

CITY OF HULL ATHLETIC CLUB

formerly known as

HULL HARRIERS

BY

ARTHUR E NENDICK



Recollections of Arthur Nendick aged 90 years of a lifetime involved with athletics in Hull.

From 1937 to 2008

Summer 1937 I was working at National Provincial Bank, Hessle Road, Hull when a customer asked me if I was interested in running. I said that I had run cross-country at school in Malton and I was indeed interested.

He invited me to join him for an evening training run from the Hull Harriers headquarters on Anlaby Park Road South. I did so and was duly hooked!

We had a jog around the Anlaby and Willerby area with Stan Pleasants, the club captain in charge and these training runs continued until the official cross country season started.

This was based on the rules of the National Hunt and from the first day of

October until Easter next year we would cross farmland without any great problem.

The opening run of the season was always well attended and around many members would line up for a photograph by the Hull Daily Mail photographer and I still browse in my album, the photos taken at that time.



Opening Run, October 1948

Two or three runners would set off to lay a paper trail of chippings from the local printer. These tracks were around six or seven miles but probably a little longer towards the end of the season. The runners would then be split up into three packs. Slow pack (mostly new members) who set off to follow the paper trail, then a medium pack about 10 minutes later and lastly the fast pack which was generally the club's first team.

Each pack would gradually overtake the slower group and the packs were strictly controlled by a pace setter and a "whip". When all packs were into one bunch there would be a grand race for home and the first ones got the clean water in our limited bathing facilities.

Early in the season we had handicap races of three and five miles and the club championship - a scratch race in January from which the club's first team could be chosen.

From January to Easter we took part in various regional races e.g. York-Cross Country Championship, Beverley and District on the Westwood, Hull and

District at Sutton and Grimsby & District at Cleethorpes.

Shortly before the war our club champion was a tall stringy chap called Frank Staniforth and a younger very strong runner, Bob Coupland, topped him. Bob won the Beverley & District Championship on the Westwood and gained the "unplaced" medal in the Yorkshire Championships.

When the war broke out in August 1939, Frank Staniforth and Bob Coupland were called up. Tragically, Bob was blinded in action whilst Frank was taken prisoner along with another of our stalwarts, Billy Smelt and both were transferred to East Germany and Poland. They suffered harsh treatment and were force-marched back in to Germany as the Russians advanced, living off potato peelings and similar edible scraps of food.

In January 1940 I joined the Royal Navy and had six months training as a Wireless Telegraphist at a former "boy sailors" training barracks "HMS St Vincent". The barracks were well appointed and had playing fields, both an indoor and outdoor swimming bath and a large gymnasium, which doubled as a theatre with a stage at one end.

I kept up my training, jogging round the playing fields. I joined the Royal Navy Royal Marine Athletic Club Portsmouth and ran in their team, which won the Portsmouth and District Cross Country Championships in Easter 1940, and I am still proud of my team medal.

A young actor Jon Pertwee was on the same wireless course and we both acted in some plays, which we put on to amuse the trainees in our gymnasium theatre. I always claim that Jon never looked back after he had acted with me and it was strange to see him years later on television as Dr Who!

In August 1940 I was drafted to HMS Manchester, a large city class cruiser. In November while flagship of a large convoy taking supplies to Alexandria for General Wavell's first offensive in the Western Desert.

We picked up five hundred RAF ground staff who were billeted in our lower mess decks and when south of Sardinia met large units of the Italian fleet on manoeuvres. So, I experienced my first battle with "Manchester" leading the British Force and we were firing broadsides from our main armament for three quarters of an hour.

It was very noisy but although we sank an Italian destroyer we did not get a scratch on our paintwork and all the convoy arrived safely at Alexandria.

The next year, after the Bismarck chase and action in the North Atlantic I was transported to the Third Motor Gun Boat Flotilla at Dover. I spent the next

three and a half years on high-speed gunboats and torpedo boats attacking German shipping.



In 1942 whilst on leave Mabel and I were married and she continued as a shorthand typist at Brough Aerospace factory.

After the Normandy Invasion, no enemy ships could pass through the Dover Straits and I was posted to Ancona in the Adriatic Coast, where we had a light coastal forces base in a former Italian Naval Port.

I never had the opportunity to do any more running and when the war was over I returned to the UK to be demobbed. I saw my little daughter Margaret, who was then ten months old, who had been born just as I sailed to Italy.

In January I rejoined the Harriers and it was lovely to be back training in the old ways again.

In due course, we purchased one of the first houses to be built at Rokeby Park and took with us two little girls. Our second daughter Barbara was born just before we moved. We were fortunate that a small group of Harriers, mostly middle aged or in reserve occupation had kept the club going under the leadership of Mr A E Burwell. He was President when I joined the club in 1937 and remained so until his death at the age of eighty-four. He was a commercial traveller for Raines and Porter, a paint manufacturer. He travelled regularly around East Yorkshire and Lincolnshire and was devoted to the Harriers Club.

Frank Staniforth and Billy Smelt returned from being prisoners of war, slowly building themselves up to fitness. Frank became Club Champion again and Bill the Club Captain.

The old pre-war routine was resumed with major inter-club and area races after Christmas and up to Easter. However as there were very few opportunities for running during the summer and as most of us were by now no longer young enough to enjoy track racing (for which there were no

Facilities) a group began to train for road races, which were beginning to be promoted.

Reg and Cyril Taylor, Frank Staniforth and Jack Leach were among this group and Frank Staniforth looked an extremely good prospect. He used to train in a black tracksuit at night in the Haltemprice area. There was very limited street lighting at the time and none at all on the country roads.

One night Frank set off to run towards Skidby on the main road and a boy soldier in training at Beverley Barracks "pinched" someone's bike, which had no lights fitted to it. The soldier rode full speed down Skidby Hill and knocked Frank down. Sadly Frank died two days later.

This was an awful shock to the club and it seemed ironic that a man who had survived all the hardship as a war prisoner should be killed by so trivial an accident as being knocked down by a bike.

This proved a lesson to many of us who did night training to stay within street lights or we would fix a bicycle light to wear on our chests.

We were a pack of real odd bods, one chap Jack Easy used to arrive on a man's tricycle, he was always worried about being caught short on a night training run and used to carry a penny in the pocket of his shorts. Many of the night training runs passed through Willerby Square, which had public toilets within it. Jack was usually at the back of the pack and was a slow runner. One night passing through the square, he shouted "Sorry lads I have to call in here". We all carried on and shouted back "see you back at the pavilion". A few moments later he came running past us faster than he had ever done in his life. He shouted "All these bloody years and it's a bent penny!"

These small snippets of humour seemed extremely funny at the time and helped to pass the long distance runs.

Our pavilion off Anlaby Park Road South was situated down a path surrounded by allotments. We owned two sites of allotments at the end of the path and a gap in the hedge led into Kingston High School playing fields.

During the war our plot received a direct hit by a German bomb and our pavilion was demolished.

As soon as possible after the war the group of veterans already mentioned, led by Tommy Jackson who lived nearby purchased a large hut previously used by the RAF and fixed it up with seats etc for changing facilities. We used to collect water in buckets from the back of Kingston High School and swill ourselves down after a cross-country run.

With a turn out of up to seventy runners on a Saturday afternoon this was obviously inadequate, let alone hygienic. By this time I had been elected as Club Hon Secretary and we arranged to buy a long sectional garage that was for sale in Welton and we set it up adjoining the RAF hut to be used as a bathroom.

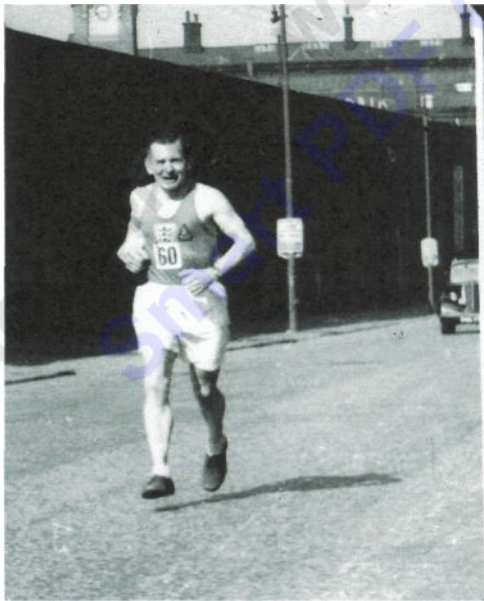
We acquired two old baths, which we set on a frame and a large cast iron boiler to be erected at one end in a brick surround.

No one seemed willing to do the installation, so as my grandfather was a bricklayer, I thought I would have a go. The construction worked fairly well although it was rather smoky.

Everyone had gone one evening and I was making channels in the wet cement under the baths to take the water away when the baths were emptied. It was getting dark and I had a candle in a bottle and another bottle to shape the channels. I probably looked like a scarecrow in a mucky set of overalls!

There was a tap on the door and a tall young chap wandered in and asked if he could join the club. I explained what we did, wiped my hands on my overalls and produced a joining form and duly signed up Frank Lucop for membership.

Frank and I became very good friends and he used to jog down from Hotham Road on training nights and call first at our house in Rokeby Park. We would then join the rest of the group running from our pavilion around the outskirts of Hull.



About this time Reg Taylor invited a number of us who were interested in road running to have a trial run to Hornsea.

Reg Taylor

His nephew Alf Bushby drove our clothes from the pavilion to Hornsea in a van to the sea front and we all went happily jogging along. After we had gone past Hatfield, Frank quietly asked how much further it was to go! We told him it was about two and a half miles and he suddenly went striding away and reached the tearoom on the sea front and had cups of tea ready for us when we arrived.

We knew from then on, we had got a future champion and about ten of us decided to train seriously for a marathon. At that time there were few opportunities in England to race. The London Poly-Technic Athletic Club had been organising the very famous annual Windsor to Chiswick Marathon and some club in the Birmingham area also put one on.

However the Sheffield and Rotherham Athletic Clubs decided to promote a race from Doncaster to Sheffield passing through Rotherham and with a small loop around Doncaster at the start to make up the exact distance of twenty-six miles, three hundred and eighty five yards.

We trained very hard for the race, which was held on Easter Monday, and it was indeed a tough course with a hilly middle section and a cobble stone section when passing through Rotherham.

The race was supported by the Sheffield Telegraph and Argus Newspaper, which printed a list of all the runners in that Easter edition with their race numbers.

It was quite disconcerting the first time I ran it to find a lady's voice from the crowd and who watched the race pass through Rotherham suddenly shouting "Come on Arthur, you are doing well!"

After we finished we were well looked after - delivered to the local baths and afterward to Sheffield Town Hall for a formal lunch and prize distribution with all the top officials there.

Eventually we decided to promote our own Marathon and the first one started and finished at the Sailors Orphan Homes Summer Gala at their premises at Cottingham Road, Hull.

In 1955, East Hull Harriers also decided to promote a twenty-mile race from their headquarters in Sutton to Wawne, Routh and back by Long Riston and Ganstead.

I was very delighted to win this race in the time of 1-56-55. Our marathon continued to be run for some years starting at our old pavilion and later on Boothferry Road from Fiveways corner, attracting runners from the North of England.

With the approach of the Queen's Coronation in June 1953 every town tried to put on special events to celebrate the occasion.

In Bridlington a special committee was set up to organise these festivities. Many had seen the Hull Daily Mail and Yorkshire Post accounts of many long distance road races with which we had been involved and I was approached as Hon Secretary of Hull Harriers to see if a twenty mile race to Bridlington would be viable and if so, would we (Hull Harriers) be prepared to organise it and take part. This we agreed and our club, along with East Hull and Ideal Boilers and Radiators Sports Club said they would help and also compete in the event.

We therefore went ahead with the arrangements. Harry Benson fixed up changing accommodation in Driffield. A van was provided to take all our clothes on to the finish. The course was measured and a small loop around Driffield was added at the start to make the course an exact twenty miles.

I wrote to Leeds Harehills Club to see if any of their runners would like to

compete to give the field a bit of extra class so to speak and Eric Smith and Alan Lawton both international marathon runners agreed to come.

All was going well until I cleared our arrangements with the Bridlington Police. A tough Police Inspector who said "Nay, nay, nay lad", bluntly put me in my place! "I'm not having you all coming racing down the promenade and tangling with the madding throng."

He said that a sports meeting was to be held at the Queensgate Football Ground and the race could end there. Reluctantly I had no option but to agree. He said stickers would be placed on lampposts to indicate our route through Bridlington to the ground and that was that!

On the appointed day we all travelled to Driffield by public transport, changed and got ready to start. Our clothes were placed in a van, which was to lead the runners on the correct route and have them available for us at the finish.

We set off on time and did our loop around Driffield and then joined the road to Hornsea via Wansford and North Frodingham joining the Hull to Bridlington Road at Beeford and proceeding north to Bridlington.

When we reached Wansford the weather broke and it poured with rain. This continued until we reached Barmston and it turned into hailstones.

We finally entered Bridlington soaked to the skin. All the signs on the lampposts had flopped down and we found our way across the town to the football ground.

We never saw a soul in Bridlington. The so called "madding crowd" the policeman had mentioned did not exist as everyone had gone for cover out of the dreadful weather and were watching events in London on their televisions.

The anti-climax was complete when we entered the football ground, which was completely deserted except for two very embarrassed officials.

One said "Ooh, you've done it them!" and we confirmed that we bloody well had!! He said that everything was a complete washout there and the sports meeting had been abandoned. Obviously no one in Bridlington was willing to stand in the rain to watch a lot of crazy runners!

He told us to get a hot bath in the showers then have some refreshments. As there were a lot of small trophies left over from the abandoned sports meeting, everyone who finished the course was to receive a small prize, as the officials at the football ground admired what we had done that day.

The race was won by the Leeds international Eric Smith, who received a fine cup presented by the local paper. His friend Alan Lawton came second and received the same sort of prize. I came third and stepped up hopeful to receive a tiny cup, which I popped into my pocket and set off with my group to walk back to the bus station.

On the way to Hull, I fished the little cup out of my pocket and read the

inscription on it. I sat back and started to laugh at myself at the final insult in a dreadful days activity.

It read:

CORONATION DAY
BRIDLINGTON 1953

EGG AND SPOON RACE
FIRST

I can vividly recall one other dreadful race with which I was involved. Our team had caught the lunchtime ferry at the Pier, which linked up at the New Holland jetty with a train to Grimsby and Cleethorpes. We walked on along the sea front to the old open-air swimming pool where we were to change and race in the Grimsby and District Cross Country Championship.-(1953???)

The race started on the adjoining road and proceeded slightly inland from the seafront across country and then after about three miles came back by Humberston on the beach. The course led along the beach back to a point near the baths and then swung back to do a second lap to finish near the baths.

When we reached the beach for the first time we were met by storm force winds, which made it almost impossible to run against. We could hardly breathe and our legs were being sand blasted with the sand, which was being whipped up by the gales.

About halfway back to the end of the first lap a small stream runs out through a culvert in the high embankment and we usually just splashed through this about knee deep. However, the terrific gale was driving in the next high tide and we had to plunge in waist deep in icy cold water and we completed the first lap. Fortunately on the second a race official diverted us to the embankment and we ran along its top to the finish feeling absolutely shattered.

We made our way back to Cleethorpes Railway Station; only to find that the railway lines from Cleethorpes into Grimsby were completely covered by floodwater and we had to get by bus through to Grimsby Town to the railway station to catch the train back to New Holland. The gale was still raging and the train was not allowed on the extension pier to the pontoon in the river at New Holland, so we had to link arms and walk along the pier to the floating pontoon where our ferry was waiting.

Water was still splashing up through the floor boards and the ferry was lurching around at her moorings but we crossed the river to the relative shelter of the North Bank and I was glad to get home at about nine that evening. Listening to the evening news we learnt that hundreds of people had been drowned that day, down the east coast down to the Thames Estuary.

After this experience the Championships were held in a park and woodlands near Nunsthorpe, South Grimsby and there were no more problems



About this time we got a new Club Champion, George Edward Coggin. He was a smallish, lightly built man who had a "slight chip on his shoulder" due to being assessed as C3 not A1 when called up for military service in the war.

George lived in Beverley and every morning did a full training run round the Westwood. He ran in our cross-country team and finished second in the senior race of the Yorkshire Championship. He was unlucky that Doctor Frank Aaron beat him for first place and he was the European Champion.

Ted ran in the National Championships and finished (I think) in sixth place and was picked to run in the England International Team. He was a lovely friendly character and was a winner in our various local races for some years.

At this time Billy Butlin was raising funds at his holiday camps for the National Playing Fields Association. He approached Hull Corporation and offered a grant of £4,000 towards the layout of a first class running track at Costello Playing Fields, Anlaby Park Road North, Hull.

Alderman Kneeshaw was Chairman on the Parks and Cemeteries Department of the Guildhall and he called me in for a discussion.

Basically the authorities required an established athletics club to manage the track and if possible to provide a pavilion for changing facilities. I put the proposal to our committee who agreed that we should go ahead and move our RAF hut to a position near the park entrance.

Well in due course the track was completed and our pavilion was moved as

requested, although our extra building of a bathroom was abandoned. In due course the Council built a small pavilion near the track with facilities for both sexes and this worked quite well.

Our old allotment site was sold to a builder who was in fact completing a new street to finish at our site (Wascana Close). Our solicitor member, Len Bird of Bird and Clarke did the legal work and the funds raised by the sale were a welcome bonus to the club.

Living so close to Costello Park was a mixed blessing for me as I had the keys of the moved pavilion and we were constantly being bothered during the day by youngsters wishing to go training and borrowing the keys to change into their gear. A small group painted the pavilion and I made new coat racks and seats.

My wife Mabel prepared masses of sausages to be her "hot dogs" when we entertained visitors from the Rotherham Club. She would also mass-produce individual jellies for the runners at the finish of our Hull Marathons.

She never cribbed about the time I was spending in athletics and always travelled with the team to the Yorkshire and similar championships. She also occasionally turned out on her bike to keep me company on the training runs!

Ray Peirson for some years worked exceptionally hard organising track activities, which were of course new to most of us. With the expansion of the Club's activities, members of the Hull Achilles Club decided to join us. These included Pam Piercy and Sandra Todd. Pam's husband- Bob was already a member of our Club and both husband and wife were International half-milers (pre decimalization). The various track runners they brought with them caused a re-think about the Club's title which was changed to City of Hull A.C. The track side now received top-class coaching and in due course, Mrs. Molly Todd (Sandra's mother) became our first lady President and the Club competed in National League events.

At the same time, Geoff Norman, an electrical engineer from the south of England, who was a very experienced athlete and administrator was appointed Deputy Head of the Corporation Street Lighting Department. He joined us and was very helpful in obtaining some old floodlighting equipment to erect around the track for night time training.

Stan Pleasants died suddenly of cancer and Geoff became in due course President and proved a very knowledgeable and dedicated leader.

My work at the Bank was becoming more time consuming as the staff had attended a mass x-ray session, which was a useful feature of the local National Health Service. My manager was found to have a shadow on his lung and was admitted to Castle Hill Hospital with Tuberculosis, leaving me in charge of the Branch for eight months. Many of the offices in the "Old Town" of Hull suffered flooding in their basements when there were any very high tides on the river and I was glad in due course to be given fresh premises after the merger with Westminster Bank.

I am sure that getting out into the countryside especially at weekends enabled me to get some relief from the office pressures.



Arthur Nendick running East Hull 20 in 1958

At the age of forty I received a first class certificate from the National Road Runners Club achieving first class times in one season in fifteen miles, twenty miles, twenty-six and a quarter miles and thirty miles. The last named one being the South London Harriers Race and the twenty miles, the Yorkshire Veterans 20, which I won in the Veterans Section.

I decided to call it a day as regard racing was concerned as my Bank duties were increasing and it was difficult to include extensive training sessions. Accordingly, I began aged forty-two years to train for what was virtually the swan song race - The London to Brighton (fifty three and a quarter miles). This was a double marathon from Westminster Bridge to the seafront in Brighton.

A number of my fellow runners had already done this double marathon and achieved excellent results and I was greatly helped by my friends arranging ultra long distance training runs in the summer. My old friend Johnny Day of East Hull Harriers ran to Withernsea and back with me one Saturday. Another time a party of six of us ran from our pavilion in Hull to Malton, where my Mother lived. She had a hot bath waiting for us all and afterwards a high tea. This was a thirty-nine mile run with a very tough climb over the Wolds at Towthorpe Hill. Finally Jack Leach, a veteran runner suggested he would run *the Ferriby 10 Course twice and I would set off twenty minutes later behind him and complete three slightly reduced laps of the course using him as a target ahead of me. This worked well and I did actually lap him twice!!*

In the last six weeks before the double marathon I completed one hundred miles each week and was very amused when Dave MacDonald who had arranged the party of us to run, had us all up first thing the morning after the double marathon for a four mile jog along the Brighton sea front before returning home!

I actually finished in sixth place in a fraction over six hours and was so delighted that I was ready to revert to jogging round the block in the future!

Jack Leach was a wonderful old man with a dry sense of humour. His favourite route was along Jenny Brough Lane and he always jokingly said they could scatter his ashes there when he died! He told me one day that he hadn't been very well and heard that Lill, (his wife) had been asking people "Where's this Jenny Brough Lane?" and he roared with laughter at the implications.

Jack died after I had moved to Nottingham, but his widow handed his ashes to a group of his old friends including Reg Taylor who duly gave him the last outing along the lane and scattered his ashes on the grass verge!

The club activities expanded and eventually the magnificent grandstand and facilities were added. We were initially given the use of a large upper room with a canteen for committee and other purposes and then slowly our status as managing club began to erode. Children's parties etc were arranged in our clubroom and eventually we were prohibited from making tea. All refreshments had to be bought from a dispenser and many of the senior members took umbrage at this attitude to us.



Old Members at the First Run 1955
Arthur Nendick, back row, second from left)

Eventually the Parks Department tried to coherse the various athletic clubs into one single club known as Kingston upon Hull Athletics Club. This was generally resented and our club voluntarily split into two. Those interested in track athletics transferred to the new sponsored track club - Kingston upon Hull AC. The remainder, generally middle aged or veteran athletes stayed with our existing club, City of Hull AC and they retained its cross country and similar trophies.

The former International Ladies athlete, Pam Piercy reformed the Achillies Club which operates independently of the Council sponsored club and Hull Springhead Harriers who have their own premises in Springhead Avenue, off Willerby Road also refused to lose their independence. East Hull Harriers have their own premises near Sutton Golf Course and are principally a road and cross country club.

Some years after the Costello track was built, a similar track was built in the Alderman Kneeshaw Park, Barham Road in East Hull. It had moderate changing accommodation and facilities but no grandstand. A proposed cycle track was eventually abandoned. Its running track was used by the track club, Hull Spartans and administrated for many years by a lone man Eric Taylor.

However, all athletic events of any status were transferred to the Costello Stadium because of its facilities. After the death of Eric Taylor, the members of Hull Spartans continued for a short time. With the constant issues of vandalism to the building and equipment at Alderman Kneeshaw Park the club abandoned its home in East Hull and transferred to Costello to join forces with Kingston upon Hull AC.



Arthur Nendick on a Charity Fun Run on Clive Sullivan Way late 1986, age 68 years.

I stayed a member of the new City of Hull Club of which Peter Jarvis proved to be a dynamic leader and its activities were expanded with a very successful series of races - The Champagne League.

When my manager retired in 1969, I was promoted to his job and two and a half years later was promoted to Manager of Nottingham Executor and Trustee Department within National Westminster Bank. I remained in Nottingham for four and a half years after I retired in 1977, and the pull of "dear old Hull" became too strong and we moved back into the area to Willerby.

Geoff Norman had just retired and was moving to the Lake District. I was asked if I would act as President for the club for approximately two years, which I gladly did.

I have been remarkably lucky having good health and I have never ceased to being grateful to the young man who introduced me to the club over seventy years ago.



I kept up my jogging around the block until I was seventy seven years of age, when my Doctor told me to stop running and start walking!

Even now when I am at the five mile point in the Ferriby 10, I still wish I was amongst the competitors.

I wish the club every success in the future and regards to all my friends.

Arthur Nendick and Frank Lucop

Arthur Nendick

Looking back to the redevelopment of athletics in Hull after the War, it is interesting to recall what a splendid group of men we had as Club captains. Billy Smelt, after years as a prisoner of war, Reg Taylor who served four years in India and Stan Pleasants who received the Military Cross for action in the Army, all made a vital contribution to the renaissance of the Club when they returned.

One highlight was winning the team race in the Grimsby and District Cross-country championships. Harry Benson, who had been a junior athlete with the Hallamshire Club at Sheffield came to study at Hull University and joined us as a First claim member. He, like me, put down strong roots in the Hull area by marrying a Hull girl (Doreen) and he became a very knowledgeable leader and fine athlete. Typical of his enthusiasm was when called upon to do his national service in the R.A.F., he got week-end leave from his base, hitch-hiked to Grimsby and won the Senior Race. Harry is still in great demand in local athletics and a time-keeper for local distance events.

Ray Peirson who, as already mentioned, worked hard when the Butlin Track was opened, he never ceased to be an active member of the Club, and is in fact, the President of the Club. Dr. Robb Robinson, who joined us over twenty five years ago, decided to trace the history of the Club way back to its formation in 1881. This was a formidable task, but Robb, using old Club records, newspaper articles, and photographs, built up a wonderful record for posterity and one which if not tackled when he did would, with the passage of time, be impossible to construct.

During my long spell in Hull after the War, as I mentioned earlier, I'd taken to long-distance running and I began to build up my training to about 60 miles a week in summer. I won our Club Marathon Championship and also the East Hull Harriers 20 mile Road Race in 1954 with a time of 1 hour 56mins 55secs. Over a period of 12 years, I ran in 30 marathons, 10 Twenty Milers, The South London Harriers 30 miles and as a swan-song, when I was 42 years old, I came 6th in the double marathon 53 mile race from London to Brighton. Before the last race, I was running 120 miles a week for 6 weeks up to the race and was glad to drop back to jogging thereafter, which I continued until I was 77 years old. Then my Doctor advised me to stop running and take up walking.

Under the Rules of National Hunt, we were able to run Cross-country from October to Easter and this proved a wonderful contrast from the office where I was regarded as an "odd-bod." However, it cannot have done me any harm physically as when I retired, aged 60, (including War Service), I had worked for 42 years without a single day off for illness.



The Hull Harriers Team which won the Grimsby and District Cross Country Championship 1957 (left to right)
F.Lucop, D. Plewes, H.Benson, F.Fussle, N. Ross
D Macdonald, D. Briggs, A. Nendick T. Phillips R. Peirson



First Run, October 1964 (Arthur Nendick 3rd from the left on the second row)



Colin Waudby and Dave R MacDonald



Colin Waudby, Reg Taylor, Terry Morrell, Cyril Taylor and Gordon Trafford.



CELEBRATING 100 YEARS
City of Hull AC 100 x 1 Mile Track Relay, Summer
1989 Harry Crawforth handing over to Arthur
Nendick.