

Still Runnin' On Empty

The Official Newsletter of The Somerville Road Runners
September/October 2004

A Short Story About a Long Run

BY RAY CHARBONNEAU

Editor's Note:

An unabridged version can be found at:
<http://www.y42k.com/vt100/2004vt100.htm>

The weekend of July 17, I went to Woodstock, Vermont to run in the 16th annual Vermont 100, a 100 mile loop through the mountains of southern Vermont, with about 70 miles on dirt roads and jeep paths, a few small sections on paved roads, and the remainder on mountain trails. Horses run the race along with the runners. My main goal in the race was to finish, which would be challenge enough. If you finish under 24 hours, you win a belt buckle, and I thought that that I'd have a rea-

sonably good chance of "buckling", but I wasn't counting on it.

Friday morning, I went to the start at Silver Hill Meadow to register and turn in the donations I'd collected for Vermont Adaptive Ski & Sports (in all, about \$1200 - thanks to those who contributed!). I went in the main tent, picked up my number and t-shirt, and turned in my donations. Then I went to get weighed in. During the race, there are three medical checks where you are weighed to ensure that you haven't lost (due to dehydration) or gained (due to hyponatremia) a dangerous amount of weight. I weighed in at 151 pounds.

I skipped the pre-race dinner on the meadow and ate dinner in town so I'd be sure to be back at the hotel in time to

meet with my crew, Mark Bates and Karen Mattson, who arrived that evening after work. Once they arrived, we went over the plans for the next day. They were to meet me for the first time during the race at the first handler's aid station, which would allow them to get a bit more rest for the long day ahead, so we loaded their car with my supplies, except for what I'd need before the start. Then they left, and I was in bed and asleep, with three alarms set (just in case) by 10PM.

At 2AM, the first of the alarms work me up. By 3AM, I was ready and left for the start. It took about a half-hour to get to the dimly lit meadow. I parked and wandered over to the tent to wait

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Fast Track

BY STEVE BURTON

By the time you read this the Boston Marathon will have been run for the 108th time. SRR had over 70 runners signed up to do the marathon, and I'm sure you've heard many of the stories already. The heat was an undeniable factor this year, rising to the mid-80's by races end. Nobody fares well under these conditions, no matter how good a "heat" runner you are. One of the more exciting facets of this year's race was the introduction of the early Women's Elite start. SRR was proud to have one

of its members, Caroline Dobbyn, included in that elite field, and she did an admirable job considering the weather conditions and the pressure that came from starting with such an august field in only her second marathon! Hats off to Caroline and everyone else who traipsed the hot streets from Hopkinton to Boston on April 19th.

Many of the club runners are now training for fall marathons, we've had a particularly cool summer (strange after that blistering hot day in April...)

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Fast Track

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making the training a little easier. Club members are signed up for Chicago, NYC, Dublin, Cape Cod, Mt. Desert Island, and a host of others. Hopefully come September when the marathons start this trend of cool weather will con-

tinue, making for ideal marathoning conditions and some PR's.

Not much to report in the training section this issue. Next issue I will talk about goal setting for the coming year. The fall marathons will be over and it will be time to kick back a little and think about what you want from your

running in the coming months. There are lots of options, we'll tackle different ways to decide what you want to do and how best to achieve those goals.

And of course feel free to contact me anytime if you want help with goal setting and possible races and training programs to get you to those goals.

Next Club Meeting Monday, December 6th, 2004, 7:00 pm

The Burren
247 Elm Street, Davis Square
Somerville MA 02144

Membership Has Its Privileges

When you join SRR, you will receive a SRR Membership card (good through the membership year) and a Red Marathon Sports discount card (good indefinitely).

Use these cards to get discounts at the following:

Marathon Sports

1654 Mass Ave
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-354-4161

Marathon Sports (Boston)

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Boston, MA 02116
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Boston, MA 02445
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*15% off any non-sale purchase.
You must show your Marathon Sports
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43 Enon Street (Rt. 1A)
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1036 Cambridge Street
Cambridge, MA 02141
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card to receive discount.*

All Change!

From the SRR News Desk...

We sadly have to report that Tom Hagerty has stood down as President after considerable service on behalf of all Somerville Road Runners. Tom has more than ably served the club, but a new job and a new house in Plymouth have unfortunately left little free time. We won't let him go that easily -- he will remain active and is already planning the January holiday party.

Into Tom's shoes steps Kathy Hynes. Kathy will be familiar to all the regular runners at Khoury's and you can usually find her proudly wearing the SRR laundry at numerous races throughout the year. The next newsletter will feature a column by Kathy as she introduces herself and outlines the role



Our esteemed leader, Kathy Hynes

of club president.

SRR also has a new Membership Director in Jessica Zall, assuming the role from Burchell Waring. Jessica's job will be to make sure the club extends a warm welcome to new members and to encourage you to cough up your hard won dollars when your membership requires renewal.



Jessica Zall at the Boston Marathon start line

Finally, the management of the newsletter has been handed over to Jason Roberts and Henry Richards. Both will be using any means necessary to encourage your creative juices to flow and promise (genuinely) fair and balanced reporting on our highly active club. All submissions, be they essays, reports or news items, will be gratefully received. You can contact the newsletter by sending an email to: newsletter@srr.org.

SRR BOARD

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24-Hour Relay

Kate and Tim Maul, Gretchen Wilson

North By Northeast

A Report on the Nova Scotia Marathon/Half

BY DAN SOLOMON

Barrington, Nova Scotia, July 25 2004

(Put this one on your "one I gotta do before sliding outta this dimension of existence" list).

July 22-8 PM overnight ferry from Portland to Yarmouth. Wander about the boat until casino opens. Precipitously win 57 bucks at the slots, get butt right out of there quickly past blackjack and roulette tables. Spend evening drinking on house money. Sweet.

July 23-Arrive Yarmouth, smuggle two pitas and half a bag of chips through customs. Deb worried, she would not make a good criminal, fine with me, one

in the family is enough. Swing onto highway, see GAS, 93.9(!!!?) Moment of carnal greed, then realize it's 93.9/liter, we are in country with government not in thrall to oil industry so gas is taxed like gas should be taxed, prices out to about US\$2.78/gallon, see very few SUVs on road.

Head onto highway, maximum speed is 100(!!!?)... kilometers per hour, dammit. Spot splendid looking raptor zooming down road straight at us.

Soaring eagle? Fierce hawk? Peregrine? Harrier? Nah, turkey vulture. Well, all creatures great and small, yadda yadda.

Arrive at cottage in Clyde River, one town over from race start in

Barrington. Fishing country. Barrington bills itself as Canada's lobster capital, so does Shelburne about 20K east. Whatever.

Nova Scotia is splendid, ocean to forest, some towns look as poor as upper New Hampshire or Maine, difference being that everything down to the sorriest trailer is neat and well-kept.

Later we canoe up Clyde River. To get canoe have to sign form saying I'm not drunk, know not to stand up in canoe, know how to get into and away from

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Ray Is Still Running

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for the start. It was more than warm enough already to hang out in just my running outfit, which didn't bode well for later in the day.

Just before 4AM, 241 runners lined up in the field behind a banner over the starting line (the horses started an hour later, at 5AM). This was still before dawn, though there was a hint of light in the eastern sky. I went to the rear of the pack, and at 4, we were off.

My plan was to walk up the hills, and run the flats and downhills. I'd take a Succeed cap (electrolytes) and some carbohydrate gel every half hour, and two ibuprophen every third hour, and I'd drink along with those, and whenever else I thought about drinking. I'd reload on fluids and snack on the food at the aid stations, and reload with pills and get extra supplies (shoes, socks, lights, ...) as I met Mark and Karen at the handler stations.

The race went pretty well for the first 40 miles. The "flats" were pretty much non-existent as the hills were relentless. Throughout that time, I'd pass people while I was running, but be passed by them as we walked, as my walk was slower than everyone's around me. I was running at about an 8:30-9 min./mile pace, which is my slow, comfortable pace when I'm starting out. I expected to slow down over time.

By the aid station at mile 45, I was almost 2 hours ahead of the pace for a 24 hour finish. But that was the peak, as far as my time was concerned. By then, the 20+ miles of downhills had done a job on my quads. I was still running as planned, but there was considerable pain involved. Also, I don't remember when my stomach started bothering me, but it was early in the race. Whenever I looked at food, I rebelled from the idea of eating any, so I was depending on my gel and drinks for calories.

The 45 mile aid station was a handler station, so I made my first shoe change. I went from NB 706 trail shoes to NB 827s, thinking the additional cushioning might help with the encroaching wear and tear. This turned out to be a mistake. The shoes were already a bit short, and the 45 previous miles hadn't helped keep the size of my feet down. So my toes, especially the two big toes, took a beating over the next 11 miles, until the next handler's station.

There, for the first time, I sat down to rest some rather than reloading and plugging on. By this time, it was past 2PM, and the heat of the day had taken

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a toll in addition to all the miles. I was hot, tired, sweaty, and covered with bugs. Thoughts of dropping out began to enter my mind. My time for the 11 miles from the previous handler's station had risen above the 24 hour pace. I was still almost two hours ahead of that pace overall, but between the pain and the reduced pace, it was obvious that the second half of the race wasn't going to go as well as I had hoped. I changed into Nike Skylons, which I still was not sure of, but at least there'd be more toe room, and left.

Turns out that the entire three miles to the next aid station was uphill, in the worst heat of the day. The view at the top was wonderful, but I couldn't care less. A couple of uncomfortable downhill miles later, on what were by now quadburgers, and I was at the 60 mile handler's station. There I made my final shoe change, to a wider pair of NB 706s, since my feet were even more uncomfortable in the Skylons. At this

point, it was about 5:30PM, so the heat of the day was fading away.

By now, the pauses at the handlers' stations were stretching to 15 minutes. The rest didn't really allow for much recovery, but it did help some physically. It did allow significant time for internal discussion, while I sat there panting (in spite of the slow pace), staring off into space. I was still struggling with doubts, but I broke it down. A little over eight miles to the next handlers' station. That seemed do-able. Then another 8 miles with Mark, which would be a change from running by myself. Then, there'd only be about 23 miles to go. None of those seemed impossible, when broken down that way, just not very pleasant.

Another eight miles of up and down, and then into the handler's station at mile 69, still about an hour ahead of 24 hour pace. Here I had another rest, another internal dialog, and a bit of soup, which still wasn't appealing but was better than nothing. It was getting towards evening, so I put on my headlamp and packed a spare hand light and some extra batteries.

When I took off, this time Mark came along. The course rolled up and down through the edge of some woods, so we turned on our lights so we could see while under the trees. Soon we needed the lights the whole time. The last horse passed us at about this time.

By now, each downhill step was tearing a bit more out of my quads, muscle fiber that I didn't have to spare. At the bottom and along what level course there was, I was sneaking in more and more walking. I went a little faster with Mark along than I might have otherwise, but I still slowed dramatically during this leg of the race.

We hit a pleasantly soft horse trail and then began climbing steadily again. By now it was completely dark. As we went along, I was being bombarded by moths. Since my light was strapped to my head, the moths were incredibly

annoying. Mark had a hand light, and the moths weren't attacking his light nearly as much. We figured that it was probably because his light was dimmer, so I turned my light down, which did help with the moths.

We finally reached the next handlers' station at about 77 miles. I was still a few minutes ahead of 24 hour pace, but I was pretty much done. The thoughts of dropping out were much louder now, and their arguments were better. I sat down to rest and soon began shivering. Karen went and got my shirt, but I figured I'd warm up if I started up again, so I didn't put it on at first. I'd get up to think about proceeding, but my legs were stiffening up now as I sat, so I'd stagger around for a few steps, and then sit again. Clearly if I went on, there'd be little, if any, running, and walking 23 miles when I was already beat was not something I was looking forward to at all. In either case, I'd want the shirt, so I put it on.

I stumbled around more, then Mark said something that did help, that anyone could sign up for a race, but that the glory went to those who finished. Trite, but it was enough to inspire me to make up my mind to keep going, so I left. Unfortunately, the course through the aid station and away led gently downhill, which was most uncomfortable. As I was getting going, I was listing a bit to one side and the other as I weaved through the crowd. A few people asked if I needed anything with a "he doesn't look so good" look on their face, but they didn't have any spare legs on hand, and my responses appeared coherent enough, so they let me go on.

After awhile I loosened up a tiny bit and settled into a steady pace. I tried running a few times on the flatter parts of the course, but went no more than a few steps before giving up on that idea. There didn't seem any danger that I'd collapse, but it was a very long, lonely 12 mile walk until 89 miles, where I hit the last medical check. I was still at a good weight (during the race, I was

within two pounds of my starting weight at all of the medical checks), though I'd pretty much stopped taking electrolytes, figuring I wasn't sweating that much while I was walking. Not a good idea, but by now, I was totally focused on finishing, with little spare capacity left for making rational decisions. My feet had begun to blister uncomfortably in a few spots, so I slowly took off my shoes, emptied out some trail crud, and put them back on, hoping that'd help. That was a challenging task, but it did allow me to sneak in some sitting time before moving on.

I started out running with a time in mind, but ended up just surviving.

By this point, I had no more thoughts about dropping out. There was just a bit less than 11 miles to go, broken up by three aid stations, including one more handlers' station at mile 95. I knew I could do that, assuming I had the patience necessary to continue at my glacial pace.

I left the station and was soon slogging along alone. At the top of one hill, there was a woman standing at a corner, directing us to take the left turn to go to the next aid station. I was glad to see her, because normally there weren't people out on the course directing traffic, so I assumed it must mean that the aid station was nearby. As I passed, I joked that we must still have to go over another mountain to get there. Unfortunately, that was true. Given that what little brainpower I had left was totally consumed in generating Relentless Forward Motion, when the time it "should" take to get to the next station passed, anxiety rolled in. After enough time had passed, I actually con-

vinced myself that I must be lost, even though I'd been regularly passing course markers. So I stopped, and yelled "hello" a few times, until another runner came along, and I could get started forward again.

I finally reached the handlers' station at mile 95. I dropped off my light and visor, and headed out again. A mile or two into my latest stroll, I noticed that my hands and fingers (as far as the middle knuckle) had swollen and turned a dark purplish color. The fingertips were still quite pale. I knew somewhere in the back of my head that there was something that I could do about that, but it wasn't popping up, so I admired the evidence that what I was doing was actually difficult enough to cause mysterious physical issues, and I wandered on. Finally, I remembered. Edema (swelling) in extremities could mean not enough electrolytes, and I hadn't been taking my capsules. A couple of Succeed caps must have worked pretty quickly, as the next time I thought about it, the swelling had disappeared.

Finally, after some bizarre twists in the trail that had to have been added just to bug me, I could see the gap in the trees leading to the banner at the finish. The ground was soft enough, and what adrenaline remained was flowing, so I managed to run the last 20 yards or so, and I was done! in 27:29:24 (134th, not even first Charbonneau). I started out running with a time in mind, but ended up just surviving. Those last 23 miles had taken over 9 hours. On this day, that was fast enough for me.

I was toast. It would have been nice to hang around and socialize, and maybe stay for the brunch and awards ceremony, but lying down on my motel room bed was just too appealing, and Mark and Karen were ready to get some sleep too. We drove back to the motel, said goodbye and I fell down. Sleep would have been nice, but dozing was the best I could do, as any movement woke me up again. After awhile I got up, show-

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"Run to and fro through the streets!": Runners in the Bible

BY ERIKA BOECKELER

Last year I taught a university English course on the Bible as literature, and I began to notice how often runners and running appear in the text. Whether religious or not, everyone can relate to how running was viewed over 4000 years ago. I hope this article provides you with a view of running as an historical phenomenon and reveals how the excitement of running enthusiasts in these ancient texts resonates still with our own attitudes and experiences of running today.

Why do these references abound in the Bible? Running was often the swiftest and most convenient way of sending messages. As we know, the runner of the first "marathon" in Ancient Greece was actually a messenger, Pheidippides, carrying the message to the city of Athens that the Athenians had defeated the Persians upon the fields of Marathon.

It seems natural that running would be thematized in a book itself participating in the communication of messages, namely God's. In fact, the metaphor of running extends to language when it is described in Psalm 147 as the middleman between God and His creation, "He sends out his command to the earth; his word runs swiftly" (15). It also seems quite appropriate to describe the role of running messengers in a "messenger" newsletter to a running club!

As communicators of messages, ancient runners need not be merely swift, but also intelligent enough to remember lengthy messages -perhaps word for word- and provide accurate (or at least politically correct) descriptions of events. Some passages make it clear that during certain periods runners needed to be among the literate and not just dumb jocks:

"Write the vision; make it plain on tablets, so that a runner may read it" (Habakkuk 2:2).

Runners today can certainly relate to the most extensive description of running the Bible offers, found in 2 Samuel 18. The scene opens with King David (of David-and-Goliath fame) having been at war with his seditious son Absalom when finally his servants manage to slay Absalom:

19: Then said Ahi'ma-az the son of Zadok, "Let me run, and carry tidings to the king that the Lord has delivered him from the power of his enemies."

20: And Jo'ab said to him, "You are not to carry tidings today; you may carry tidings another day, but today you shall carry no tidings, because the king's son is dead."

Well, you've probably all heard the phrase "Don't kill the messenger!" Being a messenger was a dangerous job, for if you bring bad news you may pay with your life, as a messenger bringing tidings of King Saul's death to David had earlier. Joab is obviously concerned with the reputation and life of Ahimaaz and opts instead to send someone unimportant enough as to go nameless:

21: Then Jo'ab said to the Cushite, "Go, tell the king what you have seen." The Cushite bowed before Jo'ab, and ran.

22: Then Ahi'ma-az the son of Zadok said again to Jo'ab, "Come what may, let me also run after the Cushite." And Jo'ab said, "Why will you run, my son, seeing that you will have no reward for the tidings?"

23: "Come what may," he said, "I will run." So he said to him, "Run." Then Ahi'ma-az ran by the way of the plain, and outran the Cushite.

Here we see that a good messenger not

only brings good and accurate tidings (if possible) and runs swiftly, but he will also know all the shortcuts, ie he knows his geography. (I'd like to see him run Khoury's, whose geography continues to baffle new runners for weeks.) It is, however, a mystery why Ahimaaz runs so eagerly, without reward. Perhaps the joy at seeing a beloved king rejoice that his enemy has died motivates him? Perhaps in the hope of remuneration, despite the warnings of Joab? Or perhaps for the sheer joy of racing?

24: Now David was sitting between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof of the gate by the wall, and when he lifted up his eyes and looked, he saw a man running alone.

25: And the watchman called out and told the king. And the king said, "If he is alone, there are tidings in his mouth." And he came apace, and drew near.

26: And the watchman saw another man running; and the watchman called to the gate and said, "See, another man running alone!" The king said, "He also brings tidings."

27: And the watchman said, "I think the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahi'ma-az the son of Zadok." And the king said, "He is a good man, and comes with good tidings."

Again, something we runners can relate to. It is said that no two dancers ever dance alike; anyone who has ever watched a race knows that no two runners ever run alike, and that some runners have such a distinct running style that we can identify them from afar without seeing their faces.

As it turns out, Ahimaaz does not give an accurate account of what has happened with David' son, Absolom, and it remains for the unnamed Cushite to break the news of his death. Perhaps he

truly has an imperfect understanding of events; perhaps he did not wish to mar his reputation as a good man who brings only good tidings as he considered Joab's words during his run.

A messenger for Jesus' teachings, goal-oriented St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians explains how he must assume the identities of his audiences in order to understand and reach those communities. The passage culminates in a running metaphor:

I Corinthians 9

24 Do you not know that in a race the runners all compete, but only one receives the prize? Run in such a way that you may win it. 25 Athletes exercise self-control in all things; they do it to receive a perishable wreath, but we an

imperishable one. 26 So I do not run aimlessly, nor do I box as though beating the air; 27 but I punish my body and enslave it, so that after proclaiming to others I myself should not be disqualified.

St. Paul "runs" to win souls, ie he must constantly train and retrain himself in order to reach the different ethnic races and communities with his message. Every runner can relate to how training must be varied at least for the sake of keeping things interesting, even if the goal consists not in winning races.

But the meaning of St. Paul's metaphor changes within the passage; he begins talking about training himself in order to help others and ends speaking about the purpose of that training as it relates to his own salvation. We can and do run

both for ourselves and for others all the time; every time we run in a charity race, we do it for the benefit of a worthy charity as well as keep ourselves fit, possibly achieving as well that "perishable wreath" of victory.

This raises the question of the goal of running. What kind of runner are you? Do you run with specific objectives in mind, ie getting in shape, making a certain time, placing in a race, etc, or are you in it for the sheer joy of running?

I suspect most runners run simply because they love it. Psalm 147 speaks of the "pleasure in the speed of a runner" (10). So, enjoy the run, knowing you participate in a community of enthusiasts recorded in some of the most ancient and important texts in the world!

Bob's 11 Commandments of Running

So Speaketh The Great Gamere

I

When training with a fellow runner, defer to your companion's speed. It's not a race. Stay a half step behind.

II

When you run a race, race hard. No one likes to finish behind someone who then says, "I was using this race for a training run".

III

Take your running seriously. Go for broke and give it your all. Never take yourself too seriously.

IV

Do not speak disparagingly of fellow runners. Remember, we are all in this together.

V

Volunteer with a smile. Enjoy volunteering for what you do best. We all have different talents. Put them together, and we might be on to something good.

VI

Be color-blind, gender-blind, age and experience blind. No one works for you. H/she works with you.

VII

People like to be asked and they like to be thanked. (I stole this one from Tip O'Neill but he knew what he was talking about).

VIII

Give a thank you to those who direct traffic during races. We know they probably get paid for it but we probably get in their hair enough on other days.

IX

Be especially courteous to non runners at the bar and, especially, any members of the media. The "Them vs. Us" mentality should be saved for other teams in the competition. (How many pro athletes never get it?).

X

Observe all you see when running alone. Birds, flowers, trees, heavenly bodies (Both kinds). Google one a day when you get home. You'd be amazed what you can learn.

XI

Try to stay at the bar until your buddies go home. By doing so, you'll make them feel better the next day. They may see you running and say to themselves, "Gee, I couldn't have been so bad, that SOB was at the bar after me and look at him run". ONWARD TO VICTORY

New Bedford 1/2 Marathon Race Report

BY KATHY HYNES

The gun went off and I started my watch. Shoot - I meant to wait until I crossed the line. Oh well, leave it go so I don't screw it up. Shuffling with the masses behind Dennis Curran (1:34:52) and John Gorvin (1:34:54) and I made note that 15 seconds had passed before I reached the start. Since I planned to go out easy for the first two miles this was the last I saw of John and Dennis as they merged into the crowd in front of me.

To set my pace I use songs in my head, and for a half-marathon I usually start with a George Harrison favorite to make sure I don't go out too fast. I settled into the rhythm of "give me love, give me love, give me peace on earth..." and tried to relax. Jessica Zall (1:44:13) paces with me. After about a mile I hear Jess ask "So Kathy, are you doing Eastern States?" I raise my hand to her and manage a loud whisper "can't talk!" Okay where was I? "give me hope help me cope..."

Two miles down no problems, here comes the first set of hills. Shorten stride, pace steady, reach and pass Dick and Rick Hoyt. "Hey Dick, Hi Rick." We continue uphill then there's some realigning as runners are moved over to the left toward the first water stop. The Hoyt's pass me back and then I pass again, my stride almost clipping the chair's front wheel. Whoops-- didn't mean to do that -- better move over and avoid an embarrassing incident.

Here's the 4 mile mark, breathing's under control, feeling okay, time for my first GU break. I slow to a shuffle (okay I'm walking) and take a GU with water. There go Jess and Jenn Rivers (1:38:58). Bye guys! (I can talk now 'cause I'm not running). GU gone, resume pace. Feeling reinvigorated--that chocolate GU is just like brownie batter--what a treat!

Running now through a nice residential area, beautiful houses. Sun's out and I'm a little overheated. Should've worn the shimmel but it seemed too cold this morning with the wind. Think about casting off a layer but it's my favorite racing shirt and gosh you just can't throw off the SRR singlet! I hear my name shouted from the roadside (who'd know me here?) - oh it's the Coach - smile, wave (gee I hope I don't look like I'm enjoying this too much...)

To set my pace I use songs in my head, and for a half-marathon I usually start with a George Harrison favorite...

Approaching 5 mile mark I hear the guy with the race time yell 37:50 which was slightly slower than my goal pace 7:29. Better push harder on these next couple of miles 'cause I have some headwinds coming in the middle and then there's that hill at the end--who knows how much longer this good stuff will last? Try to focus on leg turnover to pick up the pace. Song in my head switches to Beyonce's "Crazy in love" my fastest song usually reserved for maximizing the momentum on major downhills - but it seems to be working here and I'm not breathing like a maniac so I go with it.

Gaining on Jess and Jenn, pass them about 5 1/2. Scene is now urban and I see the seawall ahead, we'll be running into wind soon. There's a spectating lady singing to encourage us. "To dream,...the impossible dream..." Hmmmm...not sure if I find this inspirational today but good for her. "Thanks lady" I say but not out loud 'cause I can't.

Mile 6 clocked at 7:11--that's good for the flats. We're running out along the seawall now. My Beyonce-palooza is interrupted by a guy in red shorts who shouts across me to a buddy as they pass on either side: "Hey remember those days of 80 minute halves and sub 3-hour marathons?" "Yeah those days are gone!" buddy responds with a knowing chuckle. This talk of fast running was very annoying to me. "Will you SHUT UP?!" - I'd love to say but have no breath to waste. 'Maybe if you'd stop yelling you could run faster!', I would add but can't.

Somewhere along here I make a move toward the right and feel someone's foot hit my heel - uh-oh (says Beyonce) it's Jess who's tripped on my foot. "She's hurt" someone says. I look over my shoulder (I hadn't stopped) and see her getting up off the ground and starting to run again -phew-she's back on her feet I guess she's not hurt too bad. I ask if she's okay, she says yes. "Are you sure?" "Yeah, it's okay but I think I'll go slow for awhile". I look back a couple of times and see that Jess is still moving so I carry on. Make a mental note to work on being more considerate in the future while resuming my pace.

We emerge through the break in the seawall and turn left along the water. Hmm...no headwind that I'd been so anxious about. No excuse to slow down (darn) will have to keep pushing. My hamstrings are tightening and I've grown tired of the incessant mantric replays of Beyonce's greatest hit. Am sustained by thoughts of my next GU break scheduled for mile 8.

Yeow! -there goes my left knee. Okay don't panic. Since having this knee pain I've worked on conditioning a positive response to it. I pretend the pain is my knee tugging at me with a little cartoon voice saying "Hi Kathy, just letting you know I'm happy to be here helping you run!". Played the scene,

laughed at my little cartoon knee, kept on running.

Here comes mile 8, time-guy says 59:35 which is just where I want to be. But gosh I've been looking forward to that GU break for so long and I'll feel so much better if I stop running and adjust my stride. So quite deliberately (and to the great relief of my chatty cartoon knee) I slow to a walk with no pretense to shuffle. Orange Burst this time. Jenn passes me back - "You okay Kathy?" "Yeah, this is my scheduled GU break!" --is my all-too-cheery response as Jenn fades away into the distance. As I walk along enjoying my GU picnic I notice among the dozen or so runners who pass a tall guy wearing a bunny-ears headband.

Realizing the potential blow to my ego if I'm beaten by a guy wearing bunny-ears due to braking for GU, I hop to it and resume pace, happy to see the big left-hand turn onto East Rodney French Blvd just ahead. Reach RFB and make the turn back toward town and just when I thought we were going to get off easy, whoosh here's that feared headwind.

I redouble my efforts and surge a bit through the wind. Out of the corner of my eye I see red-shorts-guy (the one who had yelled across me to his buddy about the bygone days of faster race times) match the surge and hang back off my right shoulder. Surge again and red-shorts pulls up to my shoulder again. He's not drafting is he? I laugh to think this is possible. No, he has moved across to my leeward side and besides there are larger runners he could use to block the wind. I guess he's just pacing with me. And as I begin to be quite annoyed by his constant matching of my surges I see him check his watch as he mumbles over to me "not too far now". So I forget I'm annoyed and decide to pace with red shorts for awhile.

9-miles down now it's time to begin acceleration over the last 5K. Let's

see... if I can maintain this pace for 3 more miles that will mean finishing at about...uh...oh wait...that can't be right?!...let's see 9 plus 3 is...uh...oh yeah--only 12. Save it.

And now here's the 10-mile mark and really only 3(.1) miles to go so I can safely accelerate. But progress is again impeded, this time as an even stronger wind hits my face. I groan as does the still-present red-shorts who must have had his plan foiled as well. And as luck would have it, the rabbit-eared one was

Yeow! -there goes my left knee. Okay don't panic...I pretend the pain is my knee tugging at me with a little cartoon voice saying "Hi Kathy, just letting you know I'm happy to be here helping you run!"

still afoot to our left, exposing us to the continual refrain of "Go Bunny Ears!" which dominoed audibly from group to group of spectators as he moved steadily along the course in a manner quite contrary to his fabled counterpart. We persevere despite the wind and shortly red-shorts and I leave bunny in the dust.

And finally it looms just ahead --The Hill at mile 12, (well it's more like 11 1/2). Okay, fight the urge to slow in anticipation. Switch to my favorite "female empowerment" song - Christina Aguilera's "Thanks for Making me a Fighter" Focus. Chest up, breathe, shoulders relaxed, take it away Christina. I'm ascending steadily and pulling away at last from red shorts. And there a little further up the hill I notice Jenn back in my view who I hadn't seen since the second GU. Hey this hill's really not as bad as I thought

(those ascents of Winter Hill are starting to pay off!). I'm breathing audibly but that's okay 'cause we're almost done. Now I need a little more energy to crest this hill...what's that power-lyric I like? "you won't stop me-e" yeah, that does it, now use what I have left for a sprint to the finish.

Okay turn right at McDonald's up ahead, short downhill then just a flat block to the end. Hey what's this? No one's turning...they're running waaay down the street past McDonald's. Aargh--- panic time---I've started my sprint too soon and I'm breathing like a maniac. Jenn pulls away as I falter from the panic. Regroup...okay, desperate times call for desperate measures which means I cue up "Born to Run" on the mental jukebox for one last power drive. At last I pass McDonalds and I hear the 20K time 1:35:something. Make futile attempt to estimate my finish time from this but brain is unable. And here's the turn! Down a small hill and I'm gaining on Jenn again. Start thinking what I'll say when I catch her and visualize us sprinting to the finish together. But it never happens as Jenn speeds up and disappears around the corner quite without motivation from me. Finally round the turn myself. Hear Gary yell "Just 2/10ths more!" Is he kidding? That sounds way too far...where's the clock? where's the clock? Where's that GD clock? Yank off my sunglasses to look for the clock (it's dark and about to shower anyway) fix my gaze on an electronic blur that might be the clock...yep this is it...squint to see the minute is changing over...1:39:00...there goes the PR. Well okay now I have a whole 60 seconds to come in under the next minute so of course I ease up a bit... "C'mon Kathy" I hear Mike Greco yell. Oh god people are watching. Muster up strength from all those track workouts and manage a final spurt of energy to cross at 1:39:13. Bunny-ears hops in right on my tail at 1:39:30.

North By Northeast

Continued from Page 3

dock. Most truthful I've been on an official form in some time.

Five minutes away from dock and we can hear nothing but birds and water. No engines. No cars. No planes. Experiment: how far do you have to go in the White Mountains to get same effect?

July 24-Drive over to seaside national park, 14K hike trying to keep up with Deb, those little legs do not stop. Spectacular, at one point view about 30

seal hanging out on rocks including the big ol' fat Mac Daddy seal, just laying in the sun and grunting happily. I identify completely.

July 25. Race day, about 180 runners. 60 degrees, overcast, slight mist, perfect. 8:30 AM start. Nervous, not trained enough for this, will be longest run since New Bedford half. Not to worry. Initial pass and repass duel with some nice but

Ray Is Still Running

Continued from Page 5

ered, and assessed the damage. There was some chafing and a few blisters, but nothing so bad that it really had any effect on my race. My feet were rather beaten, but that was expected. Both big toes were going to lose their nails, and the right one would need to be drained once things settled down. My kneecaps were both tender and sore. What was worst were my quads. For the next few

pesky Galloways, lose them, hook in behind good ol' steady-state (but slower) Gorvin/Charboneau type and home we go. Finish 10 minutes faster than goal. OK. Cape Cod goes from possible to probable.

Wonderful course. After first two miles out and back on what passes for highway, run out over causeway onto Cape Sable Island, one loop for the half, big figure eight for the marathon, occasional great ocean/bird views, lobster pots everywhere, miles marked, water/aid every two miles, minimal traffic, spectators sparse but very supportive, finish back across causeway.

Marathon winner comes in at 2:40. Lobster chowder and beer.

This was a well-run race on a fine course in a splendid place. Already planning 2005 SRR tour.

(The next day my personal odometer turned over one more time. Only 8 more years as a "Senior" runner for SRR. Sheesh.)

days, getting up after sitting at all was a challenge, and it would take a minute to warm up some before I could be sure I wouldn't fall down. By Tuesday, the worst of that was over, but pain and stiffness in my quads lingered on for quite awhile.

The race has to be considered a success, as I did finish. About one third of the 241 that started didn't. I learned many things which will help if I ever do this again, and I still haven't buckled, so chances are good that I'll have to.

GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE

Volunteers wanted (and needed):

The 8th Gobble, Gobble, Gobble 4 mile foot race will be held on Thanksgiving morning, Thursday November 25. We need over 80 volunteers to put on this race and promise it is the only way to start your Thanksgiving Day. Last year we had over 1,300 runners. Please contact Volunteer Coordinator, Amy Ahearn at amyahearn@verizon.net to volunteer. The race starts at 9 sharp, so we need volunteers from 6:30 to noon. There are various roles including set-up, registration, bag check, finish line, clean up, and refreshments.

Great T-Shirts and a Great Time!

Any questions, contact Amy, or race directors, Steve Burton or Alison Berglund

Race Calendar

Some of SRR's Favorite Fall Races

*Further information may be found on
www.srr.org, www.coolrunning.com,
or www.nerunner.com.*

(RoTM = Race of the Month)

(USATF = 2004 New England USATF Grand Prix)

10/3 Sunday Somerville Homeless Coalition 5k Davis Sq 10am (ROTM)
10/3 Sunday Ollie 5 mile So Boston 10 am (USATF)
10/10 Sunday BAA Half Marathon Boston 8am
10/11 Monday Tufts 10k 12 noon
10/17 Sunday Paddy's Shillelagh Shuffle 3M Newton 10am
10/17 Sunday Firefighter 10k Dorchester 10am
10/24 Sunday Brittany Lambert Black Cat 5k Duxbury 11am
10/31 Sunday 3rd Annual Run for All Ages 5k Wakefield 10am
10/31 Sunday Cape Cod Marathon Falmouth 8:30am (USATF)
11/7 Sunday Genesis Battlegreen 10k Run Lexington 12:15 pm (ROTM)
11/11 Thursday Veterans Memorial 11k Stoneham 11am
11/14 Sunday Boston Athletic Club 5M So Boston 11 am
11/25 Thursday 8th Annual Gobble Gobble 4M Davis Square 9am
11/28 Andover Cross Country 3.5 M Andover 12 noon
12/5 Sunday Mill Cities Relay Nashua NH 8am
12/12 Sunday Khoury's Winter Challenge
12/19 Sunday Walter's Run West Roxbury 11am (ROTM)

Khourys

Thursday Night

EVERY Thursday.

All Year Long.

And It's Always FREE!

30 September 2004

Application for a non-qualified number from SRR for the 2005 Boston Marathon.

Entry to the Boston Marathon is available only to athletes who (1) have run a qualifying time, or (2) meet certain guidelines established by the BAA for receipt of a non-qualified number. The BAA gives SRR (and other local running clubs) a limited quantity of non-qualified numbers based on those guidelines. Simply stated, recipients of SRR's non-qualified numbers are expected to be active runners within the club who will devote the time and effort necessary to train for this marathon, and be active members who race, volunteer, or otherwise participate (i.e. board member, race director, Khourys timing, etc...) for SRR. Any runner who receives a non-qualified number from SRR is required to wear the SRR singlet in the marathon. All recipients must be paid-up club members in good-standing.

To apply for a Boston Marathon number from SRR, complete this form and **return it no later than December 15, 2004**, to 2005 Boston Marathon Number c/o Somerville Road Runners, Inc. P.O. Box 442048, Somerville, MA 02144.

- 1a. For how many years have you been a member of SRR? _____
- b. Is SRR the primary club you race for? Yes _____ No _____
- c. Have you received a non-qualified number from SRR in past years? Yes – year(s) _____ No _____

2 – 5: Please use additional space if needed.

2. List SRR races or other events (where you represented the club) at which you volunteered in the year 2004.

3. List any other activities or areas where you represented/benefited the club (i.e. board member, race director, Khourys timing, etc...) in the year 2004. _____

4. Did you represent SRR at the USATF-NE 2004 Grand Prix races this year? (If "yes" please list which races)

5. Other races in 2004 where you competed as a member of SRR, including wearing the club singlet and being listed in the results as representing the club (when club affiliation was included on the race application).

6. Did you run a marathon between October, 2003, and December, 2004, in an attempt to qualify for the Boston Marathon in April, 2005?

Yes _____ Time _____
No _____

7. LOTTERY: Please enter me in the Boston Marathon number lottery (If we receive extra numbers from the BAA, a portion of these may be awarded through a lottery.) _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone Number _____

Email Address _____

Signature _____

thanks,
Somerville Road Runners Board of Directors

COMING NEXT ISSUE!

Interview with Kathy Hynes

*

A Trip to Alaska

*

A Lake Winnie Report

*

Ray Kicks Ash in San Diego

...and much, much more!

JOIN SRR NOW!

*Renew your SRR membership
for 2004 NOW!
NOT A MEMBER?!
...then join now!*

SRR is currently accepting memberships for the 2004 calendar year. Our annual membership fees are \$20 for individual memberships, and \$30 for families. Memberships run from January 1 through December 31* and are renewable on a yearly basis. To become a member of the Somerville Road Runners, please go to www.srr.org.

Who We Are:

Somerville Road Runners (SRR) was established in the early '90s by a small group of local runners. Since then, membership has grown to over 300 men and women across the greater Boston area. We are a running club geared towards runners of all abilities and towns. The club now sponsors four major annual road races that support the local communities.

**FORTITUDINE VINCIMUS
(BY ENDURANCE WE CONQUER)**

Somerville ROAD RUNNERS, INC.

PO BOX 442048,
WEST SOMERVILLE, MA 02144
WWW.SRR.ORG