

# MASTER'S REPORT

*Visually disturbing material contained herein.  
Avert your eyes while reading.*

Captain Caprivi leapt to the rescue of the good doctor, Aaron Ndhuni. Aaron the Vice Chairman's marked parking bay had been hijacked by a rugby player. Without hesitation, our caped crusader took matters in hand. Bravely, he parked behind the offending meatloaf, at the same time leaving a note "to see me in the clubhouse!"

A while later a booming voice arrived at the proceedings: "Move the Nissan, you are blocking me in." Our reluctant hero slowly looked around to see where this intrusion was coming from. To his horror, when he looked around he noticed, firstly the knees then the waist and with his gaze continuing upwards to a height of approximately two metres, he saw the biggest rugby player ever produced. "Why me?" whimpered our now-less-than brave hero. "Could I not have parked behind a smaller fellow?" Sweat coursed down his back and over his forehead. Bravely he stood up to face the menacing giant. "Move your car now, you stupid runner. This is why you run, because you are stupid." Gulping audibly our hero valiantly said. "Well your captain started doing this, so you must be stupid too." Captain Caprivi thought his last moments had come. With trembling knees and adopting a boxing stance taught by his grandfather way back, he squared up to the giant, knowing that next week was about to arrive a little sooner than expected. He stared Goliath down. Not too soon the car with Goliath safely contained therein, left the scene and Aaron arrived, sweeping into his now vacant spot, oblivious to the dangers his Captain had endured to provide this service.

Back at the clubhouse, **Seamus "Sunday Times Pin-up" Daly** said: "Well done, but pick on your own size."

It was early December last year at the *Brooks 21km* in Bellville, when **Peter Fradley**

(3rd Master); **John Gathercole** (2nd Grandmaster and 1st Great Grandmaster); **Mike Stewart** (3rd Grand Master); and **Derry Devine** (3rd Great GM) changed the face of running by scooping most of the top places.

This was an amazing result for such fine gentlemen runners. To crown it all, the following day, **Derry Devine** went out and took the 3rd Grand Master prize at the *O'Grady's Paint 10km* in Somerset West. **Doug Cameron** was 3rd Grandmaster with **Marianne Balarin**, 1st GM Lady.

A week later at the *Weskus 42km* **Eric "The Running Man Logo" Bateman** was 3rd Master followed by our esteemed **Dr Joe "definitely the ex-chairman" Tyrrell** 3rd GM and **Derry "Windhond" Devine** 2nd GM.

On the *Daly Breakfast Run* in December (which was a rather pretty run) the runners had to run the gauntlet of alcohol-soaked youths and scantily dressed babes, which I might add, our scribe chose to ignore due to the beauty of the run. The "grass"-laden air caused **Dave Thomas** to momentarily forget his whereabouts.

**Fran Pocock** asked the scribe to "Take care of **Eric**." **Eric** got lost. Later **Fran** asked: "Where's **Eric**?" "Who's he?" was the reply. A visibly shaken **Fran** ran around shouting for **Eric**. "You said, take care of him," said **Adrian van der Merwe** our hero of previous *Imbaleki's*. Fortunately for **Fran** and definitely **Eric**, **Eric** was found a bit later on the upper reaches of the mountain, alive. It is possible that the insurances weren't in place.

During the photo shoot, **Dr Liza "Vapour" Chin** said to Captain Caprivi, while he was lounging at the feet of the babes: "Not a hundred virgins but eight babes". The assembled group burst forth into a rendition of the Beatles': *8 babes a week, I love, love you!* prompting the wildlife to scatter in all directions.

I wonder what the readers are thinking about while they read this diabolical nonsense.

# MASTER'S REPORT continued

We probably need to be certified. This is not a survey so do not reply. Your comments are not warranted and there are some sensitive people in the group who have feelings.

There must have been something in the Xmas pudding because at the *Tokai Manor 16km* on the 26th December, **Terry Dowling** (1st GM); **Peter Mundy** (2nd GM); **Gerry Burdzik** (3rd GM); **Carol Gahweiler** (2nd GM Lady); and **Gail McLennan** (3rd GM Lady) flew the flag for VOB. This was another fine effort by our senior citizens.

At the *Poppy 15km* **Peter Mundy** was 2nd GM, and **James "Versace Vest" Wynne** 9th Senior. The latter information (on J Wynne) is disclosed here for motivational purposes only. After all he is not a master, yet.

Now, on to *Bay to Bay*, the dreaded 30k run to Hout Bay and back. Nothing happened except that there wasn't much wind. The hills were steeper than before, destroying all faith in a few of the contender's running for the umpteenth time. It is a wonderful race and an excellent *Two Oceans* trainer. Only **Brian Mapeyi** and **Rachel Shuttleworth** brought us honours (2nd Vets).

*Hohenort 15k*: **Linda Katzen** (2<sup>nd</sup> Master); **Gail McLennan** (1st GM); **Terrance Mazzolini** (1st Master); **Jorg Demnitz** (2<sup>nd</sup> Master); **Peter Mundy** (1st GM); **Doug Cameron** (2nd GM); and **Derry Devine** (1st Great GM). **James "The Vest" Wynne**, **Louis "The Leg" Brink** and **Andrew Hart "throb"** were seen but not heard.

*Red Hill Classic 36km* "**Gerry Burdzik**: 2nd Grandmaster!" screamed the banner headline received on my e-mail.

With the onset of alcohol-soaked middle-aged spread — the pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high for our scribe going for his 11th Oceans. Laughing too loud with the boys in the bar, his injury woes and the cement bag belly were soon a distant memory along with his Oceans dreams. "Fatboy" always said it was easier to watch Oceans from the comfort of a chair swilling beer and puffing Cuban cigars. The boys in the bar: **Dave "Fatboy"**

**Felton, Philip "Don't think we haven't noticed but you're a good looking boy" Goodson**, **Craig "Violet" McCarthy**, **"Hamstrung" McClarty** and some married blokes who will remain anonymous.

*Peninsula 21km*: **Christian Edwards** (1st Master); **Jorg Demnitz** (3rd Master); and **Seamus Daly** (3rd Grandmaster).

*Peninsula 42km*: **Gerry Burdzik** (3rd Grandmaster).

The saga of **one James "Versace Vest" Wynne** continues. He wrote himself back into the *Imbaleki* pages for negotiating lifts to get to the front of his training group by having the dubious distinction of executing this practice no less

than three times in as many years. His *modus operandi* is to stop his mother, sister or any other sucker who happens along in a motorcar. He then badgers them with the slick courtroom skills of a "mafiosa" criminal lawyer, to drive him ahead of the pack. On a recent "Chappies" trainer he cajoled the unsuspecting Club Captain to perform this deed. Passing the group he shouted: "Train smart, not hard." The expletives cannot be entered herein, as "Ed" is already hard-pressed to produce this "mag", without having to deal with the Publications Control Board.



# MASTER'S REPORT continued

**Gus “Not the ex-chairman” Thompson, Paul Fortuin, Ralph “Mini” Cooper, Denis Nixon** and **Lyndsay Madden** ran themselves into contention at the time trial for the dreaded “Kamp Staalraad” Masters squad, coached by our scribe. **Pieter de Wee** along with our scribe make up the quotas to appease the Minister of Sport. That **McClarty** gets to coach and run confused all, including the Minister — probably because the job does not pay well and there are no travel coupons or telephones not to answer. Furthermore, with all the helping hands since '94, there is none of Mama's gravy left over.

All was quiet at the *Koeberg 15k* with nothing to report. The hectic schedule of *Two Oceans* was taking its toll on the runners. The countdown for the latter has begun with last minute training runs being organised for those who have not done their homework. The “pie in the sky” athletes are still running long distances as I write. Pity because nothing more is going to be achieved. It is now rest time and more rest. *Two Oceans* beats most runners at the 50k mark because they did not taper in time or did not rest.

**Derry Devine** was 2nd Great Grandmaster at the *Mooreesburg 10k*. Great effort was required to pull this off and **Richard Acheson** a Master and Race Director did just that.

These last few paragraphs have been rather difficult to write as I have just learnt of the murder of our good friend and running partner **Denis Nixon**. A Gentle Giant of a man — gone. He taught his son from an early age to run the time trials and father and son ran races together and recently completed “The Argus”. I feel so desperately sad for **Ian** as not many fathers and sons have this time together.

On a personal note, **Denis** helped me with my first *Two Oceans* back in '94 and afterwards when I was walking in a pain-filled daze at the Celtics Running Club, his wife, **Hinke** helped me up a grassy slope and then

gave me a cup of soup. **Denis** in his quiet tone of voice uttered, “It never gets any better.”

**Denis** was a stalwart in the fictitious “Masters Squad,” a time trialist and great runner with many, many years at VOB. **Gus Thompson, Lyndsay Madden, John Harding, Sid Stoffberg** and **McClarty** were the backbone of the squad.

On the night of 20th March three intruders broke into his house just after dinner. As he got up from the table to maybe enquire who they were, they shot him in his chair. Unarmed and defenceless, in the presence of his wife and nephew, he was gunned down. Guns to the heads, the callous murderers took a few telephones, a wallet and a life. Ironically in about half an hour, it was to be “Human Rights Day”. It was so unnecessary to do this to an innocent family man who was relaxing at home. These savages did not stop to think of what devastation they would leave in their wake nor the anguish or who they would affect by carrying out this dastardly deed.

Sadly this scenario is being played out daily throughout South Africa. Obviously, this is not the forum to vent anger and make political statements. The crime statistics are shocking and I am afraid it is not going to improve until accountability on behalf of the government takes place.

We have lost numerous members of our club to safer havens overseas and who knows whether any of them might have saved their own lives by making this difficult decision. Starting out in a new country is one of the most arduous tasks one can attempt. One loses a whole network of support and friends, all of which has to be rebuilt. The main reason is obviously to give the children the safety and a better chance in life.

I close my report on a sad note and our thoughts and prayers are with **Hinke, Ian, Carrie** and the family.

That's all folks!

**Richard McClarty**