearly as many rule versions as the number of editions available of "Wildlife, Flora, Fauna and Other Speeches" by Robyn W!

That night, Fouldsy strikes again this time with carefully taped up a juice bottle of Drambuie. Secretly I think he was pleased no one else wanted to share it. He slept really well. But not Robyn and I, above us John was hitting a crescendo with his snoring so much so that someone was hitting the wall from next door in order to shut him up but to no avail.

I would have to say that John won the snoring competition that tramp as he was able to raise the roof on more than 1 occasion and Fouldsy came in second with his ability to provide a backing chorus in a multitude of notes to suit. The last

morning and it was clearing. Great!! We will be able to see the amazing view of the Lake as we go down the Panekiri Bluff. We were not to be disappointed.



The views were spectacular, the way down in parts were quite hair raising as it was really exceptionally muddy and when you don't have enough leg like me who suffers from a good case of "ducks disease" it was quite tough.

However who was the one to have a complete fall on the way down....Bruce. I don't think we need to say any more on that.

We got to the end with plenty of time to spare and all in one piece some in better shape than others but we had completed and survived another of our intrepid expeditions into the great countryside of NZ. Got back home in time for the final, but have to admit to seeing less of the first half than the second somehow the insides of my eyelids got in the way!



Joff Hulbert missing in action in this shot fighting off a camera shy attack!

Christmas with Run Walk Hawke's Bay.....

By many

Note from the editor: For those that were not there: part of the quiz of the Christmas dinner at Ormlie Lodge on 3 December was to finish the above sentence. Here are some of the results....

Is always much fun on the day.

We all get together

Regardless of the weather

So join us the rest of the Bay! (by Viv and Gerard)

Is always fun they say.

Whether you're running or whether you're walking,

Get the word out there; start your talking. (by Stu and Julie)

*Is fine and dandy all the way
We sing and dance and drink wine
Then we go to the finish line (by Joff and Penny)*

Takes you all away for a f...king good day. (by Lynda and Bob)

Because we show you the way to play! (by Mike and Wendy)

*Is lots of fun so they say.
Walk and run all day and booze the night away (by Ron and Sylvia)*

Is the best way to enjoy your day (Janina and Ken)

Allows you to eat and play (Rudolf and Xmas fairy)

*We party all the way,
even though we don't train that way.
But try hard as we may,
whatever happens on the day,
we drink anyway (by Fred and Willma)*

Merry Christmas have a happy day (by Jackie, Derek and Jenny)

Is getting fitter at the end of the day (by Les and Sulia)

*Run/walking through the sunshine over hills we go. Merry Xmas my friends.
(contributor illegible)*

Is delightful in every way. (by Barbara and Alan)

With a hip and a hop and a hip, hip, hooray. (by Dennis and Margaret)

Is even better with a glass of wine along the way. (By L, Y and M)

*Plenty of crazies along the way.
Runners are tough, walkers puff.
Christmas is great, can't wait.
Go Run Walk HB (by Michael and Heather)*

Is an excuse for eat and play. (by John and Anne)

Is better than a shag any day. (by Jenny and Boff)

We don't want Santa in a sleigh.

He's got a red nose

From too much wine I suppose

Possibly a Merlot or a good Chardonnay. (by Liz and Graham)

Good food, good cheer and a roll on the way! (by Anton and Charles)

Is good as a shag in the hay. (by Robyn and Bruce)

Let's not walk on Christmas day but leave it till the 25th of May. (by Pat and Trish)

Is fun in any way. (by Richard and John)

Is fun every day.

It's good if ellie may let you go on holiday. (Malcolm and Cheryl)

Is the most fun you can have standing up. (by Pam, Pete and Lorraine)

A Smile and something serious

Quality Manager attends Schubert concert

A managing director was given tickets for Schubert's unfinished symphony but was unable to attend: he gave the tickets to his quality manager.

Next morning the director asked the manager if he had enjoyed the concert and was handed the following typed memo:

For considerable periods of time the four oboe players had nothing to do. The number should be reduced and their work spread over the whole orchestra, thus eliminating peaks of activity. All twelve violinists were playing identical notes. This means unnecessary duplication and the staffing of this section should be cut drastically. No useful purpose was served by repeating, with the horns, the passage that had already been played by the strings. If all such redundant passages were eliminated the concert would be reduced from two hours to twenty minutes. If Schubert had attended to these matters in the first place, he would probably have been able to finish the symphony after all.

Giving when it counts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her."

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the colour returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?" Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

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As always: we love to receive your stories and (especially) photos. See page 2 for where to send them. Our next edition is planned for March / April 2012.

The Learn to Run group at their “graduation” run on 16 Nov 2011

