

A big thanks to everyone who has renewed their membership, and a warm welcome to our new members. Lots of Striders have been 'Out there doing it' over the last few months. Luckily for us quite a few folk have been willing to tell us about their adventures which means lots to read! **Calling all families, oldsters, youngsters**— If you have taken part in a sporting event or know of any that may be of interest, email us at info@striders.com Photos welcome.

This year is the 30th Anniversary of the Kerikeri Half Marathon. This is a race close to the hearts of Striders, as the event was originally started up by the club. Bryan Phillips was one of those responsible for organising the first race back in 1989 and he has shared some of its fascinating archives with us. Spot anyone you know in the photo?



Supplement on the Kerikeri Half Marathon included

Striders Club Updates

Kai Iwi Lakes was a fantastic event, a great opportunity for entry level multisporters up to experienced tri-athletes. Next year's challenge?

Te Houtaewa Challenge —great results for Striders of all ages

Wild Kiwi—a tough, tough challenge, accepted and achieved by several Striders.

Massive shout out to **Grant** for completing the **North Burn Hundy**—you read that right, 100 miler!

Our young Striders, **Steph, Nina and Jess** deserve special mention for their achievements too.

Featured in this edition (full stories inside)

New event—the **Rogaine**—was a great success, thanks to Al, Graeme and Tess. John reports.

Multisport **Breca**—a local event for swimmers and runners. Bill reports.

Striders on Tour

Gary Watson tackled the Black Forest in Germany—the Black Forest nearly won!

Gerald Gates and friends tackled the West Coast Wilderness Trail. Fractures were involved...

Scott Eliff proudly wore his Striders shirt in the Paris Marathon—fortunately he finished unscathed!

Striders on Tour



Scott took part in this month's Paris Marathon. It was a chilly 9 degrees, and up until 30km Scott's splits were like clockwork. The cold and cobbles meant his legs cramped but didn't stop Scott achieving his goal. He says the Belgian chocs and French pastries are going down well. Love this photo, it has everything—blue sky, Arc de Triumf, rain ponchos, sunglasses and a Striders shirt!

Breca with Bill, Nicola, Rene and Marilyn - epic swim and island hop Paihia to Russell



Absolutely epic weekend. The Sprint event, that Rene did, had some relatively tough conditions with the wind getting up a lot. The tide wasn't favourable and took a few of the shorter distances and turned it into an epic 4km swim. The wind was cold and with the extended swim Rene, and a lot of the other competitors, get very cold as a result. Also with the extended swim it meant that the cut off times were very tight and a number of teams didn't make the final two cut offs, and Rene and her partner Marilyn were one of them... missing by just 2 min. They were on the final Island but the rules are there for a reason and they got pulled. The reality of what they did manage to complete has now dawned on them and they are both pretty pleased with themselves... but the burn of a DNF will see them line up next year to 'knock the b*****d off'.

For the full distance event on the Sunday we got a much better forecast and even though we got much the same tide issues around Motukiekie Is we had warmer weather and body temperature wasn't an issue. After starting the morning with a truly awesome Powhiri, something that was missing last year, we were off and into a beautiful day.



Once again we saw the lack of ocean swimming amongst the majority of the competitors as they were swept down current; and those of us who do it every week were able to capitalise on a number of 'short cuts' as a result. Our swim ended up being 11km and 17.5km of running... although there's only really two sections you would consider proper running, with the rest being a mixture of rock hopping and mountain climbing :) It was particularly satisfying helping a newbie to the sport to complete what is a genuine 'tough day' of multi-sport in NZ... it is on par with a 70.3 and, done at pace it would be the equal of a full 140.6 Ironman event.

As with last year, the Ladybugs, who have been hijacked by the event and turned into the Breca fairies, were in attendance to support us and one again they cheered every team through Russell and across the finish line. Everyone commented that the BOI event has an atmosphere that the other Breca events don't have and without exception they put it down to the Ladybugs/Fairies.

Roll on April 2020 where I know a number of us will be back on the start line to give this really cool event another nudge. They have an exceptional offer for those who volunteer, basically giving you back what you give in discount for the following years event, and it's transferable. I don't know of another event that offers that kind of deal and has no problem if you give it away to a mate. Ben de Rivaz, the founder of the event, is a real good bugger and you can see it in actions like this.



Rene and Marilyn exiting the swim at Moturua - you can already see the wind effect starting on the water.



Nicola and I enjoying the finish line buzz with the Ladybugs in full noise



Start line with the Tanga te Whenua. **See you there next year? Bill Miles**

ROGAINE EVENT – 29th March 2019

I had signed up for the Striders Rogaine event in Waitangi Forest before asking myself “what is a Rogaine?” I found out it’s similar to Orienteering as it’s a cross country event involving basic navigation skills that can be done by walkers, runners and mountain bikers. Sounds like fun I thought and so I found myself a similar minded team mate, Ted, and thus the Ferrero Rocher team was formed. No prizes for guessing what our energy boost would be comprised of. Perhaps next year, if successful, we should seek sponsorship from our favourite chocolate manufacturer.

It was great to see that the positive interest shown in the event through social media manifested itself in a good turnout of 26 people which included regular Saturday morning runners plus some new members who all converged in convoy at the appointed meeting place, chomping at the bit to get started. Once Graeme had given us our briefing, trusty maps, clues, score sheets and pencils, and with our watches synchronised, we were on our way.



Teams could decide which route they took through the forest but were warned that they had 2 hours to return to base or there would be a penalty incurred for every minute they were late. It was great seeing brightly coloured tops go flashing through the forest up and down mountain bike trails, through bush sliding down steep slopes on their backsides (well I did anyway!) to find one of the checkpoints. The Forest provided a superb environment for the event as the eerie silence would suddenly be shattered by somebody shouting “**Here it is, I’ve got it. What’s the next clue?**” and then dashing off for the next checkpoint. The youngsters in particular, seemed to revel in the event.

Meanwhile, the Ferrero Rocher team had been joined by a couple of other teams following the same trail namely Claudio and Victoria and Bob and Margaret (or were they secretly eyeing up the Ferrero Rocher?). Ultimately our race ended, inevitably, in a desperate dash to avoid a time penalty. Claudio led our group through some pretty dense bush and gorse, most of which seemed to end up in or on some part of my anatomy. I was one of the lucky ones as both Bob and Margaret came home bloodied. Must make a note to bring a machete next time!



It was a team of seasoned runners comprising of Al, David & Grant, named the “Milers”, that eventually won the event, closely followed by a Mum and daughter team Michelle and Isla, called the “Sloths”. The point of the event was not about the winning but more of a test run for a future event as if successful it is hoped to invite other clubs to compete.

Several spot prizes were given courtesy of a couple of local businesses and were handed out following the compulsory coffee and pie (well for me anyway!)

A great event enjoyed by all and many thanks to Graeme, Tess and Al for all their hard work in organizing the event so successfully. *John*

Mountain biking the Westcoast Wilderness trail March 2019.

Pete and Susie, Gerald and Lysanne all travelled down to Greymouth to meet up with Dale and Dale to ride the mighty Westcoast wilderness trail. Dale S. and Dale H. had already completed the Otago rail trail in great style but unfortunately Dale clipped a crossing falling off and injuring her left shoulder. Dale H. didn't ride the first day and we had a gentle introduction to West Coast trail and some rain, but no worries. The next day being St Patricks day we all set out from Kumara after spending a 'rough" night in our accommodation, heading for Cowboys paradise. 5km into the ride we are all heading down a short piece of tarseal when some clown starts checking his front gear rings to see why they were changing slowly. “Nek minnet” Gerald's hit Susie and fallen heavily. Gets up after Lysanne lifts off the bike, staggers a bit, then says I think I can ride home, bit of blood on arm and leg. The rest of the group wave good bye and carry on.

I ride home carefully back to Kumara where fortunately Dale H (in her Nurse Nightingdale mode) helps me off the bike and then into an ambulance. X rayed at Grey hospital and patched up, x ray shows no fracture. Out to dinner and found this appropriate labelled (for how I felt, bottle of wine !)



The following day the group had an easy day viewing the beautiful Hokitika gorge, while I took it easy. Great accommodation that night right on the Beach where we lit a bonfire and toasted marshmallows watching the sun go down. Great to be on the West Coast and enjoy some freedom from fire restrictions etc. The following day off to Nelson where the 2 Daes did their own thing. Grey hospital suggested getting a scan, which showed a fracture in the right hip joint and lower pelvis, big sigh 6-8 weeks on crutches.



Pete, Susie, Lysanne rode with Margie & Mal Silich rode through the Spooner range rail tunnel, the longest tunnel (photo4) making the most of the great South Island weather. Overall it was a great trip for the group made memorable by the great riding companions and friends that we caught up with in the South Island. *Gerald*

Gary getting lost on the back of the Feldberg, Germany



In September 2018 I joined Bernd and Janet Bambus in Menzendswand, a small village in the black forest, Germany. Not too far away in the direction of Freiberg is the small town of Kirchzarten where I have an old friend, Ursula Hauser, with whom I worked on the cruise ship M/S Sagafjord in the 1980's. To get to Kirchzarten Bernd and Janet guided me up out of our valley and pointed me down into the next one where I have a long descent to Kirchzarten. I located Ursula's address, around 1100hrs, in the Hauptstrasse where I found her 92 year old mother waiting outside for me. We conversed in German and I got the impression that I should return at 1pm when Ursula would have finished work and they would have lunch. I hung around the town and duly went back at 1pm. However, I had got the message wrong! They had had lunch at 12! Ursula's mother must have said come back in one hour!

Had a cup of tea and ate a sandwich I had made. Recharged my phone and Ursula showed me her consulting rooms. To get to her rooms she goes down into her cellar where there were many pears off their tree and Ursula said I could take a some. I selected a couple.

Round 1500hrs I thought I had better hit the road. Set my STRAVA running and began the long climb back towards the Feldberg. To assist with my return trip I had taken photos of each junction I had passed through but was sure that the first one was on a major bend with colourful flags nearby. I was on route L126 but somehow missed my turn!! Up past a ski resort I realised I needed to back track but didn't want to lose any altitude so decided to sidle around the hillsides. Tried consulting the map Bernd had given me but that didn't seem to help! When the track I was on got too steep, Hirschweg(deer track) from memory, I had to bush crash along a very old track, no longer in use but it lead me to the top of some farm land.

Got onto the farm and dropped down to their extensive buildings but no one was around. Dropped further down and came to a restaurant where a couple of guys were having some food at an outside table beside the road. They told me I was 5km from the Feldberg and I could continue up the road I was on. I set out. More climbing. At a junction I took the flatter route but this track was crossed by an electric fence at the edge of an alpine paddock. Feeling rather fatigued I scooped one of Ursula's pears and I must say it's the best pear I have ever had!! Backtracked and took the upwards path. This lead me to another alpine paddock where there was a small log cabin right on the edge of the bush.

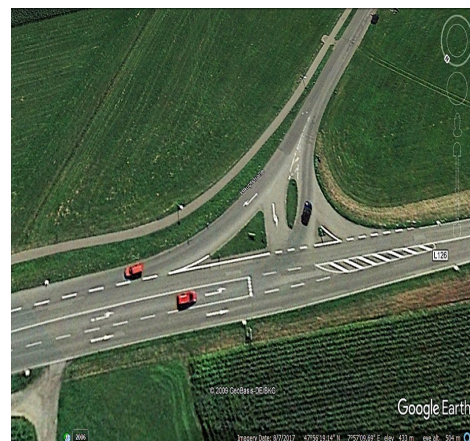
The weather deteriorated and it began to rain. Rather heavy rain! I took shelter in the hut but had second thoughts about spending the night there and, putting on my old raincoat, left the hut and crossed the alpine field saturated with running water. At the top side of the field I came across some signs, one of which indicated Feldberg was 5km upwards, however, the track was now a hiking track unsuitable for cycling! The weather had set in and the light was fading. Soaked and defeated I headed back to the log hut completely saturated

In the hut was a plastic with stones corners. In the centre and around the benches. There was a hole for a door. I took the grey plastic sheet and wrapped it around the effect of the wind gaps in the log construction.



tattered sheet of grey plastic tied in a couple of the trees of the hut a fixed three sides long wooden hole for a window and logged my ride on STRADERS. I sent a message to Bernd saying I was staying on the mountain overnight and that I would see them the next day. The daylight began to fade early with the continuation of the wind and heavy rain. What a long night. As it was late September it was starting to get a little cool. Nearby was a high point called Toter Mann (Dead Man) and I was hoping that I wasn't going to be adding to that total! I had one dry mini towel in my pack that I had wrapped a carving in for Ursula. I put this inside my useless raincoat on the top of my cycle shirt, STRIDERS, of course. I laid either on my back or my side. At some point the muscles in my upper leg began to shake uncontrollably but not for too long. My phone would give a beep as I got kudos for my ride from friends in New Zealand!

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It wasn't until around 0700hrs that it was light enough for me to leave my sanctuary for the night which I later identified as being called Huttenwasenhutte. Needless to say I was pushing the bike. The hiking track was a challenge. Deeply rutted with tree roots everywhere. I would push the bike up, pull on the brakes then clamber up myself. However, it wasn't too long before a basic road cut across the track. The previous day I had always been trying to move to the left to try and find the tracks I took with Bernd and Janet. Left was dropping slightly, right was upwards. I went right. Pushing the bike as I had no energy for grinding uphill even though the gradient wasn't bad. After a while I was able to ride as the road levelled out and sidled around the mountain. I went past a couple of large alpine establishments (St Wihelmerhutte and Todnauer Hutte) that took in guests. Saw some guys searching for mushrooms and noticed a sign that gave the mountain rescue number as 112!. Then I hit the sealed track up the Feldberg. Dropped down this to the Feldberg Hof, a large hotel where the guests were rising for a buffet breakfast as it was just after 0800hrs. I asked the women at the reception if I could get a cup of coffee. They put me in isolation but did arrange the coffee. I took my time and revived myself. They gave me instruction to get to Menzendswand. Outside the thermometer on the hotel said 4 degrees! I dropped down from the hotel and was relieved to see a landmark I knew well, Caritas, and beside it a track I knew well. Made the descent to my accommodation without any further ado!!

My major mistake was that the last junction I photographed was not on the L126. Just out of Kircharten approaching Oberried was a sweeping corner where I should have headed into the hills!

Authors Note:- This fiasco would never have happened if I had been a competent mobile phone user AND I had a fully functioning mobile phone. One thing I had intended doing was to get a new phone before leaving NZ, however I got a new battery installed instead! And I made an incorrect assumption, that text messages I were sending were being received! They were not! And my phone never rang! David Harrison, once I got back to NZ, found that it was set to ring on favourites. I Had none. **Gary**

Upcoming Events

4th May 2019—BOI Runners and Walkers; 15 km Kerikeri River Tracks.

Email Matt Sutcliffe if you want to enter charismatic@gmail.com

12th May—Paihia Fun Run(9 & 6 km)

<https://www.sporty.co.nz/runwalkseries/Paihia-1/Event-Information-13?em=0>

9th June—Parihaka (Whangarei) trail run/walk 5, 12, 21 km

<https://www.runningcalendar.co.nz/event/parihaka-trail-run-walk/>

Spotlight Event

KERIKERI Half Marathon

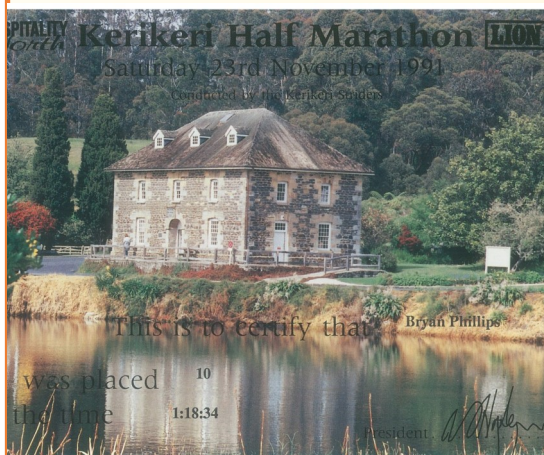
In October 1986 Bev, our four children and I shifted to Kerikeri from Westport. About 3 weeks after moving I ran in the Bay of Islands Half Marathon that started at Waimate North School, headed west for 2 km where we turned at a cone and ran to finish at Haruru Falls in front of the pub. It was organised by the Kerikeri Striders and that year had about 90 entrants.

Back in 1983 I had founded the Buller Gorge Marathon & Half Marathon with the Westport Harrier Club and in 4 years it had grown from 240 entrants to around 1000 entrants. It continued to grow after I left so that annually, like the Kerikeri Half Marathon, there are around 2000 competitors. We had joined the Kerikeri Striders and in 1987 and 1988 helped Peter Wright organise the Bay of Islands Half each November. After the 1988 event I suggested that we could make the event into an asset for the club with bigger prizes and sponsorship and I became Race Director for the 1989 event. The plan was to run it along similar lines to the Buller event. The owner of the Haruru Falls Panorama Resort agreed to be the major sponsor and he prepared for a big after race function at the resort for the more than 200-250 entrants. Like many Northland spring days the weather was warm but just as the presentation of awards started it absolutely poured down. There was minimal sheltered space for the large crowd of runners and supporters so they were forced to leave which was a disaster for our sponsor.

We were having difficulty getting sponsors from Kerikeri for the event that finished in Haruru Falls so the only way to improve things was to have the race finish in Kerikeri. The Domain in the centre of town, the same as in Westport, was ideal and the businesses could benefit from the non-running supporters thus providing a win-win situation. Obviously there are a lot of hills around Kerikeri so getting a suitable course where people would not be put off by a tough challenge was important. I checked out the distances around the district and found Okaihau to be almost exactly the right length however the only problem was at that stage there was 5km of unsealed road west of the cemetery. Talking with the Council revealed they were due to seal the road in stages over the next 3-5 years so we had our course sorted. (In the first few years I arranged the road to be graded a few weeks before the race and got the road watered on the morning of the race to keep the dust down.) Again like the Buller I arranged buses to get the competitors to the start. This helped keep the number of cars on the course down and solved the problem for individuals or couples having to go back for their cars.

In those days there were no tags or computer chips to record your times as you crossed the finish line so results recording was all done manually with stop watches and paper. When the number of entrants rose significantly there was potential for 4-5 people crossing the line within a couple of seconds and then get out of finishing order in the chute. It was just about impossible for the callers and recorders to write the numbers quick enough let alone get them in the correct order. As a back up we installed a video recorder on a tower just beyond the finish line. The results were then all entered manually into a computer into a D-Base program I had written so that we could print out results for display at the ground and do the certificates. There were also no on-line entries as emails and the web were just getting started in NZ. All the entries were hand written on forms that came through the post and I entered them all into a computer.

For many people running a half marathon was an achievement to be proud of. It was therefore important to have a good looking certificate so that it could be displayed or even framed. The most distinctive feature of Kerikeri is the Stone Store so I selected this as the backdrop for the certificate. A coloured photo was pre-printed with spaces left to use a laser printer to add the finisher's details. This task often proved to be more difficult than expected due to the thickness and shiny surfaces of the photos not feeding evenly through the printer



Initial publicity for the event was through the distribution of glossy entry forms that we sent to sports/shoe shops and running clubs throughout the country starting about 6 months before raceday. We advertised in NZ Runner and had great support from Keri Molloy at the Chronicle with full lists of all entrants published in the week before the race and all of the results and photos in a supplement after the race that

we then sent to all entrants. By around 1992 we had a training programme appearing in the Chronicle in the lead up to the race. We also got good support from Chris Gregory at a local Northland radio station, KCC-FM based in Whangarei, who sent staff to cover the event. A great event and word of mouth was our best publicity once the numbers started to grow.

From the first event in 1990 we had the Kerikeri community behind us as service organisations and clubs provided people to man drink stations, marshals for the course and assistance with the start and finish areas. The interaction of these people with the competitors on raceday is really important as it helps with the "atmosphere" of the event. Another aspect that helped to attract people back each year was the after race function.



From experience at Westport and after the disaster of 1989 with the rain (note that Buller has only had 2 wet race days in 37 years), we hired a large marquee to provide shade and shelter if required. This helped keep the people around the finish area and this was further enhanced a year or two later when we introduced entertainment. The cost of marquee hire was expensive as there were none available locally so at one stage the Striders considered buying our own and hiring it out for weddings and functions in the district. The spot prize list was also a major contributor to the attraction of the event with at least one overseas holiday on offer to anyone who finished. The number of spot prizes and sponsorship grew as the businesses benefited from the annual event. In the early years of the race we had to register the major spot prize draw as a lottery with the Internal Affairs Department in Wellington because the value exceeded a threshold.

With only about 30-40 people in Striders getting things like race packs sorted and sending out certificates and race results usually involved a large number of them sitting in a room with specific tasks to fill an envelope before and after the event. Prior to the meeting our four children would have put 4 safety pins into one corner of each number. Although there was a cost in sending out race packs there were not enough people available on the day, or day before, to hand out packs and anyway most of them wanted to run in their own half marathon. Key people on the committee or involved at the time the Kerikeri Half started were Jock Hodgson (Club President), Alan Pankhurst (Club Secretary), Robert Russell (Half Secretary), Howard Smith (Treasurer) and Wayne Skudder. Also involved with organising in the first 5 years were Sue Fletcher McAinsh, Karen Kerr, Jean Silich, Margaret and Graeme McLelland, Eve and Bill Hartshorne, Gayleen Starr and Margie Silich. Artist Cecilia Russell was responsible for the design of the early tee shirts and singlets **Bryan Phillips**

More archive information will be found on the Striders website at a later date