

PROFESSOR TIM NOAKES, world-renowned sports scientist

*'Jackie's book is an inspiring story of triumph over unusual adversity. It is written with the same integrity and honesty that defined his running. His story is a moving testimony of how to achieve the well-lived life. Without regrets.'*

PROFESSOR JOHN GEAR

*'If you're a runner, you will immediately admire the tenacity, determination and energy that Jack poured into becoming the best of the best. This despite setbacks and disappointments that would have crushed ordinary mortals.'*

MICK WINN, former Chairman, Comrades Marathon Association

*'From adversity to greatness: the inspiring true life story of a Comrades Marathon gentleman, legend, five-times champion and friend.'*

BRUCE FORDYCE, winner of nine Comrades Marathons

*'Jackie's story is an absolute must for every serious marathon runner. His is a story worth telling. I enjoyed every page.'*

TOMMY MALONE, former Comrades Marathon winner

*'A wonderful life story which had to be told for the sake of South African sport in general and SA road running in particular.'*

BOB DE LA MOTTE, Comrades gold medallist (5:26)

*'Jackie's story is an integral part of the legacy of South African distance running and an invaluable golden thread in the rich tapestry of the Comrades Marathon.'*

# **RUNNING ALONE**

An autobiography

Jackie Mekler



‘The important thing in life is not the triumph  
but the struggle; the essential thing is not to have  
conquered but to have fought well.’

*Baron Pierre de Coubertin*



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

When I first started running more than 70 years ago at the age of 13, I dreamed of becoming a champion. From 21 March 1947, I started recording every run with the intention of creating a detailed record of my experiences up until the present time. Perhaps I was dreaming that one day I might turn my recollections into an autobiography. What I didn't realise then was that this 'marathon' would reach ultra-proportions.

Throughout my journey I have been privileged to come across many wonderful people who have urged me to complete this manuscript, giving me the encouragement I needed to take the final steps to publication. Apart from the scores of people who have helped keep the flame of hope alive, my immediate family has been the foundation upon which I based my efforts to turn my recollections into something worthy of being captured in a book.

My wife, Margie, has encouraged and nurtured me for almost 50 years, steering me in the right direction and providing me with countless snippets of advice when my efforts faltered. Without her love and support, my best efforts might have floundered. In particular I must acknowledge Margie's unwavering belief and control during the Penrose court case and the two armed robberies we endured. In addition, the support of my daughters Kate and Bronwen as well as Kate's husband Thomas Pieterse has been invaluable.

The Morrisons were my surrogate family during my competitive running career, and they remain so to this day. It must have been fate that led to my first meeting with Fred Morrison. At my very first race for

Germiston Callies in 1948, he remarked: ‘Hey, you don’t run too badly’. That was the beginning of a special, decades-long relationship with the Morrison family. Fred, Babs, John and Peter, Nigel and Neil invited me into their home and their lives, to the point where I even went on holiday with them and sought Fred’s guidance in tackling various house and home projects. This bond was hugely important to me, as I could relax and enjoy being part of a warm family in an environment that nurtured my spirit and body. I still retain a warm friendship with Neil Morrison, who is my godson. Jackie Goldie was also a close running friend in my junior days at the Club.

My early life as a runner brought me into contact with Arthur Newton, to whom I wrote asking for advice. The ‘father of ultra-distance running’ influenced my outlook towards running and life in general. I was fortunate to be able to live in his home when I went to work and run in Britain. While there I met many personalities, all connected to running: Peter Gavuzzi – Newton’s racing partner; Bill Clarke, editor of the *Athletic Review*; John Jewell, secretary of the British Road Running Club (RRC); strongman George Hackenschmidt; and Tom Richards, a silver medallist in the 1948 London Olympic Marathon. I soaked up their stories and opinions over many cups of Sunday afternoon tea in Newton’s crowded lounge.

The early 1950s saw the beginning of the RRC and the birth of the annual London to Brighton Marathon that resulted in my continued involvement and friendship with Arthur Whitehead and Peter Bull, as well as Andy Milroy and, later, John Jewell, followed by Ian Champion.

Decades later, Rob Hadgraft, author of several books on historic British runners, contacted me for information on Arthur Newton and Jim Peters, whose biographies he was writing.

I have to thank Wally Hayward, who influenced my running and racing. Despite doing most of my training alone, I benefited from his companionship on many long runs and races, especially during his record-breaking trip to Britain in 1953. He and Fred were the first to see my original draft manuscript. They arrived one evening to return the copy, astounded at having discovered that despite their extensive and intimate knowledge of me I had done so much running and racing.

I valued a friendship with Vernon Jones, which developed during my early trips to the Durban marathons. He was acknowledged by many in the early years as the doyen of Comrades history. We corresponded regularly throughout his life. He gave me much encouragement and sage advice over decades.

Nic Raubenheimer, a wonderful character, became a lifelong friend. A cheerful raconteur, Nic was the life and soul of any party, and well-loved throughout the Comrades community.

My friend Malcolm Spence, a Springbok 400m silver medallist at the 1960 Rome Olympics, and his wife Naomi and their family, provided larger-than-life support with much warmth and humour throughout my career. Our lively discussions continued over many years, until he lost his battle with cancer in 2010. One of his regular taunts was that ‘the distance an athlete races is inversely proportionate to the size of his brain!’ My response was always: ‘The quarter mile is such a short race that one doesn’t need a brain.’

Ian Jardine, who ran many Comrades despite being blind, always asked how the book was coming along. Ian was one of the most admired people I have ever met. I had the privilege of training with him on many occasions. From him I learned to accept the things in life that cannot be changed.

For my last two Comrades, as a seasoned veteran I enjoyed many runs with Dennis Morrison, Fred’s nephew and winner of a South African Marathon title; John Morrison (29 Comrades medals); Ant Gear, who in two years of training produced a 6:15 Comrades; and my neighbour Charles Needham, with whom I enjoyed many early-morning runs.

The Pretoria Military Marathon Club, through Aubrey Human and Vivian Petrus, organised the annual Jackie Mekler races, sponsored by Ritchie Smith of Konica Minolta. They have provided friendship and support over many years.

My own running club, Germiston Callies Harriers, gave me my basic introduction to running and a life membership. I was on the club committee for 20 years, during which I had stints as club captain and chairman.

The Johannesburg Sportsman's Club deserves a special mention. I served on the committee for 40 years, including a term as chairman, until I retired at the age of 80. The committee and members read like a who's who of South African sport: Reg Taylor, Athol Rowan, Viv Granger, Mickey Gerber, Chick Henderson, Jimmy Fitzsimons, Denis Hutchinson, Bill Emmett, Hugh Bladen, and Joe Pamensky are just a few of the many early members of that club.

Other running friends include Mick and Cheryl Winn, who have worked so hard and for so long for the Comrades Marathon, Tommy Malone, with whom I watched scores of Comrades races right up to the present, Bruce Fordyce, Bob de la Motte, Alan Robb, Arnold Geerds, Craig Symes, Gerald Evans, and the brothers Robin and Noel Stamper.

My 28 years at The Penrose Press/Penrose Holdings provided me with a rewarding career, despite the upheaval towards the end of my term with the company. Harry Ratcliff and Peter Playfair ensured that younger managers like me had opportunities to advance. I also received support from colleagues like Bob Gauntlett, John Hepner, Paul de la Hunt, Mike de Kock, Jeremy Freemantle, Bertie Groenewald and Peter Mason.

Attorney Ben Mansell, the Penrose Chairman, was always available to offer sage advice and support when needed, as were Terry Millar, Mike Alcock, Bernie Nackan, Jimmy Ward, Farrell Sher, Jaco Maree, Mike Farrell, and Peter Hansen. I'd particularly like to thank Terry Millar for his extraordinary support throughout the lengthy Penrose saga.

I am most grateful to Ian Laxton, who worked long hours on the running section, Wally Stuart, Patricia Glyn, Tom Cottrell, and Dave Hodgskiss, who gave impetus to my writing project at one of the many times this manuscript was gathering dust. Tim Noakes maintained a constant background presence, providing advice and pushing me to write that final chapter about why I did all the things I did during my running career.

To Tim Noakes and John Gear, I extend my sincere thanks for writing the forewords. Each knew me for different reasons and at different times. I feel more than satisfied that combined, they provide a complete picture of my running career and my character.

The farming community of Houtboschhoek in Mpumalanga deserves a different kind of thanks. How can one thank those who put their own lives at risk when their fellow isolated neighbours are attacked by armed robbers – and then offer free accommodation and safety for months and months on end? These neighbours include Mike and Dalene Ravenscroft; Gavin and Marese Ravenscroft; Sue and Marcel Van Rooyen; Willie and Bernie De Beer; Ampie and Dawid Oosthuizen; and Chris and Paul Gryvenstein. But it was not only in times of danger that farmers were willing to lend a helping hand. Jan Venter, one of the early pioneers in the valley, became a close friend; Alec Roberts stepped up to plant timber on the farm when we first arrived in the valley; Ampie Oosthuizen helped with building projects; and Mike Ravenscroft did wonders with a challenging irrigation system.

Thanks to Vanessa Wilson of Quickfox Publishing for her hard work and her largesse, and Maureen Miller who stepped in to undertake an intense scrutiny of the manuscript under great pressure.

Finally, a special thank you to Blake Wilkins, who stepped in to facilitate the final copy of this book. Throughout the process, he was sensitive, perceptive, and determined, but always with warmth and humour. It was my privilege to work with him.

**Jackie Mekler, Cape Town, 2019**

## FOREWORD

# JACKIE MEKLER – MY INSPIRATION, OUR HERO

**BY PROFESSOR TIMOTHY NOAKES**

It is the early afternoon of May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1963. I am 13 years old, a first-year high school student in Cape Town. I enter the kitchen of my parents' home, perhaps to take some milk from the fridge. The radio is playing. The news is ending with a wrap-up of the day's sport. The announcer reports that a Jackie Mekler has just won the Comrades Marathon between Pietermaritzburg and Durban, setting a new record of 5:51:20. Even though I have little interest in running, because I play rugby and cricket – both without distinction – the details of the moment become instantly fixed in my mind. Today I can still recall that moment as clearly as if it had just happened. I have no explanation for this. Perhaps I was overcome by awe. Maybe I wondered how it was possible to run 56 miles in less than six hours? How was it possible to keep running without rest for one hour, let alone for six? I have no similar recall of any other individual sporting achievement so reported.

Ten years and one day later, on June 1<sup>st</sup> 1973, I line up to run the Comrades Marathon for the first time. It was to be a life-changing experience. That year the race is won in a new record time by my friend, University of Cape Town engineering student Dave Levick. He is the first university student to win the race. He takes the lead for the first time two miles from the finish. Five miles earlier, he was in fifth position without any hope of victory. When I hear that he has won – and how

– I become tearful. I still have nine miles to run and some steep hills to climb. It is Dave who has inspired me and provided key training advice at crucial moments. Like all winners, he reveres the history of the Comrades Marathon and especially its winners: an elite group to which he had just gained entry. He has fulfilled his destiny.

Later I learned that Jackie Mekler had in turn been a guiding inspiration for Levick. Both had won each of the two most famous ultramarathon races at that time: the Comrades and London to Brighton Marathons. From Mekler, Dave had learned two training methods he considered crucial to his successes. Like Mekler a decade earlier, six weeks before the 1973 Comrades he had spent some days walking at altitude in the Drakensberg. In the final month leading up to that race, he had trained twice a day on Sundays – his long runs of 35 to 40 miles in the morning followed by 10 miles in the evening. Exactly as he had learned from Mekler.

The ambition of running the Comrades Marathon in 1973 first entered my consciousness in 1971 when I had started running on most days as training for rowing. The ambition soon become an obsession that could simply not be ignored. To this day, I remain certain that Jackie's victory in the 1963 Comrades Marathon planted a seed of adolescent aspiration in my developing subconscious. His victory started me down a life path that I have followed ever since. His influence provided the inspiration in ways I have yet to comprehend. What happened afterwards was simply my fate.

Perhaps I wanted to be like Jackie Mekler, to be my own hero. Not ever to win the race, mind you, for I knew that would not be possible, but to at least experience it. In 1971 I still could not conceive the feat of running 56 miles in one day. This would become a life-defining quest, born of a childhood moment, inspired by someone I did not know and would only meet two decades later.

Jackie Mekler finally entered my life during its next phase: the writing of the first edition of my book, *Lore of Running*, in 1986. In that edition, I included a section detailing the training methods of the most successful Comrades Marathon runners – those who had won the race five times or more. I wondered what made each stand out and what explained their string of successes. In my youthful ignorance, I presumed that the answer

would come from an analysis of how hard each one trained. I had yet to understand that training alone could never be the sole determinant of athletic success. So I began to correspond with Jackie. He shared his meticulously maintained log books with me, and I performed some rudimentary analysis of the information they contained. His log books, the foundations for this book, are one of the lasting treasures of South African ultramarathon running.

So predictably, I focused on how many miles Jackie ran in preparation for the 11 Comrades Marathons that he raced. I discovered that his training distances in the final five months leading up to the race varied from 2 130 to 4 038km. But the distances he ran in those months bore little relationship to how well he ran on race day. His three fastest races (1963; 1965; 1960) came after he had trained rather less than for other races in which he trained harder but performed rather less well. This extensive personal experience over 11 years already disproved a dominating dogma I had held when I began writing the book: that training is the sole determinant of athletic performance. According to this simple model, the more one runs the better one must perform. His experience showed that this is true only up to a point. For beyond some individual training threshold, simply adding ever more training becomes counterproductive.

A scientific principle is that one's conclusions can only ever be as good as the original data on which those conclusions are based. Jackie's data had been meticulously collected. I had no doubt that this conclusion would stand the test of time. And indeed, as I studied the training records of other great runners, the theory stood firm. Each runner showed a threshold volume of training, above which yet more training produced slower racing times.

So Jackie had taught me that there is more to success in running than simply how far and how fast one runs in training. His example set me on another voyage of exploration: to discover factors, other than training, that predict running success.

Now that Jackie has completed his own book and shared the more personal details of his life story, he provides yet more information for other future investigators to pursue. His story confirms that supreme success in ultramarathon running, as in any sport, is a measure of the whole person. His recollections suggest that winners of the Comrades Marathon are

seldom uncomplicated people with common stories. Rather, their lives may be forged in hardship – in circumstances in which only those with the toughest minds survive. When they bring that mental resilience, determination, and absolute refusal to quit to a sport that requires its winners to be the most resilient and determined, without doubt or the thought of quitting, then a winning outcome becomes inevitable. And Jackie writes as much. He informs us that he began all of his Comrades Marathons with only one expectation – that he would win each race in a new record time. His goal was to reach each checkpoint along the course in a time faster than what was needed to set the new record. That is how he ran. Perhaps that is how he has lived his life, too.

Yet the one checkpoint that nearly evaded his ambition was the completion of this book. There were some who did indeed doubt that this book would ever be finalised. Fortunately, you now hold in your hands the evidence that, true to his personality, Jackie has also successfully completed this, his most demanding race. And as it has always been, it has been done according to his own rules and expectations.

Why was it so important that Jackie persisted with this, his greatest challenge: completing this book? It was a task that would have been more demanding than any of his Comrades victories or world-record performances.

This book is a historical record that is, in my biased opinion, utterly priceless. How do I justify this apparently hyperbolic assessment? First, Jackie is the last surviving link to a period when South Africa, and especially the Comrades Marathon, produced some of the greatest ultramarathon runners of all time. It begins, predictably, with the great Arthur Newton who, in his day, was considered to be the world's greatest long-distance runner. Perhaps more than any other single individual, he is the reason why the Comrades Marathon became the phenomenon it is today.

Then followed Hardy Ballington, Wally Hayward and Jackie Mekler, before the rise of perhaps the greatest, Bruce Fordyce. This book reveals the link that joins Arthur Newton and Wally Hayward to Jackie Mekler, which would then lead to Bruce Fordyce. The historic link to Arthur Newton, who befriended Mekler when he was still a young and inexperienced runner, is especially important.

I suspect that Newton and Mekler were similar personalities – quiet, discerning, highly principled, and intensely competitive. However, they were both introverted, retiring observers of a world in which they were sometimes reluctant passengers. Their successes required that each man find his own answers to the challenges he faced – not just in how much and how fast each needed to train, but also in how to deal with the inevitable injuries and illnesses at a time when neither had any access to knowledgeable experts.

Just as Jackie describes himself, Newton was self-trained. He ran (and walked) by himself on his farm in KwaZulu-Natal. He had no one to guide him, no one even to train with him. Like Jackie, he achieved success by intuitively monitoring his body's responses to his different training methods. He had no access to heart-rate monitors, GPS tracking, sports medicine doctors, physiotherapists, or training coaches. Like Jackie, he had to go it alone. In the end, Newton wrote four books about his experiences. These became some of the most influential running books ever published. Jackie was inspired and educated by what he read.

So Jackie's book takes up the story of South African ultramarathon running after Newton. He provides a rich description of what it was like to be an amateur runner in the '50s and '60s. Mekler shares Newton's ability to remember and write what is important. He captures the essence of a bygone era of amateurs who ran and trained as they did simply because they had no choice. It was a magnificent obsession that drove them to achieve physical feats of which we can only marvel.

Second, the book provides a view of the athletic world when athletes truly were utterly amateur. We learn how Jackie trained by awaking sometimes at two o'clock in the morning before running 20 or more miles to work, where he would stand for another eight hours before running home. Where does one find the discipline and mental fortitude to run alone in the dark and cold, day in and day out, inspired by nothing more than the distant dream of future races, knowing that none of this will ever bring any reward other than the satisfaction of the personal achievement?

Third, we learn of the astonishing distances that Jackie ran while training. This is important, lest we forget that ultramarathon running is, at its heart, a difficult discipline with rewards in proportion to the effort one is prepared to invest. In a world increasingly focused on instant

gratification, this is an important message. It reminds us that success begins with effort – intense, difficult, remorseless, and sustained.

Fourth, Jackie defies the rule that I promoted in *Lore of Running* – that one should run marathon or ultramarathon races only twice a year at most. It is unfathomable to me that he was able to run so many races in such quick succession. Would he have won more races if he had rested more? Unquestionably. But equally, his robustness, born of such intense training, gave him a resilience that few others in sporting history have ever achieved.

Finally, as I requested of him, Jackie's closing chapter addresses the 'why' – why did he do what he did? It is one of the most compelling chapters on running that I have ever read, and it reflects the wisdom of a long life well lived. The concluding lines summarise life and the message of this book better than anything I could write:

*The important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered but to have fought well ...*

Herb Elliott, the great Australian runner who dominated the mile/1500m in the same years that Jackie was competing, once wrote: *To run a world record, you have to have the absolute arrogance to think you can run a mile faster than anyone who's ever lived; and then you have to have the absolute humility to actually do it.* That defines the personality of all the great athletes – the mix of humility and arrogance, in equally controlled balance. If you know Jackie, you will know that there is no better description of his personality. For more than 80 years, he has maintained that perfect balance.

And when you next line up at the start of the greatest footrace in the world – the Comrades Marathon – with 20 000 or more similarly inspired runners, think back to the '50s and '60s. It was a time when a small band of uniquely driven men (and some women) rose sometimes at two o'clock in the morning to run 20 or more miles to work, to build the history of what would become the treasure that so many can now enjoy.

Relish the privilege you can now share and pay tribute to the Jackie Meklers of the Comrades Marathon.

The men whose passion, courage and fortitude made it all possible.

# JACKIE MEKLER, MY FRIEND

BY PROFESSOR JOHN GEAR

When Jackie asked me to contribute to his book, it was with feelings of total despair and huge elation that I said: ‘but of course. It will be a huge honour.’ This book was conceived in the mid-1970s. It has had a number of false starts but was never disqualified. I often despaired as to its completion, but there is no more determined being than Jackie Mekler. It seems that my despair was both premature and unfair. Why would Jackie ask me to pen a foreword? I am not a runner, I am not a writer, and because I am a relative by marriage (Jackie married my cousin Margie), I am probably not to be trusted. It’s that ‘in-law’ thing, you know!

But the man is an enigma. He was when I first met him about 55 years ago, and he has remained as such for the past decades during which our lives have intertwined, disconnected, and reconnected with satisfying conviction.

This book is about many things, and because its authorship has been controlled and managed by Jackie, despite a few ghostwriters along the way, it pays inadequate attention to Jackie the man. He has tried to write it dispassionately and analytically, and he has been hugely successful in that endeavour. However, in so doing, the extraordinary persona who is the tales’ chief character is undersold – except, perhaps, if you are a runner, who will immediately admire the tenacity, determination and energy that Jack poured into becoming the best of the best. This, despite setbacks and disappointments that would have crushed ordinary mortals.

For me, the Comrades Marathon is the ‘excuse’ for the book, which has a grander and more moving story to tell. There are elements of Jackie’s life that precede the obsession with running that are rich in texture,

tragedy, and the triumph of determination over disappointment. Clearly ultra-distance running became his *raison d'être* and drove and moulded Jackie into the person he became. Or perhaps the person he became was always there, and that was why he became the exceptional marathon runner, competitor, and team man that so many admired. I tend to lean towards the latter conviction.

Jackie was a hero for many schoolboys because of his athletic prowess, but athletics in Jackie's time was an amateur sport pursued 'after hours'. He should have been a hero for his ability to balance a career with his love for athletics. This 'balancing' was beyond the ken of the likes of you and me. It meant that training started at 4am (sometimes 2am) so that by 6am he had at least two hours of running under his belt, with the prospect of eight hours of standing at workbenches and printing presses, cutting, cleaning, typesetting, and responding to the bidding of his seniors.

Jackie started as a youthful apprentice in a printing company and ended his career as its managing director, while contriving to fit in enough running to win silver at the Empire Games; somehow survive the gross injustice of not being chosen for the Olympic Team; win five Comrades Marathons; and collect 10 Comrades golds in 11 starts when, for many of those starts, only the top six got gold. These achievements placed him among an elite group of all-time greats in South African sport. His peers have acknowledged his unique contribution to the Comrades – and marathon running more generally – by awarding him the Spirit of Comrades and Living Legends Awards.

Much of this happened before he married cousin Margie, bought a farm in the lowveld, had two amazing daughters, and learned to play golf. Margie, Kate, and Bronwen remain pivotal in his life, and he in theirs.

Jackie has never let up. He kept running, farmed at the weekend after a commute from Johannesburg, and fought a rear-guard battle to protect the integrity of The Penrose Press from the horrors of the mergers and acquisition fiasco that swept the world in the early '80s.

For the past 25 years, Jackie and Margie have lived on their lowveld farm, aptly named Camperdown, after the notorious stretch of the Comrades course just outside Pietermaritzburg. Here they have farmed macadamias, pecans, avocados, and timber; established a beautiful indi-

genous tree garden; built an idyllic self-catering cottage; perfected the art of soap-making; produced the yummiest salted and sugared pecans; and survived two brutal farm attacks.

The clock is ticking. As I write this Jackie is almost 86, but somehow I feel his clock will never strike midnight. There is still so much to do. This includes his early-morning ‘runs’ and finishing this book – an extraordinary lesson in life written by a slightly eccentric, but the most modest, determined, and caring character I have ever met.

My most enduring memory of Jackie is of an early morning in the Kruger National Park. We were on a walking trail. These walks were rustic affairs and mirrors are not usually consulted in the predawn rush to get ready. I arrived at the newly-lit fire to lace my boots and enjoy my coffee. Jackie was there before me, boots already laced and coffee almost drunk. I stood in disbelief. Jackie appeared like some Easter Island ceremonial leader. His face was covered in a thick layer of sunscreen cream! When I offered that he had a trifle too much cream on his face, he reassured me that the thicker the better is an excellent motto. Yes Jack, for chocolate milk shakes, but sunscreen? Jackie has survived a melanoma, perhaps thanks to his liberal use of SPF50.

Jackie is running faster now than three years ago, thanks to a pace-maker – no, not the guy who sets the pace and fades trackside, but medical technology.

Whatever his secret, this man’s story needed to be told. But more importantly, it needs to be read. Enjoy the journey. It is like no other.

Professor John Gear

*John Gear is Jackie’s close friend and cousin-in-law, and less importantly and historically, Head of the Department of Community Health, Professor at University of the Witwatersrand Medical School, and co-founder of the Wits Rural Facility (near Acornhoek, if you are socially aware, and near KNP Orpen Gate, if you are not).*

# CONTENTS

## **Part One: The Early Years**

<b>CHAPTER 1</b>	Family life in Johannesburg in the 1930s .....	29
<b>CHAPTER 2</b>	Dispatched to the orphanage .....	35
<b>CHAPTER 3</b>	I start running .....	44
<b>CHAPTER 4</b>	Joining Germiston Callies.....	48
<b>CHAPTER 5</b>	Entry into the printing industry .....	56

## **Part Two: My Competitive Years**

<b>CHAPTER 6</b>	My first Comrades experience.....	74
<b>CHAPTER 7</b>	London to Brighton calls .....	90
<b>CHAPTER 8</b>	1954 – British Empire and Commonwealth Games .....	114
<b>CHAPTER 9</b>	1955 – My year in London with Arthur Newton .....	147
<b>CHAPTER 10</b>	Into the doldrums ... then a ray of hope.....	172
<b>CHAPTER 11</b>	The end of the drought .....	211
<b>CHAPTER 12</b>	Setting records .....	228
<b>CHAPTER 13</b>	Triumphs and disasters .....	251
<b>CHAPTER 14</b>	Semi-retirement and more joy.....	273
<b>CHAPTER 15</b>	Return to Comrades .....	299

**Part Three: Life after Comrades**

**CHAPTER 16** Comrades from the sidelines.....328  
**CHAPTER 17** Re-igniting my passion for racing .....334  
**CHAPTER 18** My career in the printing industry .....342  
**CHAPTER 19** Farming and family.....349  
**CHAPTER 20** My motivations .....371  
Schedule of major races: 1950 to 1969 .....379  
Distance table (in miles) and major races run .....383  
Index.....385