

**A Step in Time**  
**By Gary Little**

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I often get asked, "How did you get into Racewalking?" Well the answer is, as you all can understand, "I didn't get into racewalking, it got into me!"

In a past life, I was a runner. I began serious running in the mid to late '70's when I was motivated to run the Rotorua Marathon. I lived in Rotorua and a family friend was the late great master's marathon runner, Jack Foster.

As a family, my wife and our two kids used to support Jack as he rotated around Lake Rotorua each year. Then one year, I made the decision (a month after the '75 event) to run the 'sodding' thing the next year. Not long after this decision, we moved to Cambridge and I began to familiarise myself with the training opportunities there. I also embarked on a programme of coaching education to learn a bit more about this running lark. Soon I was the proud holder of the "New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association" Level II Coaches Diplomas for sprints and relays and middle distance and cross-country. I took the middle distance and cross-country diploma twice, as the second time I took this course, I had the privilege to learn from the great Arthur Lydiard, and his teachings have influenced my coaching and personal training since.

In 1976, at the age of 34, I had my first serious race, the daunting 26.2 miles of the Rotorua Marathon. I think I finished 82nd in a time of 2 hours 58 minutes plus a bit of change. From this start in athletics, I became involved with the Cambridge Athletic and Harrier Club and took on committee duties along with the egotistic activity of coaching some of my compatriots in crime. At this stage of my career, my running allowed me to present a reasonable profile to the town of Cambridge and I became well known as an athlete, placing well in area events.

About this time, a young lady moved to Cambridge from Auckland. She was a race walker that did running to keep fit. She asked me if I could help her. I told her that if she could assist me with the technical aspect of race walking, I would help her with a training program. A year later, she won the Waikato T&F women's championship, and hence started my interest in race walking. I was, however, still a runner and continued my attempts at marathon running.

In 1983, I moved to Whangarei where I continued my running and even barrelled out a 2 hours 38 minutes effort in the Whangarei Marathon at the age of about 46. 10k times were about 35 minutes and a Huntly ½ Marathon time eventuated at just over 1 hour 14 minutes.

About this time, a young walker moved to Whangarei and needed some assistance. Sean Sullivan (Yes! The boxer) was the junior walks champion at the time, and he needed some coaching and most of all, he needed someone to race against, particularly at Northland Champs. There were only the two of us, so I trained-up another couple of guys so that Sean would at least be able to have a championship event to take part in. This began my more serious attitude to race walking participation.

I took part in the Northland Championships and won my events (no competition) and decided that I would go down to the NZ Veterans Athletics Championships in Hamilton. I won these and set new NZ records and managed a couple of world veteran records later in the year. This was 1989 and this was fun!

The 1990 Commonwealth Games in Auckland were looming and the powers that be decided that even though the National Road Champs were to be held in Whangarei that year (1989), the walks section would be held at Devonport on the course intended for the Games walks. The idea was to have a full-dress rehearsal with real bodies. This event was to be my first real big-time effort against the best in the country. The Games qualifying time was 2 hours 28 minutes (quite soft really) for the 30km course. I started unproven. 30km is a long way, and although I had run marathons, this walking lark was still something new, and I hadn't even done any special training.

The result of this venture into the unknown, was a fourth placing in a time of 2 hours 28 minutes 57 seconds – not good enough to be a contender for a place in the team. Kevin Taylor, Shane Donnelly, and Sean Sullivan all beat the required time, with Shane and Sean getting to the Games start line. Kevin had the misfortune to be injured in a freak accident only a couple of days out from the event and had to withdraw. A rock fell off a passing lorry while he was out training and landed on his foot. He was devastated.

At this point, I decided that I would begin racewalking training and over the next couple of years I was to continue with a mixture of running and race walking, with success in both. Good results as a runner saw me able to pick up a series of vouchers that helped to pay for the training shoes that I was wearing out with regular monotony. At the age of 48, I won the Oceania Veterans 10km champs in a time of 45:34, a new world M48 best- time and an Oceania M45-49 record. Later in November of that year I produced a 4:51:06 50km walks result.

Over the next few months, I managed some good performances and was finally selected to compete in my first National Athletics Championships. This was to be held in Dunedin in the February of 1991. I was 49 at the time and was really chuffed at getting the chance to represent Northland. In those days, the men competed over 5000m on the Thursday and then the 20km on the Sunday. I finished with close seconds to Derek Beaven in both events, with times of 21:29.13 and 1:32:18. The 5000m time was good enough for a master's world record and I was subsequently interviewed by Kathryn Switzer at the medal ceremony. Life was great!

As the World Race Walking Cup was due later in the year, some of us were trying to put up performances that might influence the selectors and towards the end of March, I produced a 50km 4:43:32 effort in the hopes of getting the nod. A week later, my wife of 24 years, passed away after a stroke. She had been bedridden for some time with arthritis and her body had finally succumbed to the harsh situation she was in.

About three weeks later, I was advised that I had been selected to represent New Zealand as part of the 50km team to take part in the World Race walking Cup in San Jose, California, USA. I was 49.

In due course, we set off for the States and the week before the Cup, most of the team (we had a 20k men's team and a women's 10k team along with the four 50k'ers) took part in the Bruce Jenner Classic (I think you know her under a different name) Track Meet at San Jose. I competed in the 5000m event, placing 5th overall and the 1st kiwi to finish. My time of 21:15.46 was a new masters M49 best time. There was a bit of wine flowing that night.

A week later, it was the big one! The world cup events were held in downtown San Jose, with the men's 20k and the women's 10k held on the Saturday.

The temperatures were hot and after the women's race I had the task of rubbing ice cubes over one of our women competitors in the hope that her temperature would come down enough so that she wouldn't have to go to hospital. She cooled down, but it didn't do too much for my temperature.

This was the preparation I had for the 50k, and although the temperature extremes continued the next day for the 50k, I managed a PB and another M49 world-best time by placing 63rd overall with a time of 4:39:27. Our best team performance went to Paul McElwee with a time of about 4:25 in about 25th place. He subsequently needed a saline drip to settle things after this performance.

Another couple of years went past. During this time, I became the oldest track athlete to win a national track title (at the time) and twice won the national 30k road title in times that ranked me 5th in the Commonwealth overall. The best being 2:18:14. In winning the 1992 National 20k T&F title in Christchurch in 1:26:32 (another WR), I became the first New Zealand walker to complete the distance under 1:30 on New Zealand soil. I think a 1:28 had been done in Australia. In doing so, I passed through the 5k in 21:01 and the 10km mark in 42:20. This result bettered the Barcelona Olympic Games 'B' standard of 1:27 and should have got me a berth to the '92 Games team as the 'A' standard of 1:24 had not been bettered. I was on form!

Two months later at the National 50k Champs in Waikanae, I produced the walk of my life with a 4:16:36 50km to win the 1992 title (This was faster than Norm Read's times! Norm was the chief judge that day). My form at the time was good enough to produce a third placing in the Australian Championship later in May with a sluggish time of 4:35:19. Paul McElwee placed second in this event. However, we were lucky that most of Aussie's top walkers were away overseas preparing for the '93 World Walking Cup in Monterrey, Mexico at the time.

A week later (bullet-proof, eh!), I walked the Hawera to New Plymouth 50 miler in 8:51:36. I started off as the first walker in our relay team, covering the first 20k (finishing that leg in 1st place). I had decided the night before that I would carry on and see if I could complete the whole distance. I must have looked a real wreck towards the end as Scott Nelson and a couple of others from the team, wanted to yank me off the course with about 3k to go. I told them that I hadn't come 70-odd kilometres to be "\*\*\*\*\*" taken off the course so close to the end. I was the third walker to cross the line. Two of the teams had beaten me. As I wasn't officially entered for the full solo event, I couldn't claim the trophy for the solo event.

About four months later, I produced another 50km result with a time of 4:31:42 and the following month won the Auckland 20km Champs with a time of 1:30:19. This was a build-up to my 1992 30km road title of 2:18:14. On the 1st November, I achieved a New Zealand All-comers, National and Resident Record for the Men's 2hr Track Walk with a distance of 25176m.

My next major achievement was being selected for the Cup Team to go to Monterrey, Mexico.

A week before this event, I competed in the Gulf Championships in Houston, Texas, placing 2nd overall behind Scott Nelson with a time of 44:33 for the 10km. This was an M51 WBT. And so, on to the World Cup!

I didn't perform too well at this event, producing a 20k result of 1:41:13, finishing 80th out of 113 starters in hot conditions. Craig Barrett succumbed to the conditions and withdrew at about 5km and Shane Donnelly, another team member, withdrew at about 9km.

Another event that gave me a great deal of satisfaction was the open grade annual Founders Day Golden Gate 10km held in Oakland, California, USA in 1996. I finished well clear of the field with a time of 47:52 and managed to show just how good kiwis can be.

A few days prior to this event, the friend that my wife and I were staying with in San Rafael, (I had remarried about four years previously) had rung one of the organisers to enquire about entry details of the event and how to get to it. When she had mentioned that her friend was a "Gary Little" from New Zealand, there was a brief silence on the 'phone before she was asked... "Not the "Gary Little" from New Zealand?" She was suitably impressed that we had come halfway round the world to USA and that I was a "known" competitor. My wife and I were really chuffed about that incident too!

Over subsequent years, I managed to plug away at some of the national championships and managed to take part in three World Masters events, with some success. I have also had the added problem of recurring injuries curbing the progress towards some of my performances.

Prior to competing at the 4th Veterans' World Road Race Championship in Kobe, Japan in 1998, I took part in the Masters Oceania Athletics Championships in Wanganui, just two months out from the big event. Although winning both Oceania events, I incurred an injury that was initially diagnosed as a stress fracture of the foot. I spent three weeks trying to maintain fitness with aqua jogging while I awaited the final diagnosis. When the resulting diagnosis indicated that I had only had a soft tissue injury, I had lost over a month of solid training. My wife and I discussed the situation and it was decided that I should carry on and contest the world master's event.

It took me more than a week to get back into walking style again, but by the time we had arrived in Japan I had managed to put in some speed-work and was feeling ready to compete.

My wife and I felt quite chuffed when we walked into the concourse at one of the Shinkansen (bullet train) railway stations and were approached by an American stranger (I was dressed in kiwi clobber) that asked if I was "Gary Little". He had seen me compete at the San Jose Race walking World Cup and had been impressed. This was most certainly another ego boost for me.

The event was over 30km and was the first time that I had lined up in a fully international master's event. My wife and I spent anxious moments prior to the start, carefully looking over the field, to try and pick out who looked the most dangerous. Most were mean and hungry looking. The field had a large Japanese contingent, as would be expected of a home-country event, but there was a strong smattering of serious-looking aliens, like me. I didn't have the excuse that I was a master's grade walker amongst seniors anymore. Most of these guys appeared to be around my age, and they were international class. Then the gun went off! The road, around the streets of what appeared to be a large multi-sporting complex, was packed with walkers (300+ starters). This was it! This was serious stuff!

I immediately found that I was nearly falling over other slower walkers but before too long I found myself in the lead. I made the decision to go for broke even though training hadn't been the best. If I wasn't up to it ... so what the hell!

Each lap was 2.7km and not an ideal circuit. It was made a little more interesting by the fact that there was a bit of a relatively steep hill to negotiate each lap. Jim Blair was there as an observer, and with my wife providing me with times (and the indication that at one stage I had amassed a 1:45 lead), Jim kept me up to date with the fact that I wasn't acquiring any 'warnings (red cards)', as they were known then. The black singlet was making a good showing.

Although I was going quite strongly, the loss of training time was soon to tell, and with about 3k to go, one of the Italians caught me. I felt that I could go with his pace, but was unsure that I would be able to maintain my technique, so battled on as best I could to finish second overall behind Fabio Ruzzier (2:31:30, M45-49) setting a new M55-59 WR in a time of 2:32:43. After the event, and before the medal ceremony, I was approached by a member of the German team (I think. I couldn't speak his language) and was presented with a medal he had been awarded from a previous event in Germany. This may well be the most important trophy that I have ever received.

About six months after arriving back from Japan, I was a finalist for the Auckland Masters Athlete of the Year Award and was also the recipient of the Mt Roskill Sports Awards, 1998 Community Board Award.

My next international master's event was the World Masters Athletics Championship in Brisbane, Australia in July 2001. I had been plagued with a groin strain (or so I thought) prior to this event and I wasn't as well prepared as I would have liked to be, but nevertheless, I managed to win a silver medal, the time of 23:09.03 for the 5000m still good enough for a M59 WBT. My groin had not been a problem during the event, and all looked well for the ensuing 20km event nine days later.

Not long after the start of the 20km event, even though the pace was to my liking, my groin tightened up and I had to ease-off the pace. Walkers from my age group began to pass me and there wasn't anything I could do about it. However, by about the 10km mark, I found that my pain was easing slightly, and I was able to walk up to the point of restriction. I began to gain placings again and eventually finished with another silver medal in a time of 1:43:42. Not the greatest of times, but still a podium finish.

Next up was the World Masters Games in Melbourne (Australia, again) in October 2002. Once again, training had been restricted in my lead-up, but this time it looked as if the cause of my problems had been found! I had been suffering from recurring tightness and cramps in the adductor muscles (inside thigh) and thought that I had a pulled muscle. Treatment by a physio was taking place when she suggested that the symptoms may indicate that I could have a pelvic stress fracture. An appointment with a leading sports medicine doctor resulted in an initial diagnosis of osteitis pubis. Man was I impressed! I had something weird and unheard of, or so I thought. I then was sent for a scintigram to substantiate the diagnosis. This process required the quaffing of a special liquid followed about four hours later by a scan by something like an MRI machine.

In the period between the initial diagnosis and the scan, the doctor said that I could still train at the level that my body permitted, but that after the scan, if the initial diagnosis was verified, I would have to stop all significant exercise and go into rehabilitation.

What is osteitis pubis, you may be asking? Well, it relates to a weakening of the bones of the pelvis and subsequent muscle spasms that take place to protect the pelvis. It isn't as uncommon as I had thought, as I found quite a lot of internet detail. The rehabilitation process requires about six weeks of non-stressful activity so that the weak bone tissues can be replaced by stronger bone.

Here I was, in the final stages of my preparation for a world championship, and only training at about 75%. I also had this doctor telling me that I may have to knock all training on the head for a while. However, being an athlete-orientated sports doctor, he was more than sympathetic to my inner and physical needs and suggested that I could continue training.

The scintigram took place about a week before heading off to Melbourne and the results wouldn't be available for about a week. I had instructions to contact the doctor from Melbourne a few days after the scan results were due and, in the meantime, took part in the WMG 5000m track walk. This resulted in a second overall placing and a M60-64 gold medal with a new world record of 23:44:09 and no groin problems! Things were looking good!

A couple of days later, I contacted the doctor and was advised that the scan results had confirmed that I did indeed have osteitis pubis and the 20k was in a couple of days!

Once again, my sports orientated doctor advised me that I could continue and compete... but, once the race was over, I had to go into rehabilitation. To a certain extent, I felt some relief. I now knew what was wrong and I felt that I could do something about it.

The rehab would consist of waiting a month after the last bout of pain and muscle tension, before beginning with a five-minute increase every second day of extremely easy casual walking... from zero exercise. I wasn't even supposed to walk to the local shop to get the paper.

After having been given explicit instructions by the doctor, I was then offered best wishes for the pending 20k event. My performance wasn't as good as I had hoped (I recorded 1:46:40) finishing 5th overall, but still managed to bring home another M60-64 gold medal. Now I had some enforced rest to take care of.

On our return to Auckland, I took a month's rest (Total rest... I was being good!) before embarking on some pool-work. I managed to pick up a gym sponsorship from the local HEALTH & SPORTS gym and started an aqua-jogging program that was to last a month before I started my first casual five minute walk. These walking sessions increased by five minutes each second day for the next three weeks. Then I was permitted to start a light race walking progression by adding 5 minutes each second day as I reduced the corresponding casual walk sessions by 5 minutes each second day. Things weren't too bad!

About eight weeks later, I competed in the National Teams Final 3000m racewalk, finishing 5th overall and winning the 2nd String competition in a new M61 world best time of 14:55.76. I was back! I was able to better this time a few weeks later at an un-judged grass-track at the Northland Masters Champs with 14:39.

Although I had a few events over the following couple of months, the next serious event was the Taranaki 15k in May, 2003 where I managed a weird double achievement with a new M61 WBT at 5k (25:01) before going on to gain an M60-64 WR at the 15k mark with 1:19:56 and missing a good time at the intermediate 10k mark.

On a windy, all-weather sort of day in New Plymouth about six months later, I produced an agonising performance in the National 50k Champs to finish in 5:25:44. This effort produced an M61 WBT, an M60-64 NZR and another M60-64 NZR at the 30k mark with 2:53:17. I wasn't really happy with this performance as the final stages had lapsed into a form of survival mode, and I was sure that if I had been asked to go around for another lap, I would have been DQ'd... but a result is a result, and time is running out on this body.

Three weeks later, I finished the regional National Teams 3000m in 3rd place to produce an M61 WBT of 14:33.5. A fortnight later, I had the satisfaction of winning overall and setting the M60-64 WR over the distance at the North Island Masters Champs in Hastings with 14:00.57 and then lining up the next day for the 10,000m track walk to win overall again with an M61 WBT of 50:42.5.

Two months later, in February 2004, a nevertheless lack-lustre performance at the NorthSport Classic in Auckland produced a M60-64 NZR for the 20,000m track walk. Then came the March 2004 NZ Masters T&F Champs in Hamilton.

The first event here was the 3000m track walk which resulted in a second overall placing in 13:58.13 to produce a gold medal and a M60-64 WR. The 10k road walk two days later saw me finish 1st overall in 49:01 with an M60-64 NZR. Injuries now began to take their toll again. One of them was to have nothing to do with age.

After the March 2004 master's champs, training was then geared towards the World Masters Long Distance Champs, due to be held in Auckland during April. I was going to get a chance at taking part in a serious event in front of my home crowd. There was to be a 10k on the Monday, a 10k on the Wednesday and a 50k on the Friday. What a feast! I could have a crack at the 30k, take an easy sprint on the Wednesday and give it heaps on the Friday.

Training was going reasonably well, not 100% mind you, but I wasn't falling apart, and although there were a few minor niggles, all was looking great during the final bit of speedwork on the Friday preceding the 30k. Saturday was a 30 minute easy session and Sunday was to be a day off as final preparation.

At 6:30 am on the Sunday morning (the day before the first race), I slipped down the bottom two steps of the staircase in our house in Kaitaia and dislocated my left big toe. It looked decidedly weird as it was crossed over the second toe, and for the next 8 hours I popped painkillers until I arrived at the Auckland Hospital to have it x-rayed and the confirmation that it just wasn't a just basic dislocation, but an avulsion fracture. This situation arises when a ligament (during the dislocation) tears away the bone attachment where it meets the bone. No chance of a few painkillers and a relocation of the joint so that I could compete the next day. I was a bit of a forlorn sight at the ensuing events during the following week. Several visiting walkers showed deep concern at not having a chance to race against me and it was not only hard having to trundle around on crutches and in a plaster cast, but it was quite an emotional time as well. Oh well, I was now into another six weeks of enforced semi-rest spent doing pool-work. At least I had the cast removed and was given a moon-boot that could be taken off so that I could get into the pool.

Even though I tried to take things easy during my rehab build-up, the general injuries mentioned earlier began to crop up regularly, and it wasn't until the National Road Champs in September, that I began to feel confident again. Having said that, as the morning dawned at Inglewood on the day of the champs, I awoke and started my day only to soon become disabled with a back spasm. Massive doses of Voltaren, Panadeine and Solprin were ingested in the hope that all would be well by start the time of the 10k road walk.

It was an easy pace for the first 500 metres and then I let out all the stops. The painkillers had obviously worked, and I hadn't killed my only kidney. I was pleased with my 51:40 4th or 5th overall placing, still managing to lead the master's group across the line.

For the next 2 ½ months, training went well with only a few minor niggling injuries. Not enough to interfere with a build-up to the North Island Masters Champs in Whangarei where I managed a 15:09 3000m on a grass track and a 55:08 10k on a disappointing road circuit.

Two weeks later I managed a 14:59.43 on a cold and windy day in the National Teams qualifying event at the Sovereign Stadium in Auckland and about 10 weeks later, I produced a 14:28 3000m and a 52:10.8 10,000m time at the un-judged

Auckland Masters Champs. Two weeks after this, I eased past the judges at the 2005 ANZ T&F Champs 3000m track walk, to achieve an M63 WBT in 14:29.29. Two days later, I was DQ'd in the 20k road walk along with Craig Barrett. I was still in good company.

The next serious competition was the 2005 Taranaki Walks 15k with a satisfying time of 1:18:42 producing an M60-64 WR. I felt happy with this one and slotted right back into training for the National Road Champs in Fielding.

This weekend was an interesting one, in that not only was there to be the road champs on the Saturday, but the New Zealand Race Walking Association was holding its AGM on the Sunday and had a 2hr track walk scheduled on the NZRWA programme. I had always enjoyed the 1 hour and the 2 hour races and it had been some time since such events had been held.

The ANZ Champs went off without a hitch, and although I had to bow to a superior performance by Eric Kemsley from Taranaki, I came away with a 52:00 10k time. I was surprised to find that during the 2 hour track walk the next day, my 10k time was 3 seconds faster as I trundled around the track to achieve 11,574m and a M60-64 WR at the 1 hour mark and then continue on to complete 22,036m with an M60-64 NZR. The world Masters bodies don't list the 2 hour walk as a records distance, but NZ Masters do. I was quite pleased with that weekend's work at the office.

Three weeks later, I came up against a brick wall. A pulled hamstring was to prove extremely hard to overcome. Prolonged physio treatment was not getting the right result and neither pool work nor the treatment was showing any signs of putting things right. An entry (foolish twit!) in the 2005 LD Walks in Hastings resulted in a DNF at the 12k mark after the hamstring began telling me that I was finished. Finished! Well not really, but I needed a little re-thinking as to what was to be coming up next.

A month later, I fronted up for my club in the National Teams qualifier and managed to limp satisfactorily past the judges to remain legal with a finishing time of 17:07 for the 3000m. Boy, was I getting old!

Lower back and hamstring problems plagued me from here on and my next competition was the Auckland Masters Champs at the end of February 2006. Although there was no suitable judging for these events, I was pleased with the 15:06.4 for the 3000m event and the 53:17.9 10,000m distance the next day. The next weekend, I once again was shown a clean pair of heels by Eric Kemsley in the NZ Masters 3000m and 10k events with times of 15:04.42 and 55:01 but keeping me out in front of the M60-64 age group. Two weeks later in an un-judged Trans-Tasman Masters event in Auckland, I produced a WR time of 15:01 for the 3000m, but once again, a shortage of suitable judges meant that nothing could be recorded.

Next up was the 2006 Taranaki Walks 15k in June. As I hadn't prepared for this event, the result wasn't all that it might be, but the time of 1:23:13 (4th overall) was good enough for an M64 WBT.

Continuing injuries were an ongoing concern and I found that if I took too much of a break in training, there's a whole lot of muscles that seem to slow down too, so I kept on truckin' to see what would eventuate.

After moving permanently to the Kaitaia region in 2005, minor health and injury problems slowed things down and recoveries were hard to come-by. I then become involved with the Kaitaia Athletic Club and hoped soon to see an upsurge in senior athletics here.

I still hold several World Masters Age Grade Best Times/Records and about 8 World Masters Athletics Age Group Records.

Athletics New Zealand Male Masters Athlete of the Year Awards: 2000, 2001-2002, 2003 and 2005

#### **PBs**

Distance	Age	Time	Date	
3000m	49	12:05.5	23-Nov-91	GPWR
5000m	49	20:54.4	07-Dec-91	GPWR
10,000m	50	42:20	16-Feb-92	GPWR
1 hour	57	11,923m	25-Jul-99	GPWR
2 hour	50	25,176m	01-Nov-92	NZ All-comers National and Resident Record
15km	50	1:04:18	16-Feb-92	GPWR
20km	50	1:26:32	16-Feb-92	GPWR
25km	49	1:52:10	12-Dec-91	GPWR
30km	50	2:18:14	10-Dec-92	GPWR
50km	50	4:16:36	12-Apr-92	(Still ranked as about the 5th fastest time by a New Zealander)

**Biggest Disappointment:** Dislocating my big toe the day before the World Masters LD Champs in Auckland.

**Best Moment:** Being presented with the Athletics New Zealand Masters Male Athlete of the Year Award at the ANZ Awards Dinner 2003.

**Best Trophy:** A medal (of unknown origin) presented to me by an unknown member (a stranger) of another team at Kobe, Japan.

**Coaching:** I have coached several walkers to national senior titles and several master's walkers to national titles and world championship medals.

I spent a period as the RWNZ president and as the Athletics New Zealand National Coach for Race Walking during which period, I produced the LEVEL TWO RACE WALKING TUTOR KIT for ANZ. Apart from the RWNZ presidency, I have been president/chairman of Auckland Race Walking, Whangarei Athletics, Northland Athletics, and Kaitaia Athletics. I have also been on the executive of Cambridge Athletics and North Shore Bays.