



TRACEY WICKHAM

WITH PETER MEARES

TREADING  
WATER

MY LIFE IN AND OUT OF THE POOL

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# PROLOGUE

It was to be the race of my life: the final of the women's 400-metre freestyle at the World Aquatics Championships in Berlin, August 1978. Every female world record holder was in the field, including little old me, fifteen-year-old Tracey Wickham from Brisbane. Although I was considered one of the favourites on the strength of my double gold and 800-metre world record at the Edmonton Commonwealth Games in Canada three weeks earlier, the odds were up against me.

I'd had tendonitis in my left shoulder for some time and it flared up again while training in Berlin. As a precaution, my coach withdrew me from the 100-metre butterfly and even talked about painkilling injections. In reality, he had overdramatised the shoulder problem as a publicity stunt and the media fell for it. I reckoned all I needed was adrenalin to get back on track, and there was plenty of that at the World Championships.

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It was midsummer, but the night was unseasonably cold and the wind whistled through my thin nylon green-and-gold Speedo tracksuit as the eight finalists marched into the outdoor arena. It was the same pool that was used for the 1936 Berlin Olympics and had only eight lanes, unlike the standard ten used today. This would pose problems for swimmers in the outside lanes, of which I was one, with splash off the walls ricocheting into waves and creating a backwash.

Beside me in lane two, almost blotting out the light, was the giant East German Barbara Krause, the world 100-metre freestyle record holder. She was rugged up in a full-length, fur-lined overcoat and looked every bit of her daunting, musclebound 190 centimetres. And there was I: a skinny kid, standing 164 centimetres and weighing only 50 kilograms. I became more determined to fight.

Shivering, I watched the Amazon as she took off her coat and tracksuit. She had hair under her arms that you could plait and the hairiest dark legs I have ever seen. As we would later learn, this – along with the Adam's apples and acne sported by the East Germans – was a dead giveaway that anabolic steroids were being used. Not that I blamed the swimmers themselves, they were told they were taking vitamins. It was the officials and politicians who were the cheats.

I cursed myself for being so dumb and cruising in my heat, which made me the second slowest qualifier and put me in the outside lane. Although I had won the heat easily, I'd clocked only 4:14 and my coach Bill Sweetenham erupted afterwards, saying I'd miss the final. As it turned out I nearly did, scraping

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in ahead of just one contestant, a little-known Dutch girl who would start in lane eight. I was in lane one, next to Krause, and my plan was to stick with her over the first half of the race. She was a sprinter and would lose energy whereas I, as my old coach John Rigby put it, was the first long-distance female swimmer in history who could negative split (that is, finish the back half of the race faster than the front half).

In many ways, Krause was the least of my worries. In lane three was the in-form American, Kim Linehan, who had set a new 400-metre world record at 4:07.66 at the US National Titles just two weeks earlier. In four, as fastest qualifier, was my Aussie teammate and former 800-metre world record holder, Michelle Ford. In lane five was Annelies Maas from the Netherlands, a finalist at the 1976 Montreal Olympics. World 200-metre freestyle record holder American Cynthia Woodhead was in six. I knew 'Sippy' well, having raced her over the nine months I was stationed in the US the previous year. A middle-distance sprinter with a strong kick, she was the big worry. She had broken Krause's world record for the 200-metre freestyle with a sizzling 1:58.53 two days earlier.

Whoever won tonight would surely break the world record: this was the hottest field ever assembled. Never before or since have the world record holders for every freestyle event from the 100 to 1500 metres met in the one race.

Australian swimming was in the doldrums in those days. At the 1976 Montreal Olympics, Australian Stephen Holland won a solitary bronze medal in the 1500-metre freestyle and in West Berlin, Max Metzker was the only Aussie outside Michelle and me to even make a final. Australia desperately needed a win,

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and I was more than ready to meet the expectations. Norman 'Nugget' May was in Berlin, commentating for ABC TV and as excitable as ever about my prospects:

Tracey won the 800 in Edmonton [1978 Commonwealth Games] in a phenomenal 8:24.62, taking almost 6 seconds off her own world record. Michelle Ford was only a second behind, so she's a chance here too. Tracey swam 4:08.45 in Edmonton and, although she's been suffering some shoulder problems lately, she's a real fighter. So watch out for her in lane one!

There was a false start before the first gun. Michelle Ford went in and I decided that if it was good enough for her, it was good enough for me, and went in as well. But I was eighty percent sure it was a wrong move. Michelle was renowned for 'false starting' and, while nowadays you would be disqualified, back then two false starts were allowed. If someone broke on the third, they were automatically out, even if they hadn't gone in the first two times. Most of the time swimmers would false start to psych each other out. I just wanted to get in, race and leave.

The starting gun went again, and we were off. As soon as I hit the water I knew I had problems. After just two strokes I was almost a body length behind Krause (a whole 2 metres), who had a wash like an outboard motor. Not only did I have to contend with the churning white water, I also had no idea what the rest of the field were doing on the other side of the pool because I couldn't see over or under the Amazon. Krause

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was going like a bat out of hell, clocking 59.74 seconds for the first 100 metres. However, she started to die off in the third lap and by the fourth lap, halfway through the race, I finally passed her.

What a difference! Suddenly, as I turned at the wall, I was in beautiful smooth water and could see the rest of the field in my peripheral vision. I thought to myself, 'Right, this is a 200-metre sprint now.' I went flat strap.

The time for the first 200 was right on 2:04, they've gone out very fast. Linehan the American leads Wickham and then the other American, Woodhead. Remember, Tracey's capable of finishing the back half faster than the first, so there's a chance of a world record, but she's got to beat these Americans first.

At 300 metres, 'Sippy' Woodhead was in the lead but only just, by 0.01 seconds. Linehan was right behind me but the rest of the field were far gone with 100 metres left in the race. We three world record holders fought it out over the last two laps. Strangely enough, I didn't feel tired. My adrenalin was pumped. Coming to the final turn I felt supremely confident. I wanted to win it for Stephen Holland, who'd been shamefully criticised by the media when he 'let down' Australia by 'only' winning bronze at Montreal. Steve, who broke thirteen world records in his career, was a brilliant turner and had let me in on his secret: 'You have to start pushing off the wall before you touch it with your feet. Use your arms to flip your body over.'

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I never forgot those words and so there I was, making one of the fastest turns ever. Sure enough, I came up in front. I felt like I had wings and I was just flying over the water. It was a surprise to everyone, including the television producer from the States who had focused on the Americans in the centre lanes and ignored me out in lane one. He had to quickly cut to me in the last 15 metres.

With 25 metres to go, Tracey Wickham is in front. You can't see her I know, but trust me, she's ahead of the Americans and they won't catch her.

I touched the wall and turned around to look at the electronic scoreboard. Next to my name were two asterisks flashing, meaning a world record. I'd done it!

Gold for Australia! Tracey Wickham, this little dynamo from Brisbane is the world champion!

That last 100 metres was timed at 59 seconds, the fastest of the race. Her upbeat tempo never slackened and she hit the wall two strokes in front of Woodhead in 4:06.28, a new world record. She swam the last 200 metres in 2:02.17, much faster than the first 200 and took 1.38 seconds off Linehan's mark. That's her fourth world record in six months.

I said it at Edmonton and I'll say it again. I've seen all the great Australian distance swimmers for the past quarter of a century and this girl Tracey Wickham is as good as anyone we've ever produced. That was one of her greatest swims. What a performance!



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I was overcome with emotion. I swam 10 metres down the pool and Michelle, who finished fifth, came over to congratulate me. She gave me a big hug and I burst into tears. I only cried twice in my career after a race, this first time because I suddenly realised the enormity of what I'd achieved. I'd done it the hard way, with no sponsorship and no fanfare – just natural ability, family support and hard work.

No one in my family could afford to be in Berlin, but my Aussie teammates cheered their heads off and, funnily enough, the German crowd was really generous. Before the race, when I was introduced, I waved and they started yelling out, 'Tracey, Tracey.' The majority of them came from the west of Germany and loved anyone who beat the detested East Germans. I suppose they were also partly on my side because they wanted someone to beat the dominant Americans. It felt nice all the same.

Despite the drama in the press about my shoulder problem, I barely felt it during the race. Years later, at my wedding, 'Nugget' May presented me with a terrific framed caricature. It showed me sitting in a wheelchair with my shoulder in a sling and the next picture had me on the victory dais with the gold medal around my neck. I went on to win the 800 metres at those World Championships too and was the only Australian to win gold at the meet. The paper ran a photo with the caption: 'Tracey: our one-girl team'.

I've swum plenty of great races, but the memory of that 400 metres will stay with me until I die. Greg Lalor, the one-time head of the Queensland Amateur Swimming Association, says it was: 'the best swim ever by any Queenslander. She

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even swam the second 200 metres of that race in 2:02, faster than the Australian record for that distance!’

My 400-metre record was to stand for almost a decade until it was finally broken by American Janet Evans in December 1987. It had been a world record in itself: the longest-standing world swimming record in history. It was the greatest swim of my career.

# PART 1

## BIRTH OF A CHAMPION

# ‘THAT SOLOMON’S CRAWL’

BY HANNAH CIOBO, DAUGHTER OF TRACEY WICKHAM

*You see me here, an old and frail man in the twilight of my time. I sit here by the Roviana Lagoon, where my life began and where it starts to fade. I practically grew up in this lagoon, swimming and diving in our island way. The water and the reef were my home. I will soon fade away and no longer will the waves on the reef sing their songs to me. I see the fish and the creatures of the deep. The spirits whisper to me and give me strength to tell my story so that, one day, my name may be remembered.*

*Part of me belonged to the white race. My father, Frank Wickham, was an Englishman. He took me and my brother from the Solomons and brought me to a large island to the South West, with great cities and harbours, where no reefs held back the waves from golden beaches. I came to this land, Australia, still a child.*

*I was homesick for my lagoon. I missed my mother, the sea. I missed the scent of coral and the thunder of waves on the reef, so I went to Bronte Pool. Friends were nagging me to go in a swimming race. I dived in and won, leaving people open-mouthed at my speed.*

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*I swam in my island style, crawling across the water. Nobody had ever seen such a stroke. I created a sensation. One coach said, 'Wickham's six-beat kick reminds me of an outboard motor.'*

*After that race I started competing in more events and relays against other swimmers, setting world records which stood for many years. Alick Wickham became a famous name. My Solomon's crawl became known as the Australian crawl. Today the entire world calls it freestyle and it is the fastest swimming stroke known. But people forget its birth and nobody remembers my name.*

*As the years passed, I made a living by becoming a trick diver and swimmer in carnivals throughout Australia. I could beat all comers in all the techniques known. I could run 100 yards underwater, beating swimmers on the surface. People thought I had drowned, but were left in amazement when I bobbed to the surface.*

*My diving feats became legendary. I was thirty-two when I was offered two hundred pounds to dive from a 100-foot tower into the Yarra River in Melbourne. But I was tricked: the tower was on a cliff 106 feet high, so it was twice the height. I put judgement aside and leapt into space, wearing three costumes. I made a huge splash. The fall left me naked and in a coma for a week. Never again would I be so foolish.*

*My islands called to me and I returned in my later years. When the Japanese invaded during World War II, my brother and I became coastwatchers, protecting our nation from behind enemy lines. One day, we helped change the course of history. We assisted an Australian coastwatchers' rescue of Lieutenant John F. Kennedy.*

*As I sit here telling my story, I breathe in my home air: the air of the islands. My life is coming to its end. The spirits of the reef tell me I will not be forgotten. For there will be another who carries*

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*my genes that will remind new generations of Alick Wickham, who gave the world the Solomon's crawl. The waters whisper. They see above me a shooting star that will come from that Great Land to the South West. A burst of light, a golden star, will light up the sky again with our name, for a moment in time.*

# 1

I was born to swim. It's in my blood. In fact, my ancestor Alick Wickham is credited with introducing the Australian crawl to the world. Alick hailed from the Solomon Islands and came to Australia as a seven-year-old boy. His father, Frank, was an English sailor who had been shipwrecked in the Solomons and married a local girl. When his father took him to Sydney, young Alick went to the old Fort Street School and loved to frolic with his classmates at Bronte Beach. One day in 1898, at the urging of his friends, he entered an under-tens race at the Bronte sea-baths. He won by a mile, using the style he had learned back home in the Roviana Lagoon. He astonished onlookers with his speed and unusual stroke. Watching the race, prominent swimming coach George Farmer exclaimed, 'Look at that kid crawling!' The description stuck and the Australian crawl was born.

While the crawl was gaining popularity, Australia had found its first Olympic swimming gold medallist in Freddie

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Lane, who won the 200-metre freestyle in Paris in 1900. At that time, the sport of swimming was undergoing fundamental changes and Lane's style was known as the 'Trudgen'. First invented by Englishman John Trudgen, it was effectively the forerunner of the modern butterfly stroke. It involved a scissor-like kick with alternate arm sweeps out of the water while swimming on the left side. Alick Wickham's style revolutionised the sport of swimming, turning the swimmer face down so they appeared to 'crawl' across the surface. It was much faster.

Alick went on to win many races, including the Australian 50-yard freestyle championship, for which he set a new world record in 1910. His style was refined by swimming teacher 'Professor' Fred Cavill and three of his sons, Syd, Arthur and Dick. It was passed on to Frank Beaurepaire and Fanny Durack, who each won Olympic medals for freestyle before World War I. Soon the whole world was copying the crawl and Australia's dominance of freestyle swimming had begun.

The features of Alick's own personal style were his high-tempo, rhythmic stroke and his powerful kick, much like my own swimming style. He was also a magnificent diver, surfer and spearfisherman. In recognition of his aquatic feats, Alick's name can be found in the Sport Australia Hall of Fame, right next to that of his descendant, me.

There are still Wickhams in the Solomon Islands. I was lucky enough to meet some of these faraway relatives a few years ago and wondered how I missed out on their beautiful olive skin. Auburn hair and freckles aren't the ideal combination for a swimmer, but that was the way the dice rolled.



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My mother came from strong English stock. Her great, great, great-grandfather, Samuel Rothery Colborne, was a blacksmith at St Bees in Cumberland, on the west coast of England. As the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has written:

The smith a mighty man is he  
With large and sinewy hands  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

This blacksmith physique has been passed down through the generations and the Colbornes are a tough lot. Samuel's son, Joseph, emigrated to Charters Towers in Australia during the gold rush. There he had a son named Samuel, who in turn had a son named Samuel, the father of my grandfather, Dave Colborne.

Dave's mother's family had also emigrated from England. My great, great-grandfather, John Cracknell, was a cabin boy from the age of eleven and was swept overboard on the North Sea. His large canvas pants filled up with air and became buoyant, so he stayed afloat until rescue came. He went on to become a Master Mariner and was the Commodore of the Tyne River. His daughter, Ann, joined the Carmelite nuns before leaving to marry and come to Australia with her husband Walter. He was an explosives expert in the Queensland Charters Towers mines during the 1870s gold rush, but died from a fall when attempting to climb a mine shaft. He didn't want to wait for the cart to take him up. 'Impatience killed him', said the report of his death.

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His daughter, Clara Jane, was left fatherless and quit school at the age of twelve. She married into the Colbornes at eighteen and became a nurse and ultimately matron of her own hospital where she cared for 'fallen women' and teenage mothers at Shafston Avenue in Brisbane. In 1950, she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Rome and brought back holy water and rosaries blessed by the Pope for my mother, Elaine.

My Grampa Dave was Clara's only child. Athletic and strong, Dave was tall, with fair hair and clear blue eyes. He was educated at St Joseph's Nudgee College in Brisbane. It's always been said there are two religions at that school: Catholicism and rugby. Nudgee College is regarded as the greatest rugby nursery in Queensland, with the boys in the blue-and-white butcher's stripes winning more Greater Public School rugby premierships than any other team. Matches against GPS arch-rivals, Gregory Terrace, regularly draw crowds of over ten thousand and if you make the First XV you are regarded by fellow students as a demigod.

At Nudgee, Grampa Dave won the Senior Cup for being the best all-round athlete. For three years he played on the wing in the First XIII (in those days they played rugby league) and represented the school in cricket, athletics, boxing, swimming and lifesaving. Grampa was a great swimmer, but he was haunted by a tragedy in the late 1930s. He was staying at Mermaid Beach on the Gold Coast when he saw a man swept out to sea. Dave dived down to grab the body by the hair and nearly died bringing him back to shore. Unfortunately, the poor man, who was on his honeymoon, had drowned.

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In 1924, Dave's second year in the First XIII, Nudgee played Toowoomba Grammar for the GPS premiership and was awarded a penalty in front of the posts. The scores were level – six–all – and fulltime was approaching. The next move was vital. Dave was the team's goal kicker and so renowned for his skills that the Nudgee supporters had already begun to celebrate their victory. In he came with his left foot kick . . . and missed! He never got over it.

The premiership was shared, but despite that blot on his copybook, Dave was regarded by Brothers' rugby legend, Jack Ross, as the greatest all-round athlete ever to go through Nudgee. That assessment came fifty years after Dave had left the school, so he beat out alumni like Wallabies Mark Loane and Paul McLean, rugby league internationals Kevin Ryan and Mick Veivers, surfer Peter Drouyn and many other fine sportsmen.

He was a truly great athlete, however one of the Christian Brothers at Nudgee used to put him down intellectually, saying, 'Remember, Colborne, brains and brawn don't mix.' Dave set out to prove that they could. He enrolled in dentistry at the University of Queensland and, not being naturally academic, made sure to concentrate on his studies. He graduated, but entered the workforce during the Great Depression. There were no jobs and few had money, so he and a friend set themselves up as roving dentists and travelled through the bush, fixing teeth in return for room and board. Eventually he returned to Brisbane, where he lived in a room under the hospital and set up a practice in Ipswich. On a trip to Burleigh Heads, he met Heather Goldsworthy, who captured his heart.

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He used to bribe her sister Joy into telling him Heather's movements and, soon enough, they were married.

During my career and early days, Grampa Dave was my greatest supporter. With Dad often away in the US, Mum struggled to raise all three girls, my sisters Kelly and Julie and me, on her own. Even though we were battlers, we ate well thanks to Dave. We loved him so much.

After state or national championships, I would always have a week or a few days off with him down the coast, just hanging around the beach. He would take me fishing out in the tinny at 4 am and we'd eat cold pies and sit on the river for a few hours. He did all the work, baiting the lines and casting the rods, but he always let me pull in the fish.

Grampa attended all my meets and even some that I wasn't swimming in, just to keep an eye on the competition. I can still see him now, sitting up at the finish end of the Valley Pool with his old-fashioned stopwatch in hand, peering over his reading glasses at the swimmers before marking down places and times. In a way, I think I made up for the sports career he wasn't able to have because of the Depression.



My paternal grandfather, Bill Wickham, who I call Pop, was born in Ipswich in 1909, the youngest of thirteen children. He was a clerk for the Queensland Railways and then learned shorthand and was so skilled he could read it upside down. He applied for a temporary job as a stenographer to the General Manager of Mount Isa Mines Limited (MIM), Julius Kruttschnitt, an American mining engineer from Louisiana.

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Moving to Mount Isa, Pop became Kruttschnitt's right-hand man and, in later years, the executor of his estate. He was the first person to render forty-five years service with MIM and never took a day of sick leave in all that time. A great one for sport, Pop and his mate Sam Cumming laid the first turf wicket in the town. He was a handy spin bowler and batsman and competed in athletics and golf.

One day in town, Pop met his future wife, a young girl named Mary Veronica who everyone called Mim, in honour of the Mount Isa Mines where her father was foreman. Mim suffered from asthma and had a very bad mishap as a young girl when her father accidentally dropped a car battery on her. Notorious for liking things her own way, she was a meticulous homemaker and did everything by hand. In those days, Mount Isa had no electric irons or washing machines or even refrigerators, with vegetables arriving once a week from Townsville by non-refrigerated train.

Mim was also a great gambler. All her married life, she paid for her own clothes and accessories with winnings from punting on horses and cards. She was also a good tennis player and golfer. She gave birth to my father, Roger, the second of five children, in Mount Isa in 1941. When he was eleven, he caught cattle blight, which in those days was incurable. The doctors told the family he would go blind. 'We'll see about that!' replied Mim and, with loving care, set about treating her son herself. In ten days, Roger was cured.

Roger became a student at Nudgee College in Brisbane and the star of the First XV. Pop wanted to take him on a trip to the 1956 Melbourne Olympics, but the school refused to

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let him go. Perhaps winning the GPS rugby premiership was more important than the Olympics to the Nudgee College administration. Pop took Dad anyway and on their return installed him at Nudgee's arch-rival school, Gregory Terrace. Dad played for the First XV and went on to become captain of the swimming team, breaking many GPS records.

Dad spent all his spare time on the Gold Coast surfing and hanging around with his mates. While at school, he joined Kirra Surf Club and excelled in surf lifesaving competitions. In 1959 he won the Australian Junior Belt and Kenny Wiles, a surf lifesaving legend, won the Senior Belt. It was a meet to remember for Kirra Club, as no club before or since has ever snagged both titles.

Dad was 185 centimetres tall and lean, with very strong legs. He had calves like Popeye and, like Alick Wickham, had a powerful kick. I've always been a daddy's girl. We even look alike: auburn hair, freckles and strong calves. Whenever I stood on the pool blocks, Dad's contemporaries swore it was Roger standing there, and now my son Daniel has inherited the same physique. If you put us side by side, we look like three peas in a pod. The Wickham gene lives on.

If there was one quality in particular that I inherited, it was the Wickham legs. Throughout my career I had a powerful, two-beat kick (meaning one kick with each leg per stroke), which was as fast as most people's six-beat. Holding onto a kickboard, I could just about keep up with an average swimmer using both arms and legs. Even today, in my late forties, I have very defined calves, just like Dad.



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My mum Elaine Colborne, Dave Colborne's daughter, grew up on the Queensland beaches and was a strong swimmer. She loved the sea, but preferred tennis and piano. In her own words:

I was born in 1940 at my grandmother's private hospital, St Clair, at Kangaroo Point in Brisbane. I had two younger sisters and we were educated at St Mary's in Ipswich, All Hallows and then were boarders at Star of the Sea Catholic Convent at Southport. I did well at school but had to miss a lot of classes to look after our mother who was sick.

For the last year of her life she was bedridden and I used to cook, clean and carry her to the bathroom. She died at the end of my sub-senior year and after I matriculated I went out and got a job as a secretary instead of going on to university, against the wishes of my father, who always wanted me to study. Ironically, fifty years later, I'm now into the second year of an arts degree at the University of Queensland.

Holidays with my sisters, Denise and Narelle, were spent hanging around the beach at Surfers Paradise with boys mainly from Nudgee or Terrace. Rock and roll had arrived in Australia and we used to go to dances at the local church hall, wearing rope petticoats and huge circular skirts that flared out when we turned. The bikini had just been invented and I bought one from Paula Stafford's swimwear shop at Surfers Paradise. It was blue on one side and white on the other. Our father forbade us from wearing any type of two-piece, but my sister Denise secretly wore one and had her

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photo printed in the paper, leaping off a sand hill. Not only was she was in big trouble, she even had an explicit phone call from a pervert.

At the beach one day I met Roger Wickham, a good-looking, dark-haired Terrace boy who was a star swimmer at school and a keen surf lifesaver.

The strapping bronzed lifesaver and the petite blonde were a match made in heaven, it seemed. They began going out together and eighteen months later, things got serious. Mum fell pregnant with me very quickly and did not want an abortion. Although my parents weren't sure how 'in love' they were, they got married because it was the right thing to do in those days. They were very young: Mum was twenty-one years old and Dad was only twenty.

The wedding was in May 1962, with Mum twelve weeks pregnant, and I was born six months later in Rosebud, Victoria on November 24. Over the next two-and-a-half years I would have two sisters in my life, Kelly and Julie. That meant Mum had three girls under the age of the three to raise.

Dad had always dreamed of studying law in America and had been offered a few scholarships but, feeling the responsibility of his newfound family duties, he joined the army. With Dad being on assignment so often, the marriage soon soured. Mum struggled:

Roger was away often, either on army duty or somewhere in the United States, where he spends most of his time these days. He was always chasing a dream, trying to make



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millions of dollars. Even though his children idolised him, he was never at home much to see them grow up. He doesn't realise what he missed, especially with Tracey. She was something very special.

So I effectively raised my three girls on my own. We struggled financially as I got nothing from Roger. I had to support a family on a secretary's wage. If it wasn't for my father, Dave Colborne, bringing us food each week and assisting financially, we would have starved. His efforts enabled Tracey to become a world-class swimmer.

I didn't feed her anything special, just plain, healthy food. I knew she had a sweet tooth and loved ice-cream, Mars Bars and cream buns, but with the amount of training she did, that didn't matter. She just burned off all the calories.

I remember one time we were so broke that I hesitated before buying a twenty-cent Delicious apple. Believe it or not, but that was a significant amount of money to me in those days. Eventually, I bought one for Tracey, as she needed it. Kelly and Julie had to miss out.