

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOMERVILLE ROAD RUNNERS
NO ANIMALS WERE HURT TO CREATE THIS NEWSLETTER---ONLY PEOPLE
STILL RUNNIN' ON EMPTY

**24 Hour Relay, Ultra and Marathon
 Sex, Strategy and a Photo Finish**

by Steve Burton

First off, my apologies for writing this from the perspective of a participant in the relay portion of this 24 hour event. Not to give short-shrift to the ultra-runners, for whom I have the utmost respect for what they put their bodies and minds through, or to the marathoners who ran in less than ideal conditions, but my view was focused on the 6 teams comprised of 8 members, each battling for 24 hours over the slightly longer than 5K loop around the lake in Wakefield. I will state at the outset that this was the most memorable sporting event I have ever participated in (which tells you something, though I'm not sure what) and watched. The tale unfolds...

The race was to start at 7 PM on Friday evening, plenty of time for me to leave work early, pick up team member Jimmy Normile and get to the race about an hour early. First mistake. Friday traffic was the worst I have ever seen it, Route 128 was backed up for miles looking more like a parking lot than a highway. The near 10 mile ride on the highway took over an hour to complete (including a detour off the highway for a few miles on unfamiliar roads). The heavy traffic was compounded by a torrential downpour complete with thunder and lightning that started about 6:30 PM.

Jimmy and I arrived at the hotel parking lot serving as race headquarters at exactly the 7 PM start time, with the downpour still in effect. Jumping out of the car, we raced over to the command-central tent to scope out the situation, most importantly did we have an SRR team member at the starting line (which was about 1 mile from the parking lot) to start the first relay leg for us? In the 10 seconds it took to run to the tent every inch of our bodies, every scrap of cloth we were wearing and our shoes were completely soaked through. But hey, we would be under the tent and out of this storm of biblical proportions...right? Second mistake.

The volunteers manning the tent were standing in about a foot of water that had drained down to the low area of the lot. The tent top was filling with water and had to be pushed up every few minutes so it didn't collapse from the weight of the deluge. And last, but not least, there were electrical cords for the light and timing clock sitting in that foot of water. And let's not forget that the thunder and lightning was still crashing all around the lake. Not exactly a safe haven. All of this didn't seem to phase volunteers Beatrice Pulliam and Robin Shor as they were letting it rip with renditions of "Singing In The Rain" and the old soul classic "Knock On Wood" ("it's like lightning, like thunder..."). I did get an answer about an SRR team member starting the first leg, yes, someone was out there, no one knew who it was or where any other teammates were, but at least we had started with everyone else and didn't have any extra ground to make up. Stick with me here, this is a critical point to remember. I moved out from under the tent (what did it matter really...) when I saw the ghost-like runners starting to

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**Our Favorite Rat Boy Gets His Due
 The RatDossier of John Gorvin, PhD**
 Reprinted with permission of the Hockmock Swamp Rat

PERSONAL

Name - Gorvin, John
 Hometown - Wilmington, MA
 Age - 41
 Running Club - Somerville RR
 Height - 5'9"
 Weight (Naked) - 182
 Weight (Clothed) - 186
 Occupation - Psychologist
 But I'd Rather Be A -
 High School Running Coach
 Type of Car -

HS/College/Military & Years -
 Marian HS (Framingham), 1978
 Stonehill College - BA, 1982
 Boston College - MA, 1986
 Florida Tech - PhD, 1990
 Musical Instruments Played -
 None

RUNNING DATA

Years Running - 19
 Marathons - 3
 Total Races - 122
 Miles Per Week - 25-35
 Most MPW Ever - 52

FAVORITE STUFF

Vacation Spot - Bermuda
 Music - Classic Rock
 TV Show - Don't Have One
 Food - Scallops and Swordfish
 Drink - Coffee
 Junk Food - Ice Cream
 Spectator Sport - Football
 Ice Cream - Mint Chocolate Chip
 Actor - Walther Matthau
 Jimmy Cagney
 Actress - Jennifer Jason Leigh
 Singer - Billy Joel
 Statesman/Politician -
 Calvin Coolidge
 Pro Jock (Non-running) -
 Bobby Orr
 Running Shoe -
 Asics



RUNNING DATA (cont.)

PR's:
 5K - 21:14
 5M - 33:59
 10K - 38:08 (a fluke)
 15K - 67:24
 13.1M - 1:36:31
 Marathon - 3:51:52
 (Boston 2001)
 20M - 2:43:09
 Worst Injury - Shin splints

FAVORITE ROAD RACES

1. Hyannis Johnny Kelley
 Half Marathon
2. Tewksbury 15K
3. N. Andover July 4th 10K
4. Big Dog's Run, Derry, NH
5. Mt. Washington

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Prez Sez: "Strides, Strides!"

By Dan Solomon

(Wouldn't "The Strides" be a good name for a band?) Yeah, the onset of fall brings along all sorts of ruminations, not the worst of which is what an amazing season for running is fall in New England. The other night at Khoury's it was cool but not too cool, not yet quite dark, and there was a terrific finish-four men and one VFW (Very Fast Woman) finishing within a few seconds of each other—and to look at and listen to them all afterwards, it was very clear that they had all experienced a wonderfully hard run.

Sometimes this Prez biz gets a little diverted what with emails ("I have just moved here from Atlanta-can you tell me about your club?—Fred"—"Dear Fred, we are an eclectic band of besotted sub-2:15 marathoners...), organizational responsibilities ("tell Spanky to tell what's-her-name to do that other thing we talked about last week"), mail ("I know there was a check in here somewhere"), the social side ("howayah, goodtaseeya, by the Beard of The Prophet, Buddy's bought another pitcher"), and the pure stress of possessing so much naked Presidential power ("I decree, ok, I suggest, ok, whatta you wanna do?")...all such that it's possible to lose focus on the core activity.

We have an incredibly busy few months through spring and summer, what with the BAA water stop, the An Ras Mor on St. Patrick's Day, the Summer Steamer, the 24 Hour Howling Rain Ultra and all the other stuff we do—but after the ultra came the rest of August, whereat things chill a little through the dog days weather...and then....Fall!

I spent time in August trudging through late-night miles to build a base for the Negril Marathon in December. At times it well and truly sucked (as, from time to time, it's gonna), but all it took was a few good coolish evenings, a nice run at McDonald Park and that cracking good night at Khoury's, and the neural circuits started firing with just that extra exquisite little shot of Cuervo (hey, you describe your endorphins your way, and I'll describe mine my way)...and a couple of deep breaths and away we go.

There are not so many club events coming up until the Gobble x 3 on Thanksgiving, although we have our usual chart of races of the month, USATFNE events, team relays, track and Khoury's, but there is a whole lot of running going on. Plenty of people have fall marathons or halves in mind, there's a chunk of our website devoted to people who are planning distance runs, and in total it always seems to me like a running time of year which is reflected on us as a club, how we relate and work and train and celebrate together." No ecumenisms (I don't know what this means but I love the word), homilies or pleas about the virtues of volunteering and so forth...come to Khoury's a lot and join USATFNE if it makes you happy or if you want to make me happy—but, most of all, go enjoy yourself running—that's why we're here. ("And now...from Somerville, Massachusetts, let's have a fine hand for...The Strides!!"...yeah, it works)

Club Meeting, October 1st Mt. Vernon Restaurant 7:00 p.m. sharp

Stop by for a discussion of pertinent club biz and enjoy dinner prepared by the Mount Vernon kitchen.

Just close your eyes and pretend it's a turkey:



(C'mon, if your kid did this, you'd display it prominently on the fridge.....)

<i>Somerville Road Runners</i>	
<i>Board of Directors</i>	
Dan Solomon Jim Sullivan Larry Horlick Robin Shor John Gorvin	
<i>Race Directors</i>	
An Ras Mor.....	Ed O'Connor
Khoury's Summer Steamer.....	Robin Shor & Jim Sweeney
24-Hour Relay.....	Larry Horlick & Dan Solomon
Gobble Gobble Gobble.....	Ed O'Connor
Winter Challenge.....	Dan Solomon

24 Hour Relay, Ultra and Marathon

← cover

appear through the rain. Soon I saw Dave Roberts running towards me, baton (actually a wooden paint stick with a number painted on it—race director Larry Horlick spares no expense) in hand. Racing to meet him at the hand-off point I snatched the stick from him. Third mistake.

I had forgotten that Dave had only run the first mile of the first leg (it starts about a mile away from the hand-off point to accommodate the marathon runners so they can finish at the parking lot), Dave looked at me incredulously and said, “you sure you want to take this now?” I quickly replied “yes” and dashed off. Only about a mile later did I realize my mistake, it was probably the lightning bolt that landed about 20 feet away (I swear...) that woke me up to my gaffe in taking the hand-off too soon. Now that the early stage has been set, keep in mind that all of this has happened in only the first 15 minutes of this 24 hour event. What more can happen? Read on.

After finishing my loop, I passed off to Jimmy Normile. At this point Peter Brook had arrived and we retreated to the hotel to find the rest of our team (so far 4 and counting). We located Michelle and Dave Swaim in the hotel room with their child Noah (as Bob Ross—more on him later—states “the cutest kid on earth”). Well, Michelle and Dave, being responsible parents that they are, had decided that it was too risky to run in the conditions as they existed at that point. They apologized profusely and said they would be back in the morning when things had cleared up to help us out for the remainder of the 24 hours.

Not So Young Bucks and the Preacher

Now I understand Dave Swaim is a minister, so I would think he would be used to all of this fire and brimstone stuff crashing down all around us, but we certainly saw the sense in their thoughts. Which tells you something about the rest of us. So how about teammates #7 and #8, Mark Hemenway and the aforementioned Bob Ross? After talking to some volunteers we discovered that Mark was working into the evening and would not be there until around 10 PM, and Bob Ross would not be there to spare us until around midnight. So the fearsome foursome would be pulling double duty for the first 3 hours (hey, this thing is difficult enough for 24 hours without having to do MORE loops...) and then it would be 5 members for another 2 hours and then we would have 6 runners until at least 7 AM the next morning. Short-staffed doesn't even begin to describe how we felt. We would not have a full team for at least half of the entire relay.

As the night wore on it became apparent that the battle for first place in the relay race would be between the SRR team and the Irish-American Track Club (IATC). The lead changed hands a few times with SRR finally gaining the upper hand after midnight when Bob Ross arrived and promptly ran a double loop for us. IATC's strategy was to have ALL of their members do double loops through the night so the resting members could get longer uninterrupted stretches of sleep.

Voulez-vous couchez avec nous?

Sleep, let's discuss that notion for a minute. Ever put 6 sweaty (not to mention soaked to the bone—though the apocalyptic storm did finally subside late in the night) guys in a room with 2 double beds and one small bathroom? Approximately every 25-30 minutes one runner would come back to the room, one would leave with doors slamming, showers going, strategy being hashed out in not so hushed tones...sleep was not an option.

I will swear to you that I slept not a wink that night or the next day. I mean, after 24 hours I came to love these guys, but I will never, ever go on a cross country camping trip with any of them.

Dawn broke with the sun rising over the lake (I know this is true, I was running a leg at that time) and though there were still some puddles on the course, at least you could now see them to avoid stepping in them. I remember thinking to myself at this point, “finally we can see the proverbial light, the end is near...” only to be snapped back to reality when I realized that we weren't even halfway through and that many more legs would be run on already tired legs. Now it became apparent that the sun itself would become the enemy as it started to dry off the moisture, creating hot and humid conditions. At this point the single loops were starting to take a toll on the original four runners so it was decided to let Bob Ross do a few more double loops to give us more of a break, and also because Bob was our fastest runner (makes sense...though I'm not sure how we were able to make such a sensible decision at that point actually).

This, and the fact that the Swaims, true to their word (the guy is a minister remember), came back and ran some fast legs (on fresh legs), gave us an even bigger lead over IATC. At this point the IATC team huddled and began to strategize, it became apparent they were going to throw their big gun, Kevin Hynes (remember his name also) out for double loops often to make up the difference. As late morning and early afternoon dragged on, and I do mean dragged, IATC slowly began closing the 5-6 minute gap we had opened up through the night. I wish I could tell you when they finally passed us, but I can't since I was starting to lose track of time in the normal sense of 2 PM, 3 PM, 5 AM etc...only thinking in terms of split times and gap times between teams. What I do remember very distinctly is that it happened when I was running one of my legs and I heard Kevin coming up behind me and then watched him slowly move off into the distance.

Boxing Kevin

Finally, with about an hour left in the race, IATC had opened up close to a 4 minute lead and still had Kevin doing more double loops to insure that the gap wouldn't close. It looked to all that IATC had sealed the victory. Our team looked at the time remaining and tried to figure out the best possible way to maximize the few resources we had left. Peter had suffered a bad lap a few hours ago and had skipped his last rotation and gone off to sleep. We thought he was done for the duration. Jimmy and I were starting to feel the effects of the night before. Bob seemed to have finally reached his limit after valiantly doing double loops in the morning hours. With a little over 40 minutes to go into the race Bob said that unless the next to last runner (still to be decided who that would be) came in with over 20 minutes left he didn't want to run the last leg, as it would be for naught.

The logic seemed sound, and soon IATC's runner came in and handed off to Kevin Hynes, at this point all seemed to be lost. The lead was now over 4 minutes and as we waited for Dave Roberts to come in we needed to decide who would run next. All of a sudden Peter re-appeared, looking curiously fresh with a new singlet on. We flipped a coin to see if Peter or Jimmy would run the next to last leg (possibly our last leg). Peter won (if you can call it that) and waited for the handoff. Soon Dave came around the corner and into the parking lot. Peter took off and looked like he was moving quickly. We waited. With about 24 minutes left until the 24 hour clock would hit the witching hour (runners need to finish a

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loop before the clock hits 24:00:00) Kevin came into the lot, looking fatigued for the first time. We waited and wondered...would Kevin continue on and do another double loop? No. At the last moment, IATC decided to give the baton to Tyrone Tse as Kevin was now spent and the lead seemed secure. At this point we could only wait and see if there would be enough time to finish another loop. We didn't have to wait long. Peter roared around the corner and sprinted to the handoff point, he had run his loop in less than 20 minutes, his fastest of the entire 24 hours! The lead was now down to 2 minutes, within striking distance if Bob could turn in a fast lap. Bob looked up with fire in his eyes (sounds corny I know, but humor me) and stated "I'm going for it", grabbed the baton and raced off. The IATC team was speechless. Had they made a mistake? Should have they let Kevin continue and do a second loop? Should Kevin have pushed it a little harder on the loop he had just run?

Before we knew it Kevin jumped in his car with a friend and SRR member Buddy Hubert and raced out of the parking lot, turning to go on the course in reverse. He was going out to tell Tyrone that the lead had dwindled and it was back to a foot race! Upon hearing this, Mark Hemenway jumped on his bike and rode off to tell Bob how much distance was between him and Tyrone. The rest of us waited. After a few minutes, word came back via a cell phone call from Kevin's car that Bob had closed the gap and was less than a minute behind. Kevin had jumped out of the car and was running WITH Tyrone exhorting him on! When I heard this I decided to jog out on to the course in reverse myself and see where things stood.

Moments later, another car with a couple of IATC members pulled up to me and extended their hands, saying "it's over, Bob was right behind Tyrone and has probably passed him by now." I looked back and in the distance I could see a small entourage approaching, a car with flashing lights, a few figures running and at least one bicyclist. It looked like the finish of a major marathon with press trucks and motorcycle escorts. I jogged closer to the oncoming group...and to my surprise I saw Tyrone still in the lead, Kevin next to him screaming in his ear to push harder, Bob about 20 yards behind and only looking like he was holding his own, not gaining at that point. At about a quarter mile from the finish line, I decided to jump in next to Bob and "coach" him in as best I could. If Kevin can run with Tyrone, why not a pacer for Bob? I told Bob he didn't have much real estate left, that he needed to start his kick now, and through gritted teeth he tersely replied "I'm trying".

I decided I needed to try a different tactic. Suddenly something I'd just read about running fast popped into my mind..."pump your arms and your legs will follow"...and I started to repeat this mantra to Bob, over and over. At this point it seemed like all hell had broken loose. As we were approaching the corner to turn into the parking lot, the car stopped, both occupants jumped out and were screaming at the runners (one rooting for Tyrone, one for Bob). Kevin was yelling even louder (if you know Kevin you'll know that is hard to imagine), people walking and jogging along the road were stopping and staring in disbelief. As the entire group hit the turn Bob closed the gap and was right behind Tyrone.

As the inside lane was blocked by somebody, Bob had to take the turn wide. It became clear that this 24 hour race was going to be decided by a sprint finish of about 50-60 yards in the parking lot. At this point I let up and let Bob go.

Dead Legs Running

As coach of SRR, I have to tell you that his form looked terrible as he turned on the jets and raced past Tyrone, but I'll forgive him this one time. I could see Tyrone deflate slowly as he saw Bob go by, but then pick it back up again and try and hang on.

With the ultras, volunteers, and hangers-on watching and yelling (Bob later described it as "running into a cauldron") Bob had just a little bit more leg-turnover and SRR crossed the finish line a mere 2 seconds ahead of IATC. 24 hours and 203.2 miles run by both clubs decided by 2 seconds. Tyrone collapsed at the finish line, he had run, by far, his fastest loop of the entire 24 hours, as had Bob. Many of the runners on each team had run between 8-11 loops, or the equivalent of 8-11 5K races within 24 hours.

There were no "losers" in this competition. Both teams ran valiantly as did the other four teams. A member of one of the other teams sent us an e-mail describing how exciting it was to watch the thrilling ending and how much fun it was to participate. Don Allison (an ultra runner himself) wrote an excellent article that was posted on the Cool Running website. E-mails the next day among club members, both participants and volunteers, still had a glow of excitement about the race. I know for myself it embodied all that was good about competition and the sport of running in general. Two clubs (who are fairly close and are known to socialize together) running for the sheer love of racing, with no prize money, no crowds, through difficult conditions, competing only for bragging rights for the next year. Next year...hope to see you there. It might not be quite as memorable, but then again, it just might be. SRR

Got A Jones for another Pepe sponsored excursion?

**Steve's planning a overnite hiking trip for the weekend of
November 2. Enjoy a relaxing ride aboard a deluxe coach on
Friday evening, a scenic hike along the Appalachian Trail on
Saturday with a return trip on the deluxe coach Saturday
evening. Included in the \$66* cost is: 1 nite in one of the finer
motor inns in this great country, a \$20 dinner/drink gift
certificate, breakfast included.**

Email Steve at steviep@hotmail.com.

*** rate based on double occupancy.**

The Fast Track: Fall and Winter Workouts

By Coach Steve Burton

Last issue I outlined the 14 week program that pointed to a specific 5K on September 16th. By the time you read this the race will probably just have been run so now it's time to discuss an overview of the workouts that will happen throughout the Fall racing season. Without getting into too much detail the basic principals for the workouts are to just maintain fitness and sharpen for specific races. If you have a 5K race coming up in 3 weeks that you would really like to do well at, then you should probably do 1 week of hard workouts (higher mileage, a tempo run and some aerobic speed workouts, plus a medium long run on the weekend) then cut back some the next week (cut mileage down to approximately 75% of the previous week, do an anaerobic short speed workout to keep leg turnover and form, short tempo run optional, do a medium length run on the weekend) and in the week leading up to the race cut back mileage even more, letting your legs rest, plus keep some intensity to your runs by running some short fast repeats (do not run these too fast—just concentrate on leg turnover and form) in the middle of your normal daily run.

Conversely, don't try and cram 3 months of training into the last 2 weeks before the race, it's too late at that point. The track workouts for the rest of the fall will be posted on the SRR website, feel free to tailor these to your own needs and race goals. Nothing is set in stone, again the idea is to just keep your fitness level and sharpen for your target races. The fall is a great time to race, temperatures are conducive for fast times and there are a multitude of great races to choose from.

We will be moving indoors in early November for the track workouts. Assume unless you hear differently that we will be at the Tufts indoor track every Tuesday at 6:30 PM. The plan this winter and early spring is to concentrate on longer intervals and tempo runs, similar to what we did last winter. Most of the races in the winter and early spring are longer distance runs, so it makes sense to do longer workouts. This will also help build the base for next years racing in the summer and fall.

Let me know if you would like to participate in the indoor workouts, there will be a fee to use the indoor track at Tufts, it will probably be approximately \$50, not a bad deal for about 5 months of running indoors on Tuesday nights. Questions? Contact me at steveburton@mindspring.com. **SRR**

SRR Welcomes Its New Members!

Caroline Angel Somerville

Korey Antonelli Belmont

Cari-Lynn Gershman Everett

Jamie Michalak Somerville

Diane Murk Somerville

Rachel Rennard Somerville

Julia Stearns Medford

The RatDossier of John Gorvin, PhD

← cover

ARTSY-FARTSY STUFF

Movie Recommendation - "Angels With Dirty Faces"

Book Recommendation - "A Separate Peace", by John Knowles.

Sexiest Male or Female Ever, Anywhere -

Too many to choose from, Rat, so you pick one for me.

(HSR Ed - Okay, how about Rosie O'Donnell - now you're sorry you didn't pick for yourself.)

(SRR Ed - John, let me pick the sexiest male or female. Yannick Noah, hands down, perfect combination of shoulders, dreadlocks and a sexy French accent.)

RACING DATA

Worst Race - "Cape Cod Marathon in 1992. My first marathon and I blew up at mile 18. Still managed to finish in 4:02, though."

Best Race - "Eastern States 20-miler in 2001. Ran 2:43:09 for a pace of 8:09 per mile."

Best Distance Runner Of All Time - "Clarence DeMar - Okay, so I'm a little retrograde here."

Local Running Hero - "Bill Rodgers."

Best and Worst Thing About Distance Running - "The best is stress relief, and it keeps me young, I think. Worst? So far, there's nothing bad about running."

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. RATTIEST thing you ever did in life - "I used to look at Playboy Magazine during recess at our Catholic elementary school."

2. Give Rats your SECRET TRAINING TIP for running a marathon PR - "There is NO secret here. It's MILES, MILES, MILES, and more MILES."

3. ODDEST THING that ever happened to you in a workout - "I stumbled on a nudist beach open to conservative Republicans—only while training in Wilmington one hot summer day. They invited me to stay a bit for watermelon and what-have-you to refresh myself. Several of the members claimed to be Rat subscribers." (HSR Ed - John told me that absolutely NOTHING odd has happened to him while running so I should make something up.)

4. If you could have BEER AND PIZZA with any person from history, who would that be? - "A tie between Thomas Jefferson and James Michael Curley."

5. Most FAMOUS PERSON You Ever Met - "John F. Kennedy, Jr."

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Official Rat Profile Song - "Paradise By The Dashboard Light," Meatloaf, 1978

Favorite Quote - "What doesn't kill me makes me stronger."

Official Rat Code Name - "Sigmund Freud"

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(HSR Ed - Do you realize that John Gorvin's favorite ice cream is the same flavor that Tim McVeigh had for his last meal before he headed for the ultimate dip in the red-hot salsa of the netherworld? Good thing John's a shrink so he can explain that to himself. Vanilla's better, John.)

The American Red Cross

still needs your help.

Call

1-800-GIVE-LIFE

to donate blood.

September 30, 2001

RACE CALENDAR

SRR's Races of the Month

So, the Boston Half in October is closed. Don't fret. Each month SRR selects a race where we'd like to make a strong showing. And then we do just that: attend in large numbers, wear our SRR uniforms, sweep the field, yuck it up afterward and impress the heck out of folks (and pick up new members in the process). Here are the races through December:

Sat. Oct. 6th, Somerville Homeless Coalition 5K.

Sun. Nov. 4th, Donnelly's Fast Five 5M.

Sun. Dec. 9th, Globe Santa Scamper 5K.

Sun. Jan. 5th, Developmental 4 x 1M Relays at BU.

Don't forget to wear SRR clothing during and after the race (do you have one of the new SRR singlets?—See page 9 for more information). If you're not going to run, you're always welcome to stop by and make like a running bra and give some support! Speaking of bras, see the newest addition to the SRR clothing line on page 9.

Suggestions for races are made and voted on during monthly meetings. Please bring your suggestions for SRR's "Race of the Month" to the next monthly meeting on Monday, October 1, 7:00 PM, at the Mt. Vernon Restaurant on Broadway in East Somerville. Hope to see you there.

September 22, 2001

East Coast Fall Marathon Tune Up 30K 9:00AM Saturday, Lynn, North Shore Community College Contact: Peter Monaco, NSCC, PO Box 3340, Danvers, MA 01923 781-593-6722 pmonaco@nsc.mass.edu

September 23, 2001

Boston Police Chase 5M 10:00AM Sunday, Boston, Boston Police Headquarters, Tremont & Ruggles St. Contact: Cecil Jones, PO Box 35622, Boston, MA, USA, 02135 781-665-9436 bpdareaal@aol.com

September 29, 2001

"Forget-Me-Not" Alzheimers 5K Road Race 10:00AM Saturday, Braintree, Braintree Elks (3K FW) Contact: Kathy or Melissa Ross, 205 Elm Street, Braintree, MA, USA, 02184 781-848-9484 aferris@townofbraintree.org

Reading Police Chase 5M 9:30AM Saturday, Reading, Memorial Park, Charles & Harrison Streets Contact: Community Services Officer Pat Iapicca, 15 Union Street, Reading, MA 01867 781-944-1212 x131 piapicca@mediaone.net

Ro-Jack's 5M Run 1:30PM Sunday, Attleboro, Attleboro High School (Also, 2M FR/Kids Runs) Contact: Leigh-Anne Cubberley, 115 Plymouth Street, Mansfield, MA, USA, 02048 508-339-2223 leighannec@rojacks.com
October 6, 2001

Somerville Homeless Coalition's 5K Road Race 9:00AM Saturday, Somerville, Davis Square Contact: Mark Alston-Follansbee, Box 440436, Somerville, MA 02144 617-623-6111 maf@somervillehomelesscoalition.org
SRR RACE OF THE MONTH!

21st Woburn Irish American Club Race 5M (PUB Series race), Woburn, MA (781) 935-1353 Contact: crowerun@aol.com

October 8, 2001

25th Tufts Health Plan 10K for Women, 12:00 NOON, Boston Common. Website: www.tuftshealthplan.com or call Conventures at 888-767-RACE.

October 21, 2001

19th Boston Firefighters/Local 718 Memorial 10K 10:00AM Sunday, Dorchester, Florian Hall, 55 Hallet Street Contact: Boston Firefighters Road Race, PO Box 365421, Hyde Park, MA 02136 617-376-3980 glucasd9@yahoo.com

13th Bay State Marathon/Half Marathon 8:00AM Sunday, Tyngsborough, Greater Lowell Tech School Contact: Bay State Marathon, 26 Groton Street, Pepperell, MA 01463 978-433-9909 baystate@empire.net

Brittany Lambert Memorial Black Cat Classic 5K 11:00AM Sunday, Duxbury, Chandler Elementary School Contact: Heather Kispert, 148 Beech Street, Belmont, MA, USA, 02478 617-489-2181 hkispert@alum.wellesley.edu

October 27, 2001

Halloween Hustle 5K 9:30AM Saturday, Newton, 1589 Beacon Street Contact: Sherry Nadworny, 1589 Beacon St., Newton, MA 02468 617-964-2039 x169 hhustle@mindspring.com

October 28, 2001

CompassBank Cape Cod Marathon & Dunkin' Donuts Marathon Relay 8:00AM Sunday, Falmouth, Village Green Contact: Courtney Bird, PO Box 699, West Falmouth 02574 508-540-6959 marathon@cape.com

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RACE CALENDAR

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October 28, 2001 (continued)

Groton Town Forest Trail 9.5M/3.4M 12:30PM Sunday, West Groton, Groton Senior Center, Route 225 Contact: Paul Funch, 92 Reedy Meadow Road, Groton, MA 01450 978-448 2813 pgfunch@cs.com

Mayor's Cup Cross Country Races 10:30AM Sunday, Dorchester, Franklin Park (Note: men's 8k, women's 5k, youth 1.1m) Contact: Mayor's Cup, c/o USATF-NE, PO Box 1905, Brookline, MA 02446 617-566-7600 office@usatfne.

October 31, 2001

Halloween 3M Fun Run 7:00PM Wednesday, Boston, West End of Faneuil Hall Marketplace Contact: Cystic Fibrosis Foundation - Karen Kelly, 220 North Main Street, Suite 104, Natick, MA, USA, 01760 800-966-0444 kkelly@cff.org

November 4, 2001

17th Annual Donnelly's Tavern Fast Five Road Race 5M, Fitchburg, MA (978) 342-9841 Contact: MA40986@aol.com SRR RACE OF THE MONTH!

23rd Falmouth in the Fall 7.1M 1:00PM Sunday, Falmouth, Falmouth Heights (Note: Entries close October 15) Contact: Falmouth in the Fall Road Race, 393 Jones Road, Falmouth, MA, USA, 02540 617-876-0727

November 10, 2001

Camy 5K R/W 10:00AM Saturday, Walpole, Italian-American Club, 109 Stone Street Contact: Camy 5K, c/o Paul Clerici, 19 Chapman Street, Walpole, MA, USA, 02081 508-668-2249

November 11, 2001

21st "Run Your Turkey Off" 15K/5K 8:00AM Sunday, Tewksbury, Tewksbury Memorial High School, Pleasant Street (Also, 1K Kids FR) Contact: John Burke, 3 Foster Street, Haverhill, MA, USA, 01832-3809 978-372-6160 timers@bellatlantic.net

NESHV Veterans' Day 5K Fun Run 12:00 NOON Sunday, Boston, Commonwealth Avenue & Hereford Street Contact: Chrissie MacArthur, NESHV, 17 Court Street, 9th Floor, Boston, MA, USA, 02108 617-371-1709 chrissiem@neshv.org

Veterans Memorial USATF 11K 11:00AM Sunday, Stoneham, American Legion Post 115, 11 Common Street Contact: Veterans Memorial USATF 11K, PO Box 242, Stoneham, MA 02180 781-279-4970 info@vets11k.org

November 18, 2001

Norwood Turkey Trot 4M 11:30AM Sunday, Norwood, TOM Chevrolet, Route 1 South (Also, 1M FR/Kids Run) Contact: Steve Sweeney, 33 Bellevue Avenue, Norwood, MA, USA, 02062 781-278-9707 stevesweeney2@aol.com

November 22, 2001

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble 4M Run, Somerville, MA Contact: (978) 777-6417 Website: www.SRR.org, ETOconnor@Hotmail.com

November 25, 2001

22nd 6K Andover Country Club Cross Country 12:00PM Sunday, Andover, Andover Country Club Contact: David LaBrode, 40 Kathy Drive, Haverhill, MA, USA, 01832 978-373-3408 icky@mva.net

December 1, 2001

12th St. Brigid's Kris Kringle 5K Road Race 10:00AM Saturday, South Boston, St. Brigid's School, 866 East Broadway Contact: Mickey Burke, 132 Marine Road, South Boston, MA, USA, 02127 617-269-3583 Clifford.Burke@state.ma.us

December 2, 2001

Mill Cities Relay, 8:00AM, Nashua, NH at YMCA through Lowell-Lawrence. Website: www.coolrunning.com

December 9, 2001

8th Annual Globe Santa Scamper 5K Race, West Roxbury, MA. Contact: (617) 323-3200. SRR RACE OF THE MONTH!

December 16, 2001

Khoury's Winter Challenge, Broadway, Somerville, MA Website: www.srr.org

December 31, 2001

Somerville Last Night 5K Foot Race 11:30PM Monday, Somerville, VFW Dilboy Post, Davis Square Contact: B.A. Event Promotions, PO Box 440103, West Somerville, MA, USA, 02144 617-625-2140 BAEvents@aol.com

The Unbearable Lightness of Being in Montreal

By Bob Ross

Les Jeux Sont Faites is a book by Jean-Paul Sartre. One rough translation could be, “The Gig is Up.” If you were good at French in my high school, you eventually read that book. That way, you got a critical dose of existential angst with your French. Red Sox fans don’t need French class (or even English) to become familiar with Sartre’s themes. After all, “Red Sox fan” is synonymous with existential angst.

This year is no different, especially now. But there was a magical time, in the middle of July, when it was easy to believe that this team was going to survive in spite of adversity, maybe even thrive. For the first time, the Red Sox did not get routed in inter-league play! Even without Nomar and Pedro! In years past, better Red Sox teams than this have gotten pounded by the NL East, particularly the Marlins, Phillies and les Expos.

Ah, les Expos. As bad as it may be for we Red Sox fans, just think of the alternatives. Strikes have forced changes in postseason play two times in major league baseball history. Both times, les Expos have led their division. In 1981, they couldn’t make it out of the cock-eyed split-season, extra playoff round format. In 1994, Montreal was the consensus best team in baseball. Whoops.

With new collective bargaining talks upcoming, it’s about time for les Expos to start dominating again. And they have some horses. Vladimir Guerrero’s picture is next to the word, “stud” in the dictionary. Jose Vidro is a perennial batting champion candidate. Javier Vazquez is a no. 1 starter on virtually any staff in baseball. Tony Armas, Jr.’s father could hit homers.

So why do they stink so badly? Mark Hemenway and I drove up to Montreal to find out after the Stowe 8-Miler. The Expos were playing the local nine. My race had stunk almost as badly as the Expos. I had started out too slow for the first mile, tried to make up for it too quickly over the next couple of miles, then straggled home with burnt-out legs and a churning stomach. After some standing around for a “cool-down,” Mark and I were on our way.

Our route took us through Smuggler’s Notch (closed in winter). I’ve never been to the Alps, but driving through Smuggler’s Notch has got to be the closest thing in the Northeast to a drive between the Eiger and Jungfrau. We got to 89 in St. Alban’s, where we picked up food and Mark parked his truck. We drove north to the border, to find out that half of New England had the same idea. The hour-long wait at the border helped to cost us the first three innings. But it wasn’t the only reason.

The road to Montreal couldn’t be more different from the roads in Vermont. The only hills between the border and the city are on bridges or ramps. Mark and I had unobstructed driving to the city line. When we crossed over the last big bridge before the city, we saw the first sign for Stade Olympique. We followed it, and it led us north of the city. Along the way, we picked up the English language broadcast of the game. Montreal has a sports talk radio station—in English!

At that point, we entered into the twilight zone. Signs for the Stade stopped appearing. I thought we were driving west, but the route signs kept saying Quebec, which I knew was east of Montreal. The game was still on, but it seemed as if Nomo was getting rocked. Vidro took him deep. Guerrero almost knocked down the outfield wall with a line drive.

We pulled off and found a gas station where one of the customers spoke “un peu” of English. He set us straight. I realized as we drove back along the St. Lawrence that we could have seen the stadium the first time if we had known where to look. It’s actually in a suburban area

—kind of like if the Red Sox built a new stadium near the Mystic River. Anyway, if you have reason to go to Stade Olympique, just realize that it’s west of Montreal, and on the south side of the St. Lawrence. You have to take the tunnel under the St. Lawrence to get there from the highway.

Others must have had the same assortment of problems, because there was still a long line to get into the stadium parking lot. We disdained the lot in favor of trying to find free parking. We found a spot in a block across from the Biodome (a French word for “Biodome”), part of the Stade complex.

Next, we had to buy tickets. Your intrepid travelers started jogging, our belated cool-down from Stowe. We saw one ticket window—ferme. We saw a second—ferme. It turns out, on gameday, the Expos only open one set of windows for game-day sales. You can’t blame them, given their attendance. They also wouldn’t take credit cards on day of game sales. We paid in American, and got back some worthless Canadian currency. Our tickets, about halfway up the top deck along the first base line, cost us each about \$6 American. If you’re nostalgic for the days when you could walk up on the day of the game and buy a cheap ticket, Montreal est la place pour vous!

It is hard to summon memories of Bruce Jenner winning his decathlon in Stade Olympique after you walk in. There’s a lot of cement, a terrible ugly roof, and lot of false seats that they do not open because the team draws so terribly. Our seats were fairly far from the action—about like the new Comiskey, though the top deck was not as steep.

The game we saw probably represented the apex of Red Sox fan enjoyment for the season. They came back to take the lead. Stynes hit two home runs. Nomo even singled in one of his at-bats, but Daubach was gunned down by Peter Bergeron trying to score from second. Then there was Guapo.

He was left in to drop down a bunt, I think in the seventh inning. At least half the crowd was standing and screaming throughout the at-bat. He did get the bunt down, but they turned a double play in spite of Garces, who really was moving as fast as he could down the first base line. The man needs some quality time with Dr. Burton at the Tufts track.

Anyway, Lowe closed it out (now those were days!). I collected a parking ticket (\$42, Canadian) that had been left on my windshield, and we were out of traffic and on our way by 5 p.m. The parking ticket means that I will need to hitch a ride on my next trip to Montreal.

It’s now early September, and the Red Sox are descending into their own versions of the rest of Sartre’s bibliography. The titles express concepts with which runners are also intimately familiar. *Being and Nothingness*. *No Exit*. and, of course, *Nausea*. Enlightenment comes in many forms. Confucius say, combine running and Red Sox baseball whenever you can. **SRR**

Got Camera? Or just a Darkroom? Wanted: Photographers, Writers, Haiku Laureats

It’s still this simple: You want to write or snap some photos, we want to publish you. Contact Still Runnin’ On Empty editor Beatrice Pulliam via email: pullibe@rcn.com. Step right up!!

My Failed High-Altitude Training or Beefalo, The Other Red Meat

by Janet Montgomery

My sister Ellyn and I went on a ranch vacation this summer and had a blast. We both rode horses a lot as kids, but haven't had a chance to ride much as adults. We chose a small guest ranch in Wyoming situated at the base of the Rockies just over the Colorado border. The nearest town is Laramie, Wyoming. The ranch is over three miles from the nearest paved road, so it really felt remote!

Soon after we arrived, we took off on a short trail ride to get used to being in the saddle again. When we got back, a busload of about 20 Japanese college students on an exchange program (plus three US advisors/translators) showed up. Pretty amusing—we were the only other guests, so there was a lot of Japanese spoken at the meals (served family style). I still don't know how to say "pass the salad" in Japanese, but I did brush up on "good morning," "please," "thank you," and "you're welcome." After dinner the first night, Ellyn and I went fishing, trailing a herd of eager Japanese kids. Casting was fun, but nobody caught anything. Little did I imagine I would give a fishing clinic to Japanese college kids on my vacation!

Each morning I went for a humbling heavy-breathing high-altitude run. I'd usually see a few deer and antelope as I ran. I also tried to scout for where the horses could be hiding. After I showered, we met Leah (the owner) to ride out and round up the horses and bring them in. The saddle horses are turned out to pasture overnight in about a 50-acre wooded, hilly field. We found all the horses way up in the corner of the pasture, and had to work to keep them grouped as we herded them down the road back to the barn. They wanted to split off and stay out at liberty! When we got all the horses into the corral, we were more than ready for breakfast.

One morning's round-up was a little more exciting. The horse I rode (a black gelding named Bart) was in a randy mood (there must have been a mare in heat), and wanted to run with the loose horses. I held him back, and he started bucking. I held on! But after crossing the next hill, he'd had enough of my efforts to control him, so he started bucking in earnest and off I flew! Luckily, the rain from the day before softened up the ground and I didn't land in a cactus, so I was ok, except for a small cut on my finger where the reins tore me up.

I grabbed Bart and walked him back to the corral (no hard feelings, but I didn't want to press my luck). We'd gotten half the horses on the first pass, so JD (a ranch hand) took Bart for a little behavior modification (Bart was an angel for him, curse the beast) and I rode Rhonda until we got the gang all in. We found the other horses way up in a little hanging pasture that involved some major rock scaling for our mounts. The horses were very good rock climbers, and so long as I trusted the horse and held on, I was ok.

One afternoon Ellyn and I rode out with JD to find and count the beefalo calves (Beefalo is half buffalo, half cow. The meat is very lean and high in protein. Libby Hickman buys her meat from this ranch). The cattle work was harder than it sounds, because although the rain had mostly stopped, the mist/fog had settled in thick. Fortunately, the owner had scouted them out the day before, so we had a general idea of where to find them. But it was such an odd experience riding around through the woods in the fog, not being able to see more than 50 feet in front of us. Once we found the cows, we picked our way through the herd, counting calves and checking for injury or disease.

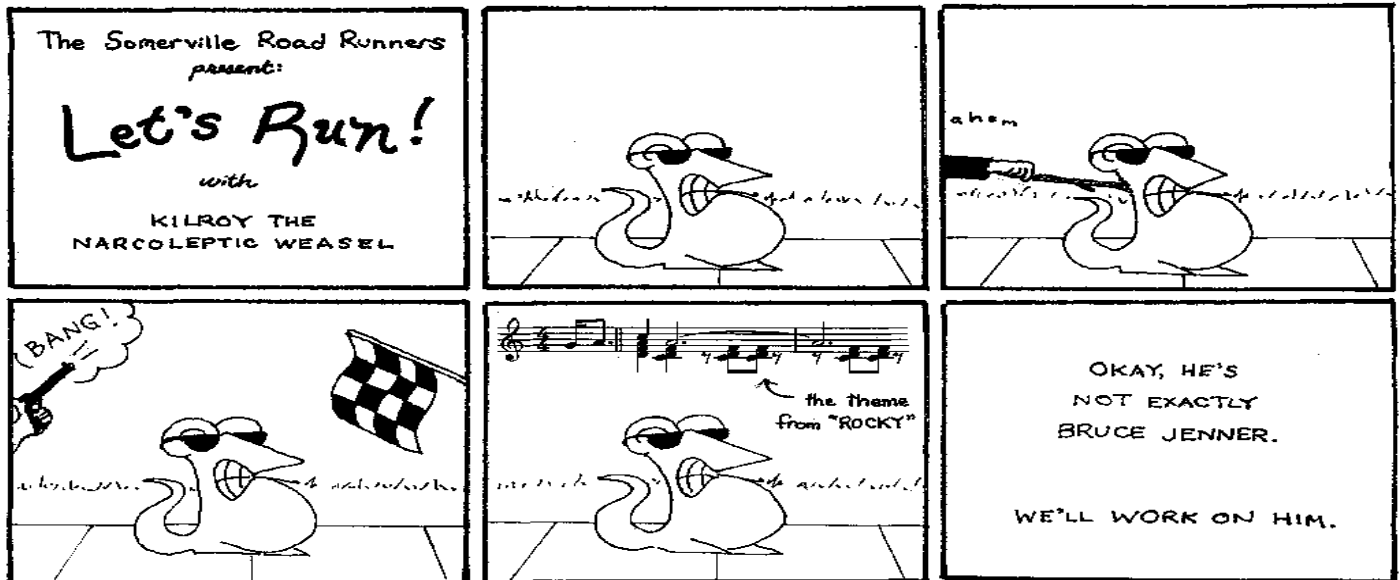
The calves played hide and seek as we counted them, so we had to count a couple times to be sure we had an accurate result. They all were there and healthy, so we had good news to report when we got home. It was kind of eerie, though, hearing the lowing of the cattle through the fog. Another chore was to go catch and bring home two Percherons (big draft horses). After riding out to the pasture we thought they'd be in, we spent about 45 minutes riding around looking before they trotted out of the trees to check us out. Catching the Percherons was not easy. They cavorted, teased and pranced around and enjoyed the catching game immensely. When you're holding on to the horse you're riding with one hand and trying to control a 3,000-pound work horse with the other, you're bound to get pulled apart sooner or later. Luckily, the big girls were cooperative (if high-spirited) so there were no serious accidents.

Once we'd collected the draft horses, I learned how to harness and drive the team hitched to the stagecoach. Driving a team is quite a challenge! You take two strong-willed, gigantic beasts and somehow encourage them to work together under your command. When they wanted to trot, I had a hard time getting them slowed down! We had a few other adventures involving repair barbed-wire fences, rock climbing, and dreadful things the barn puppies unearthed.

Sadly, a week was not enough time to reap any benefits from the punishing runs at 8000 feet. **SRR**

Kilroy the Narcoleptic Weasel

by Mark Tennenhouse





PHOTOS: JIM RHOADES OF COOLRUNNING.COM

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ALL ABOUT THE FRONT

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Nup Announcement:

Congratulations to Larry Horlick and his bride Lisa on their recent wedding!

Congratulations to Chris Ahearn and Amy Beeman on their recent engagement!

How Do I Find Out What's Going On?

To get the latest scoop on what's going on in SRR, visit the website, <http://www.sr.org>. It is currently being maintained by a revolving cast of characters. For a quick update, call (617) 596-1024 x1028.

From the Hey, We've Gone PDF department:

If you'd like to receive the newsletter via email in a convenient pdf file, please email the membership director: jgorvin@mediaone.net. Please direct any email/snail mail address corrections and updates to the membership director too.

Volunteer Opportunities!!

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email Tom Hagerty - somerun@hotmail.com

BAA 1/2 Marathon - Oct 14

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