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Dear CRR Members:

It has been a while since our last newsletter. In the future we will try our utmost maintain a quarterly publishing schedule. Also, in future newsletters, you will notice a few new wrinkles. Things such as “spotlight articles on individual members” and “acknowledgement of non-running accomplishments” are being considered for inclusion in our newsletter. If you have items that you would like to have included, please pass them along to me at dmorrison12@hotmail.com,

Hopefully, our “Weekly Update” and other email messages have kept your informed, in spite of the gap in the newsletter publication. We try to have everyone with an email address on our “master lists” for email messages (with the exception of some of you who have asked that you not be sent emails). If you are not getting regular emails from us, and you want to, please send your email address to **Jeanne Sullivan** at membership@colonialrunners.org, and we’ll get our records updated.

This newsletter has **Club News & Upcoming Events**, our annual **Boston Marathon Review**, **Members’ Contributions** with stories about other races, and the **Grand Prix Update**.

Dave Morrison
Newsletter Editor

CLUB NEWS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

ANNUAL CLUB DUES...ARE YOU DUE?

If there is a Membership Renewal Form in this envelope...that means that we have not yet received your renewal form and dues for 2005. If you have let this slip through the cracks, please take a moment to send in your payment to our Membership Director, **Jeanne Sullivan**. If you think that our records are incorrect, please contact Jeanne. Anyone who remains unpaid as of July 1st will be dropped from our membership list.

KIDS SUMMER TRACK SERIES

Again this summer we will be sponsoring a “Kids Fun-Run Track Series,” under the direction of **Lori Noel**. This is the second year of our Kids Program. It was a huge success last year and proved to be a wonderful way to expose youngsters to the world of running. This program is open to children from age 3 ½ to 14 and will be held at the Raynham Middle School Track. As of this writing, we are still trying to secure permission from the town, and we are unsure of the day of the week and the dates because of potential conflicts with other activities. We held it on Thursdays last year in late July and early August, but we are considering moving it to Sunday evenings, which may be more convenient for participants and volunteers who are coming from a distance. We will let everyone know by email, once we have things settled. For more information, contact Lori at 508-207-8027 or ljnrunner@aol.com. Needless to say, this is a huge undertaking and Lori can use all the volunteer help she can get. So, whether you can volunteer for one or several nights or whether you just have children who want to run and have fun, please contact Lori.

MASSACHUSETTS SENIOR GAMES—Saturday, June 25, Springfield

Our club member **Sam Baumgarten** has been competing successfully for several years in the Senior Games, which are open just to athletes 50 and older. These are held over the course of a weekend at Springfield College, and include many sports, but since you are all runners, we’ll focus on that. On Saturday, June 25, there will be a 10K road race at 7:00 AM, and track races ranging from 100 to 1500 meters spread out through the day. There are five-year age groups, from 50-54 to ...90+!! If you’d like to see how you match up against your peers when the “young’uns” aren’t

around, you might check this out. For information on the Massachusetts games, go to www.maseniorgames.org or contact Sam, at 508-697-6848 or sbaumga450@aol.com.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE RELAY --(Saturday, September 24)

It's time to start thinking about the Annual Lake Winnepesaukee Relay once again. For our newer members this is a 68 mile relay race around the perimeter of Lake Winnepesaukee. It consists of 8 separate relay legs of varying distances ranging from 4 ½ miles to 12 miles. Although every leg is tough some are much tougher than others. Normally CRR sends multiple 8- person teams to this event. It makes for a great day and great camaraderie. Traditionally, after traversing the circumference of Lake W, all CRR participants, families and friends get together at a local restaurant for a post race celebration. It sure would be nice to get as many people as possible involved in this event. The CRR coordinator for this event is **Jim Dupont**. Please contact Jim if you are interested, at jdupont01@comcast.net or 508-822-0376.

BOSTON MARATHON REVIEW

“DÉJÀ VU, ALL OVER AGAIN”—By John Goldrosen

The best that could be said was, “It wasn't as hot as LAST year.” It was still too warm for marathoning, by 10-20 degrees, depending on your taste--- the air temperature was around 70 degrees for most of the race, and the effective temperature was warmer than that, when you consider the heat coming up from the pavement and the direct impact of the bright, mid-afternoon sun. Some year it will be cool again, but not 2005. Perhaps these last three warm years in a row will provide support for starting the race earlier, a change that most runners, volunteers, and (one would think) the host communities would welcome.

Many Colonials took advantage of the **Colonial Marathon Bus**, which left the Braintree MBTA Station at 7:30 AM for the trip to Hopkinton. The bus was nearly filled this year--- thanks to those of you who spread the word to your friends from near and far (we had riders from Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, New York, Virginia and Florida). The trip to Hopkinton High School went smoothly, and our runners spent the next three hours visiting the Athlete's Village, hanging out at the bus, or checking out the race day scene in Hopkinton, before making their way to the corrals for the race start.

Meanwhile, down the road apiece, Colonial members were busy setting up the **water stops** at the 15M mark in Wellesley under the direction of **Tom and Susan Yellope**, and at 16M in Newton Lower Falls, with **Al Donaghy and Cal Goodwin** as directors. We filled over 10,000 cups at each site, and had to fill more as the afternoon wore on and runners took two or three at a time to drink or pour over their heads.

For the runners, a difficult winter for training was followed by a tough day for marathoning. But our Colonials were not to be deterred, not after pushing themselves through the snow and cold of this record-setting winter, and past the nagging injuries that tend to crop up with an increase in mileage. For the first time in memory, every Colonial who was registered for the race made it to the starting line and finished the race, which is especially noteworthy for those who were training for their first Boston Marathon, and in some cases, for their first marathon ever. That same determination and toughness carried them down the road from Hopkinton to Boston.

Here are the times for the official Colonial finishers:

Frank Nelson	3:11:30	Steve Woelfel	4:03:24	Mary Connolly	4:29:39
Nick Giannaros	3:27:52	Marc Blandin	4:05:42	Sue Simmons	4:43:30
Barrett Simms	3:31:18	Donna Cohen	4:07:36	Bonnie King	4:52:18
Renee Sayce-Dant	3:36:29	Bev Coronis	4:07:59	Pat L'Italien	4:53:18
Beth Corry	3:45:46	Chris Dorman	4:11:18	Dave Morrison	5:05:27
Lissy Gossman	3:48:03	Rick Hayes	4:16:41	Cindy Conley	5:45*
Mark Woelfel	3:53:32	Tom Stracqualursi	4:25:35	Michelle Dutcher	5.55*
Jim Conley	3:55:15	Chris Miskinis	4:29:28		
Hillary Hewitson	4:01:09	Jean Connolly-Cochrane	4:29:39		

*--The BAA does not record official results for runners who finish after 6:00 PM, and because of the 30 minutes-plus that it took to reach the starting line, Cindy Conley and Michelle Dutcher did not get “officially” recorded at the finish line...but they do have medals to prove that they finished!!

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD – Colonial Members' Boston Marathon Recollections

DAVE MORRISON:

I awoke dazed and confused on the floor of a jam-packed Red Line MBTA car half way between South Station and Broadway Station! Looking up I saw a myriad of unfamiliar and concerned faces looking down upon me. All of the onlookers were urging me to stay still and not to try to stand up. It suddenly dawned upon me that I had fainted dead away on the subway ride home after finishing my first Boston Marathon .

Upon pulling into Broadway Station, fellow CRR member **Rick Hayes** and my daughter helped me to my feet. Several concerned riders graciously offered up their seats and several offered food and drink. Since I was wearing my running clothing and Finisher's Medal, everybody assumed that overexertion had exacted its' toll. They were all correct!

From that point on everything went well. My sister-in-law picked our party up in her car at JFK Station and transported us to her house in Dorchester. There, I was provided plenty of food, drink and even a hot shower. From then on I was fine.

Now, let me go back to the beginning of the day. I awoke eagerly anticipating the challenge ahead. I met up with fellow CRR runners and an assortment of others at the Braintree MBTA Station to board the charter bus to Hopkinton. Transportation to the site went off without a hitch. We arrived approximately 3 hours prior to race time. That gave us all a chance to relax, view the Athlete's Village, and talk among each other about what lay before us that day.

The starting gun went off on schedule at noon. I was in Corral#19. For as far as I could see in front of me there was a sea of runners shoulder to shoulder across the width of the street. It was 12:25 before my group reached the starting line.

The first few miles were uneventful. It was warm, probably approaching 70 degrees, but it did not feel debilitating. I settled into what I thought was a pace that I could maintain. Before you knew it , we were going by Lake Cochituate at Mile 9. No problems so far. Everything was going according to plan.

The next landmark was passing Wellesley College at Mile 13. This was one of the most amazing experiences of my life. For a full half-mile, the women of Wellesley College were out there in a half-phalanx, screaming and cheering at the top of their lungs for every runner. It was truly exhilarating, and even the most stodgy of runners had to be moved by the display. At this point I was still feeling good. Great, halfway home and I'm still feeling okay . That's what I said to myself.

Next up were the CRR-staffed Water Stops at Miles #15 and #16. At Mile 15 I still felt okay. I even stopped for 30 seconds or so and had my picture taken with **Amy Federico**. Then I stopped briefly at Mile 16 to get water from **Charlie Morgan**. This is where my day all began to fall apart. I made it through "Hells Alley" without stopping to walk, but I noticed something odd. Suddenly I was not perspiring as usual. In fact, my skin had become almost bone dry. I knew this was a bad sign. Still, I knew how hard I had worked and how much effort I had put in for this day and I wasn't going to be deprived.

Miles #17-#21 were arduous. I found myself intermittently walking and jogging. It was along here somewhere that I spotted **Pat L'Italien** on the other side of the road, also laboring, although not quite as much as I. Once to the summit of Heartbreak Hill I ran into even more trouble. Now, both my calf and thigh muscles began cramping badly. I couldn't run without "Charlie-horses" developing. So, I started walking and found that if I walked and then ever-s0-slowly began jogging a little bit , that I could keep the dreaded Charlie-horses at bay.

The miles were going by slower and slower, yet I was now within sight of the Citgo Sign and the Finish Line beyond. I remember passing several runners who were curbside, retching in agony, with concerned onlookers at their side trying to offer assistance. What can I say? I was in agony myself. But, I wanted that Finishers Medal. I wasn't going to succumb. Finally, I saw the turn onto Hereford Street. From there, I knew that it was only about ½ Mile to the finish. I forced myself to run that final ½ Mile. After all, if I was going to finish the Boston Marathon, I was going to finish it running.

Beyond the finish line, I could barely stay upright. I proceeded 100 yards or so, dropped off my timing chip, picked up my medal, picked up my bag of personal belongings and proceeded to the Family Meeting Area to meet up with my wife, daughter and Rick Hayes. From there we walked to the Arlington Street Subway Station and you already know the rest of the story from there.

So, what did I think about the day? Bottom line is that I'm proud of what I did. Looking back, it is obvious that I experienced a chemical imbalance of some sort, probably a sodium deficiency (my singlet, although starting out blue, ended up more white than blue), maybe potassium as well. I'm thankful that I didn't collapse prior to reaching the finish. But I'm extremely proud that I didn't give up. I've always said that it is not the fastest or the most talented runners that I

admire most. Rather, it's those that demonstrate the courage to persevere in spite of adversity that earn my admiration. On this one day I thought I did that, so I'm very proud of that.

In closing, I'd like to thank the Club in its' entirety without whose support and encouragement I would never have completed this dream.

MARC BLANDIN:

After only a few years of competitive running, I finally ran my first Boston Marathon. As I found out watching last year's marathon, the weather can be very unpredictable, and it turned out this year to be no different. I had trained hard over the cold and snow-covered winter and wanted to run well at Boston. I felt quick and strong all winter, and I knew that I was in the best running shape I'd ever been in.

I really wanted to stick to my dream-time goal/pace despite the heat, but quickly decided that I would slow it down a little. There's a lot of adrenaline at the start, and if you haven't run a big marathon, which I hadn't, it is easy to get caught up in. I started running the first few miles dodging and weaving my way through all types of people, surprised to see my first few splits right on target. The adrenaline was pumping hard but I hadn't gone out too fast and I felt great.

Unfortunately the good feelings didn't last, and the cramps started hitting my legs around the 8th mile. I knew this was too early for cramps and I had a feeling I was going to be in for a long race. I decided that I would slow my pace down and hope they subsided, but they only seemed to get worse. I tried to stretch them out, but each time I thought my leg muscles were going to seize up altogether. I now knew that I would have to throw my goal time out the window, but it is what had to be done in order for me to keep moving and, most importantly, finish. The new plan was to run a slower pace and then walk whenever the cramps really got bad. I started to do this around the 12th mile before I eventually ran into my Dad at the 16th mile. I informed him of the situation and told him to relay the message to the others that were watching me there or tracking me on-line, that I was slowing down deliberately and not to worry. I was no longer running the marathon for time; I was running the Boston Marathon to experience it for everything that it was.

The Boston Marathon was unlike any other race I've ever experienced and it is something I will never forget. When racing I'm always getting caught up in something like the time splits or my place in the field and I rarely, if ever, take in and appreciate what's going on around me. Boston was unlike anything I've ever done before and I can't even begin to describe how incredible it was.

After running local races the past few years I've noticed that when runners and non-runners find out you run races they always ask, "What distances?" When you respond with everything from 5K's to Marathons, they always get mesmerized with the word "marathon". The next question you always get asked after you mention that you've run marathons is, "Have you run in the Boston Marathon?" Before this year, I would have to say "no", and I never really felt like a true marathon runner. Now I can be asked that question and I can proudly respond with, "Yes, I've run the Boston Marathon!" So, thank you, Colonial Road Runners, for making that possible. My first Boston Marathon is an experience I will never forget.

BONNIE KING:

The Boston Marathon, almost a week behind me, already seems like a distant memory, and the feelings of withdrawal are already settling in. I have heard that you may feel a little depressed a few days later wondering what your next challenge will be, and that's exactly how I feel. My legs and toes are finally feeling a little better and I can walk down the stairs with ease. First, I want to say thank you to the Colonial Road Runners, for providing me with a waiver and the opportunity to run the marathon.

My 18-week training program began the last week in November, which provided me with 2 weeks of cushion just in case of injuries or illness. Unfortunately, into my 3rd week of training, I started experiencing lower back pain, which set me back a week already. After a couple of great massages by CRR's **Lori Noel**, I was feeling much better and the next few weeks went according to plan. Then the calluses and blisters began. Anytime I increased my mileage drastically the outsides of my big toes started to hurt. I went to a specialty running store and they suggested I try a stability sneaker in a different brand and that my current shoes were a ½ size too big and that was probably causing the pain. I was really happy I finally found the right sneakers and could start running pain free. Three weeks later, during a training run, I felt a twinge in my lower left shin. That afternoon I was limping around my office in pain and could barely walk on it for 3 to 4 days without cringing. How could this be happening? This was devastating.

I went to the doctor's and got an X-Ray, and discovered it was nothing serious, but probably just a mild case of shin splints, most likely caused from my new running sneakers. But now, I was exactly on schedule for the marathon and I didn't have any cushion time left. Needless to say, I went back to my old running sneakers that gave me the toe pain, and threw the new \$90 sneakers in the back of my closet. I wasn't sure what to do at this point with my sneakers so I basically

ran through sore toes on my long runs and waited for my new sneakers to arrive in the mail that were a ½ size smaller. The marathon was getting closer and I was nervous about trying a new pair of running shoes. I ran the 22 ½ mile training run with the club in a lot of pain. I was really concerned because I didn't want to run the marathon with sore toes the entire way. I tried every remedy possible to help it, but nothing seemed to help. I took a chance and started wearing my new sneakers just 2 weeks before the big day. I figured, "What could be worse, a blister with my new sneakers or blisters with my old sneakers?" Neither option sounded appealing, so I went with my instinct and tried the new sneakers, and fortunately, they felt fine. I was really excited and ran my last couple of long runs with no pain at all and felt very strong and confident.

The marathon was finally here. I woke up feeling great and very excited for the day ahead. **Michelle Dutcher** and I drove to Braintree together and took the bus to Hopkinton with all of the other anxious Colonials. I started the race in Corral#18, which seemed like miles back from the starting line. I was surprised to be already running at the start with the big crowd. It was such an amazing feeling going over the starting line, knowing the incredible journey was ahead for which I had worked so unbelievably hard for the last few months.

The first few miles went really well and I was forcing myself not to go out too fast and wanted to run a smart race for the first half, knowing what lay ahead. At Mile #9 or so, I started to feel some pain on the side of my left ankle and could feel a blister forming. I could not believe this was happening so early in the race. My left piggy toe was also very sore. I pulled over to the side of the road on a curb in Natick Center and noticed that my blister was already bleeding. These were NEW blisters, not blisters on my big toes that I had encountered throughout my training. This was horrible. I knew I had to run through it and find a Medical Tent with a band-aid soon. I mustered through the heat and hit the Half-Marathon Mark at 2:18. I knew that I was running a slow, smart race and would have energy for the hills ahead, despite my sore ankle and toes.

I was really relieved to get to Mile #15 and see the Colonials. I first saw **Mark Rothfuss** and told him I was feeling just OK, not great. I also saw **Susan Yellope** and a few other familiar faces. Next, I hit Mile #16 where my two running buddies were volunteering, **Linda Morris** and **Nora Shanahan**. I couldn't wait to see them. **John Goldrosen** gave me a big high five, and I stopped to get a picture with Linda and **Maureen Shea**. It was so awesome to see everyone.

I was finally able to find a medical tent at Mile 17, and applied a band-aid to my bleeding blister on my ankle. I made it through the series of hills pretty well, running most of the way up and taking walk breaks as needed. Once I hit Mile #22, I started to feel completely exhausted and depleted, kind of like hitting a brick wall, like everyone describes. I had plenty of water and Gatorade and had 3 or 4 gel-packs at this point in the race. But this was the furthest I had gone in my training, and I had never seen Beacon Street----well, never "ran" down Beacon Street, that is. This was probably the most brutal part of my race. I had to take several walk breaks and didn't know which hurt worse, walking or running. I forced myself to run, but very slowly because I knew I had at least 3.5 miles to go. There were people walking all around me and probably in just as much pain as I was in. Thank God for the wonderful, cheering spectators, or I don't think I would have made it that far.

I finally took a right onto Hereford Street and then a left onto the famous Boylston Street. I was so thrilled to make it that far that I tried to run as fast as I could to get to the finish line, looking from left to right searching for my family. I didn't even see or hear them screaming at the top of their lungs yelling my name because I had my music turned up too loud trying to get through that final stretch. I crossed the finish line with a chip time of 4:52, just under 5 hours, which was right in my goal range, but a little slower than I had hoped for. At that point, I was in so much pain that I don't know if I was crying in pure joy or pure agony.

Overall, now that I look back upon that moment, all the long, hard training runs and the obstacles that I overcame during my training were worth this amazing accomplishment. I could never have done this without the tremendous support of my husband, family and friends and fellow Colonials. Today, just a week shy after the marathon I am going to attempt my next run. See you on the roads!

JAY HUNT:

I had a great time at the Boston Marathon. Yes, it was hot, too damn hot! But, I had a personal best of 4:19. The fact that there was a "frosty" waiting for me at the Copley Hotel might have had an influence with me chugging in at a record pace. That, and the fact that I couldn't wait to get my sneakers off my feet!

(Editor's Note from Dave Morrison----- Now, here's a guy I can identify with. All of that talk about "frosties" and "chugging" really gets my juices flowing. I look forward to meeting up with Jay sometime in the future.)

CHRIS DORMAN:

(At 19 years old, Chris, who runs Track and X-C at Assumption College, was the youngest Colonial runner. Here is a report from his mother, **Mary Lou Dorman**, who was part of the Colonial Water Stop Crew at Mile #15.)

Chris did great and we are real proud of him. When he got to us at Mile #15, he was hurting. His left foot was in pain. By the time he got to the finish line and completed, he had two stress fractures on the 4th and 5th metatarsals. He was hurting at the end, but he finished, and he accomplished more than he realizes right now. He was three minutes over what he wanted, but considering that he ran 26 miles with two stress fractures----- that was awesome!!!! Thank you for supporting him in achieving a goal he will carry with him for his entire life.

STEVE WOELFEL:

I felt some of the same pain that **Dave Morrison** describes when I ran last year for the first time. I had a much better experience this year! It was still hot and sunny , but not quite as debilitating. I ran with my brother, **Mark Woelfel**. Wellesley College was definitely the high point for me. I must have slapped hands with 500 people while running along the right hand side of the road, and I love the shaded, slightly downhill right after Wellesley College. We saw our family (parents and sisters) just before the 14 Mile marker in Wellesley. I've become a proponent of the Power Gels, as the energy burst that I got at Mile 17 carried me around the Firehouse turn onto Commonwealth Avenue and up the first two hills on the fly (the two Popsicles that I picked up along the way also helped!).

We maintained a pretty even pace throughout the course right up to Boston College, where I had to walk, and Mark kept on running. Altogether, I walked about 2 miles (interspersed over miles 21-25). I was a little disappointed that I could not break 4 hours, but I did shave 41 minutes off of last year's time, and now I have something to shoot for next year.

MARY CONNOLLY:

My sister **Jean Connolly-Cochrane** and I ran Boston last year, 2004, with the 86 degree temperatures. We struggled with the heat, walked part of it, but made it to the finish.

This year there was revenge to be had. Or so we hoped---

Some highlights for us: At the Mile #8 Water Stop, we were met by three sisters who were volunteering. They were screaming as we went by!!! Another favorite was, of course, the Colonial Water Stops , Miles #15 & #16. So many encouraging faces: **Kevin Donnelly, John Goldrosen, Betsy Knapp, Jeanne Sullivan**, and so many others. You would not believe how much it helps to see friends and family, it keeps you going.

After Mile #16, the heat took its' toll. Hitting the hills we ran and walked, like so many others. It was thrilling to finally see the Citgo Sign in the distance, which marks ONE MILE TO GO! Happily we ran by screaming crowds, seeing our friends, **John Martino** and **Anita Hadlock** cheering us to go.

On we went to the grand finish on Boylston Street. This is the best finish line of any marathon I've done. Ah, what a welcome sight!

My question to the veterans of Boston: "Is the weather ever good???" Next year I'm happily handing out water at the Colonial Water Stop.

Thanks to all who worked this marathon and to the Colonial Road Runners for its support.

MEMBERS' CONTRIBUTIONS

Over the past three months several of our members have submitted articles detailing their personal experiences in a number of different races. I'd like to thank each of them for taking the time and making the effort needed so that the rest of us could share in their combined experiences. Here are the stories:

RUNNING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD: THE 2005 ANTARCTICA MARATHON—By John Goldrosen

Every two years, Marathon Tours of Boston organizes a two-week trip to Antarctica, the focus of which is the Antarctica Marathon. I saw a slide show about this tour several years ago, and I was immediately "hooked" on the idea of doing it someday—more by the attraction of the wild and unique scenery, than by the race itself. I planned to go on the 2003 trip, but after my knee surgery in mid-2002, I cancelled my plans and shifted my target to 2005. That worked out for the best: this year's trip was blessed by good weather almost the entire time, and the off-road running that I've done since 2002 turned out to be good training for the course.

The marathon took place on Saturday, February 26th, halfway through the two-week trip. In the week before, I took an overnight flight from New York to Buenos Aires, the rendezvous point for the tour. The majority of the runners were American, but there were participants from about 20 countries in all. We spent three days in Buenos Aires, then flew south to Ushuaia in Tierra Del Fuego, at the tip of South America—or as the town labels itself, “Fin del Mundo” (“the end of the world”). There, we boarded one of two ships, each holding about 100 passengers, that had been built by the Soviet Union in the 1980’s to carry sonar equipment and electronic gear for “research” (wink, wink). With the end of the Cold War, the ships had been converted to passenger use, and are now chartered by the Australian-based Peregrine Expeditions, which conducts tours to both the Antarctic and (in the summer) the Arctic. The Peregrine staff were great-knowledgeable about the wildlife and history of Antarctica, and very hardworking.

We spent two days crossing the Drake Passage from South America to the Antarctic Peninsula, the “arm” of the continent that juts out towards South America. We had one day of sightseeing and landings before mooring off King George Island, where the marathon is conducted. The next morning, we were shuttled ashore in motorized rubber rafts called “Zodiacs.” The race began as soon as everyone was ashore—and since I was in one of the last boats, I had about 10 minutes to get ready! No stretching or warm-ups, just line up and go!

The reason for holding the marathon at this site is that there are several science research stations on the island that are connected by dirt roads. The race began and finished at the centrally-located Russian and Chilean stations, which are about halfway between the Uruguayan site to the east, and the Chinese station to the west. The Chilean station included a gym with bathrooms—a necessity for the race, because Antarctica may be the one place on earth where relieving yourself outdoors violates international treaties!

The course was a double loop: for each half of the marathon, we first ran from the start at “Russia/Chile” almost three miles east to “Uruguay,” then up and down a glacier, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles each way, then back to the start (past the all-important gym) for a total of seven miles, and then out and back in the opposite direction, three miles each way, to and from “China.” Except for the glacier section, and a few stretches across beach gravel and fields of small boulders, the course followed the dirt roads. My trail-running experience helped with those surfaces, as did my training on snow-covered dirt roads and golf courses during the three months before the marathon, BUT--the course was much hillier than I expected. All the bases are located at sea level, but there were high uplands to be crossed as we traveled in each direction between the bases. It made for some great scenic vistas (the only vegetation was moss and lichen, so nothing spoiled the view), but slow going. As for the glacier: it was easier than it sounds to climb up the hardpacked snow, and running down (in half the time) was a treat.

Another oddity of this marathon was the self-supplied water stops. We were instructed to bring our own bottles to the marathon, and to carry them to a “drop point” about halfway out on each leg, to have available each time we passed the site. The race organizers collected and disposed of the bottles after the race—“leave no trace behind” isn’t just a slogan, it’s a requirement.

We had been told that the race-day temperature is usually around freezing, give or take 5 degrees. This year was on the warm side—38-40 degrees in the first half of the race, then dropping into the 20’s as a stiff wind picked up and some snow flurries fell. I ran in hiking shorts, and it was the right choice for me, but a rather uncommon one among the marathoners, most of whom dressed like...well, like they were going on a polar expedition!

Before the trip, I had been planning for a 5-hour marathon, which would have been about a minute per mile (“mpm”) slower than my training runs. However, at a pre-race orientation talk, we were told that the winners usually finished an hour slower than their normal marathon pace. For mid- and back-of-the-packers like me, that projected out to 1.5 to 2 hours slower than usual. This was a scary thought—sure, I had run 26 miles before, but I had never run for six hours continuously. I wondered whether I would hit the wall after 4.5 hours, when I would have expected to finish a road marathon, even if I had only covered 18 or so miles by that point?

Based on that concern, I decided as a matter of conservative race strategy to walk up all the hills, and run on the downsides and flats, to save energy. Doing it that way, and stopping to take photos now and then, I finished the first half in 2:38, averaging 14 mpm on the “Uruguay loop” (with the glacier), and 11 mpm on the “China loop.” The second half, though, went much slower, by about 3 mpm--it took me 3:19, for a total time of 5:57.

One reason for the slowdown was, indeed, being unused to running for that long a time—but the main reason was the MUD. With the warm weather, I wasn’t surprised to see the course turn “soft,” but I hadn’t anticipated just how difficult the running would become. Long stretches of the roads turned into deep, slippery goo as the day wore on, with little or no traction. Running on this was impossible, and even walking was slow going. Several runners had their shoes pulled off by the sticky mud, and a couple needed a hand getting free once they had sunk in up to their calves. The glacier surface turned to slush and was a lot harder to climb the second time around, and it was now too slippery to run down safely.

My 5:57 finishing time was still good enough to place me in the top half of the field, 87th of 176 finishers (another 15 or so dropped out after the first half-marathon loop). By comparison, the men's winner finished in 3:49, and the women's winner (a 54-year old who had run the New York Marathon last fall in 3:20) finished in 4:43. Only 15% of the field finished in less than 5 hours.

Part of the reason for my comparatively decent showing was that many of the runners on this trip were more interested in how many marathons they run, than in how fast they run them. There were many "50-Staters" (at least one marathon in each state), and probably half of the participants were aiming to run a marathon on every continent. A few routinely run marathons every few weeks, so "slow and steady" is their mantra.

It was interesting to meet people with different running goals and outlooks from mine. By and large, the trip participants traveled frequently in search of new experiences, and were unlikely to repeat a race. Somehow, they had found careers that allowed plenty of time off for vacations like this one, and enough money to afford that much travel! By contrast, this was the first time in 10 years that I'd taken a 2-week vacation. Besides, I enjoy running familiar local races year after year, and reminiscing with similar-minded runners about past experiences ("oh yeah, that was the year with the snow/rain/gale-force winds/black ice/ (etc.)...."). I also sensed that most of the Antarctica travelers did not belong to a running club or have ties to their local running community...instead, their "community" was the group of like-minded runners that they would see in exotic locales or as part of their quest to become 50-Staters. It gave me another point of view, but it didn't make me uncomfortable with the choices that I've made...it's just a different set of priorities.

After the marathon, we spent seven more days cruising along the Antarctic coast before returning to Argentina for the (long) flight home. We were blessed with great weather: sunny most of the time, with temperatures in the 30's (the only snowfall came during the one night that we camped out!). The scenery was stunning, and the "close encounters" with penguins, seals, and whales were awe-inspiring. It was striking, also, to look at a snow-covered mountain in the distance and realize that, in all likelihood, no human being had ever set foot on it. It was definitely the trip of a lifetime!

CINCINNATI "FLYING PIG" MARATHON—by Bill Hewitson

A friend and fellow runner asked me to write an account of my first marathon experience at the Flying Pig Marathon in Cincinnati last week. As I thought about this, I realized that this accomplishment was quite an unlikely one for me. In fact, if anyone asked me about running a marathon more than a year ago, the answer would have been, "No, not in a million years."

From a young age, I was always active and enjoyed playing just about any sport and usually found time in my day to participate in at least one of them regularly. Running, however, was not one of these sports. In high school I can remember having to do some short (1 Mile) runs for baseball practice and hated every minute of it. I used to see the people on the cross country team and think they were crazy (" These people are actually running by choice----- and calling it fun").

My first small venture into running occurred in 2000. Now, I'm not one to make New Year's resolutions, but for the new millennium, I broke this rule. As happens to many of us (non-runners anyway) , I started to gain some weight and decided that I needed to do something about it---- so I resolved to start running in the mornings before going to work. Looking back, this was probably doomed from the start, considering I was running at 4:30 in the morning, in January, and was badly out of shape. I recall running around my neighborhood in the freezing cold (for what felt like hours) and returning home to flop on the bed and recover for a few minutes not wanting to move. The real disappointment came when I left for work and would take the car out on the course I just ran and find out that I only ran about 1 mile---- on a good day. Well, after a couple of weeks of this, I couldn't stay motivated and gave it up.

Sometime after that, **Hillary** started running regularly and getting herself into shape. She started going to races with me tagging along for support. Also about this time, I continued my fitness pursuit by getting an exercise bike for home. This one worked better for me , because I could work out while watching tv and the non impact kept my knees feeling well (this was always one of my excuses ---- whenever I ran, my knees felt terrible for days). I still didn't have an interest in running , but as we were going to more and more races, we started to meet more people and it became a more enjoyable event for me to go to --- sometimes I would look forward to going to the races (maybe more than Hillary did).

My next attempt at running came when Hillary found out about Evan's Run in Norwell. This race benefits autism research, which holds a special interest for us, since Hillary's uncle was autistic. At this point, I had been riding the exercise bike daily at a good pace for about 45 minutes a session. I felt I was in good shape, so I decided that I would run in the 5K there. I felt confident---- " After all, it is only a 5K, who can't run a 5K?" Well, as the race approached, I figured I better at least run the distance once so I joined Hillary on a training run around Raynham, an almost perfect 5K loop that was pretty flat and easy. Well, at just about the first mile mark, I had to start walking. I really wanted to stop right there,

but figured I had to finish it up, so I kept walking---- until we came around the corner to **Jim Dupont**'s house. As soon as we came in sight I started running again and kept running until I just got out of vision and returned to a slow painful walk. There was no way I was going to let Jim see me walk. Well, I still participated in Evan's Run, but only as a walker.

At this point, running was starting to get the best of me. I resisted for as long as I could, but I finally gave in and bought my first pair of running shoes. I thought Hillary was going to fall over in shock. Soon after, I was running several days a week and building up my mileage and ran my inaugural race at the first Christopher' Run on that rain soaked day in Bridgewater.

Since then I have been running consistently, but until recently never thought I would run a marathon. The event that really made me start thinking about this was the Hyannis ½ and full Marathon in 2004. As a volunteer at the finish line , I got a chance to see all of the finishers in that race and really began to think about the longer distance races for myself. At the time, the longest distance I had ever run at one time was 6 miles, but seeing some finishers, that by appearances only, seemed to have no business even attempting that distance, made me feel that I could do this too.

Two weeks later, I ran the New Bedford Half Marathon, and I was on my way. This was really a turning point for my running and made me believe that I could be a better runner. I still wasn't thinking of running a full marathon, but the distance no longer intimidated me. My concern now was whether I had the discipline to put in the proper training for the marathon to be able to complete it without hurting myself.

Still uncertain about my ability to complete the training required, I set out to find the perfect first marathon to run. I didn't want to attempt to get a waiver for Boston for many reasons but especially because I wasn't certain I would be able to keep up the training and didn't want to keep others who were deserving of having their chance to run. However, since Hillary was running Boston, I wanted to find a Spring marathon so we could at least do some of training together to keep things interesting and to get any necessary help in motivation to just get out there and put in the miles.

Late last fall, we heard that **Gail and Dave Martin** were going to run the Flying Pig on May 1st. After doing a little research and hearing positive things about the marathon and its appropriateness for beginning marathoners I decided this would be the one. Hillary was all for this too as she was interested in running a second marathon close to Boston and she really wanted to get one of the coveted Flying Pig Finishers Medals. The name also seemed to fit, since I thought pigs would have to start flying before I ever ran a marathon. We also managed to convince **Tom Yellope** and soon to be Colonial **Charlie Hudson** to join in the fun and run the race too.

Now I had the date and Hillary provided me with a set training schedule from the internet and I was ready to get started the day after Christmas (seems like a long time ago). Going into the training my longest run ever was about 14 ½ miles, which I felt was a pretty good base, but it had been a while since I had run anything over 10 so I felt I had a long way to go.

My training went very smooth all things considered. I managed to get myself out to do the scheduled miles every day with only a few exceptions. Hillary told me that she knew I was serious about this after I did my first 7 mile mid-week tempo run in a torrential downpour that along the way turned into a painful freezing rain and eventually snow. I guess she figured the weather would be the perfect excuse for me to skip a run (it has worked in the past), but I had to make sure I got the miles in. There were a number of days like this during our lovely New England winter this year, but luckily most of the weekends with long runs were relatively warm and dry compared to the rest of the week so I didn't have to worry much about missing runs or doing 16 miles on the treadmill.

I found it quite motivating towards the end of the training to be constantly setting new personal records for distance on my long runs and I could see the benefits of the training in my race times at shorter distances. I think this was very important because I could really see that I was making progress, which gave me more confidence that I could actually finish the marathon.

Along the way, I also found myself wondering what my goals should be for the marathon. When I first decided to run, I thought it would be nice to finish around 4 hours although my first priority was to simply finish. In the end, I had three goals 1) finish 2) if it is a good day---- finish under 4 hours 3) if it is a great day finish under 3:45, but most of all, I told myself to just enjoy myself as much as possible and be satisfied with my accomplishment regardless of what the finish time might be. There are too many things that can happen in a race that long to get too uptight about my time.

As I entered the final week before the race I was looking forward to the race and had a lot of anticipation, but I never really felt nervous about the race. "Are you nervous yet?" seemed to be the most frequently asked question I got from people (well, other than, "Cincinnati Marathon, huh. How long is that one?") I only seemed to get nervous about doing something stupid before the race like dropping something on my foot, or twisting an ankle, or something like that, but never nervous about the race itself. I finished my last training run on the Thursday before and took the last two days off---- with my only worries surrounding travel itineraries working out and weather on race day (didn't want a repeat of the Boston weather two weeks earlier).

Saturday, we all went to the marathon expo to pick up numbers etc, before relaxing a little and carbo loading for dinner and going to bed early--- race starts at 6:30 AM..

I woke up at 4:00 AM to find the daily weather report (courtesy of Tom Y.) under our hotel room door with the current temp of 38 degrees and scheduled to warm up to about 55 by noon. A perfect day for a marathon. It never occurred to me when packing that I might want to have a pair of gloves in May so I had to improvise with a pair of socks (turned out to be lucky socks---- they stayed with me the entire way--- look in the pictures).

The pre-race crowd was pretty interesting. There were lots of people in various pig attire. A couple of ladies (one from the Boston area originally) were dressed in full padded pig suits from head to toe (looked pretty warm at the time -- I was jealous) and were having pictures taken with everybody. For a minute I thought I was at a Pink Floyd concert. There was plenty of loud music, all loosely running related (i.e. Eagles--- The Long Run) to keep people entertained before the race and was a precursor to what could be found on the course.

As it turns out, the course was quite interesting with some rather scenic points along the way. I had heard long before the race that the course was relatively flat, although I did not find that to be the case while I was out there. The first five miles were flat with only minor hills on the bridges as we crossed from the Cincinnati side of the river into Kentucky and then back again. We (myself, Hillary, and Charlie) started out pretty slow due to the crowd congestion, running about 10 minute miles until we broke out of the crowd around mile 3. There was an interesting group of people we encountered early running a relay of sorts with one person carrying a giant plastic Budweiser bottle (empty of course) for one mile at a time among 26 people.

Around the six mile mark the course went sharply uphill for the next three miles until reaching the summit of the hill with an amazing view of the city below at sunrise. After that peak the course was supposed to be "all downhill from here"--- must have heard that seven or eight different spots on the course. It was, to be fair, mostly downhill, but there were several surprise uphills that caught many of us off guard. At this point I was still feeling good, stopping at each of the water stops (one per mile) and maintaining a good pace (had a couple of miles that were a little too fast and probably came back to bite me, but most were at just around 8:30).

We all maintained this pace (with Charlie running ahead a little for a couple of miles) until about the 20 mile mark. At this time Hillary told me that she didn't think that she would be able to keep up this pace and was ready to let us continue on without her. As many of you experienced marathoners know, it is a totally different feeling once you cross that 20 mile mark.

Hillary did however keep up with us and at about the 21 mile mark, when we went past the final relay changeover and people with fresh legs started bombing past us, I started to have my first signs of problems. As I was ascending one of the hills that wasn't supposed to be there, I felt my lower right quad start to tighten up. I was able to run through this to the top of the hill and was relieved to find that the muscle loosened up as the terrain began to level out and then return to a slight downhill. However, I did start to slow down a little bit. I reached the 22 mile mark around 3 hrs 10 min and started calculating possible finish times, all the time knowing that I was slowing down.

At about this time we started going back up a hill and this time, both of my quads tightened up and worse than the first time. Again I had to start walking--- Hillary knew if she started walking she would have problems so I encouraged her to keep going and I would be fine. Charlie decided that he was going to stay with me though and walked with me as I tried to get my legs to loosen up again. From here until about mile 25 it was more of the same the whole way. Basically every incline, no matter how slight, caused my quads to tighten up and forced me to walk, but the level ground and downhills I could run without any problem. The tightening of the muscles was making me a little bit nervous, since I had never really experienced that before during any of my runs, ever. I was afraid that they would continue to get worse and eventually cause me to stop altogether, which I really didn't consider a good option this close to the finish. So, I decided not to fight it too much and just plan to walk all of the uphills the rest of the way in and run the more favorable terrain.

At 25 we were coming back into the center of the city and I started to recognize some of the buildings and landmarks in the area. This gave me a boost of confidence as I knew I was in the final stretch. For most of the last mile, we were running down a flat and straight road that it seemed I could see forever in the distance. The crowds got larger at this point and I could sense the end was coming soon. I even thought I could see the time clock at the finish line up ahead (unfortunately it turned out to be a "Don't Walk" sign) and made sure mentally that I pushed through to the finish without walking again. At this point my legs felt like they were on fire, but I managed to keep them moving in a run--- but, it seemed to take forever to get to the actual finish line. The last 2/10ths were on a winding section of road and I imagined the finish line around every corner. Finally it came and I was greeted at the finish (as was everybody else) by the two ladies in the pig costumes that we met before the race began at the start line with a net of 3 hours 53 minutes and 20 seconds.

Finishing the race felt great---- it was a relief to successfully complete something that I had prepared 4 months for. Although the time was not the most important thing I was quite happy to have reached a goal of mine that I had been striving for. Most importantly, after the race, I still felt pretty good physically. Don't get me wrong---- I was extremely stiff. Getting up and taking the first couple of steps after any period of non-movement was tough, but actually not as bad as I expected. In fact Gail, Dave, Charlie, Hillary and I visited the Cincinnati Zoo that afternoon, where I sat down and rested at any possible chance, but we walked through the entire zoo. They all told me to keep moving that day, which I did, so maybe that afternoon walk helped me in my post race recovery in some way.

Anyway, I have to say that I really enjoyed my first marathon experience, from beginning to end --- from choosing the marathon, the training, and finally the race itself. I had lots of support along the way from Hillary especially, but also many friends in the running community offering support, advice, a training partner, inspiration or just a kind word. Thank you to everyone who helped along the way---- there are more of you out there than I can possibly name here, but please know that you are greatly appreciated.

CINCINNATI "FLYING PIG" MARATHON—By Tom Yellope

Year----- 1909. Date---- November 4th. Headline----- "Pig Flies"!!! Lord Brabozan, holder of the first pilot's license in the United Kingdom, takes a piglet for a 3 ½ mile joyride in a biplane. The piglet goes aloft in a basket tied onto the plane's wing and bearing a sign: "I am the first pig to fly", though he seemed to have little choice in the matter.

Porkopolis? Why is Cincinnati called Porkopolis you ask? Well, here is the answer. The year is 1818. Pioneer pig sticker Elisha Mills opens Cincinnati's first slaughterhouse. Cincinnati begins packing pork in brine-filled barrels. Salt pork becomes a U.S. food staple and within a decade, the city earns the nickname "Porkopolis".

Okay, that's the history lesson on Cincinnati and the story of the first flying pig. Now, on to the 7th Annual Flying Pig Marathon report. We all stayed at the Marriott Courtyard Hotel just across the Ohio River in Covington, Kentucky (**Hillary & Bill Hewitson, Dave & Gail Martin and Susan and Tom Yellope**). All except **Charlie Hudson**. Remember, he is not a member yet so we made him stay down the street in a more expensive hotel. We didn't want him to raise our social status so we stayed in the hotel with the train bridge next to our window. Nice spot if you like long, rumbling, slow moving trains. Really it was nice to see them go by and they did not bother us at night. Even though the train bridge was there we could still see across the river and the two stadiums. Paul Brown Stadium is where the Cincinnati Bengals play (I thanked everyone I met for letting Corey Dillon come play for the Patriots). You know me, I made sure everyone knew I was from the Boston area and was a big fan of the Patriots!!! The other stadium is where the Cincinnati Reds baseball team plays (Great American Ballpark). Please, burn Fenway Park down and build a stadium like this one. We went to a game there and we were blown away with how nice this ballpark is!

Okay, marathon morning here we come!!! We were less than a mile from the start at Paul Brown Stadium but we decided to take a cab. Got to save energy you know. Well! The super fit couple Dave & Gail Martin just strolled across the bridge to the start as if they were going for a walk in the park. I'm not sure how Charlie got there but he was there too.

We all gather there in darkness at 5:45 AM. The race started at 6:30 and the sun broke the horizon at 6:48. It was neat! We all got our picture taken with two female porkers (pigs). One was actually from Belmont, Ma. The other one seemed to take offense when I pulled her curly little tail! How was I to know it wouldn't spring back?

So, this was great. In less than 45 minutes we would be off and running in the first light of the morning. It was a clear and cool 38 degrees with no wind. Getting those weather conditions here would put you off running Boston for life.

At this time we all split up taking our personal spots where we would feel most comfortable in the crowd. We encouraged each other to have a great race and I told Bill to have a great race and to be careful but most of all to enjoy his first marathon. I never saw them after that until the finish line.

As you know from Bill Hewitson's report, this was his first marathon. Bill has only been running for a few years now, so this was a big race for him. Bill did struggle the last six miles with his legs tightening up but was determined to finish. I want to extend a great big thank you to Charlie Hudson for helping Bill finish those last six miles. Bill told me afterwards that Charlie was still feeling strong at mile 20 and could have easily run in with a great time but chose rather to stay and help Bill do the last few miles. Thanks Charlie---- not many runners would have done that.

Also, congratulations to Bill's wife Hillary. She kept Bill going through the first part of the race. Hillary has a few marathons under her belt so she was right there to help him through his first marathon. Did you know that Charlie and Hillary both did the Boston Marathon? Yup, that's two marathons in less than two weeks! Standing O for those two!!!

Okay, now we have another CRR husband and wife team. Dave and Gail Martin were doing their 3rd marathon this year! Talk about love doing stupid things to your brain. These two lovebirds think nothing of hopping on a plane and flying to a far-distant marathon. They're so competitive that they pick out selected 26.2 mile races just to see who wears

the pants in the family! Well, I'm glad to say that Dave wears the pants after this one but it was Gail who really brought home the bacon, by coming from behind the last few miles to win the "Athena Division" of the race!!

So, for the wrap up---- we all finished under 4 hours and were able to walk away from the post-race party, which was a big one along the banks of the Ohio River. Then the group went to the zoo, all except Susie and myself. What a day! Run 26 miles and then a trip to the zoo. You just can't ask for anything better. Here are our times: Bill H./ 3:53, Hillary H./ 3:49, Charlie H./3:53, Dave M./ 3:33, Gail M./ 3:40 and Tom Y./ 3:23!!!

Okay, the rest is about my race. I still can't believe I took 9 minutes off of my personal best. That was eleven years ago when I was 40 years old and it was my first marathon. I thought that the 3:32 that I did running the Clarence DeMar Marathon in Keene, NH would stand forever, but who knew!

This was my 5th marathon in my 11 year running history and this one I trained the most for. I put in 700+ miles and I ran every day. I weighed 179 lbs on January 1st and 153 lbs on May 1st (race day). Surprisingly, I followed no schedule or training program. I just went out and ran every day. Hill work, speed work and all other types of running----I just did it. Two Hopkinton to Cleveland Circle training runs, a 26-miler on a very hilly course in Maine and some long distance runs in D.W. Field Park in Brockton. I was fit, ready and very excited.

My race day started at 3 a.m. Unfortunately, nobody else was ready at that time so I thought I would sneak down and jump into the hot hotel whirlpool, which was closed from 11:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. I thought a nice half-hour in there would loosen up the muscles, so into the pool room I tip-toed, hoping nobody would see me. I heard low laughter and giggling from the alcove where the whirlpool was and was surprised to see a young, naked couple enjoying an intimate time alone----- or at least they were until they saw me! Needless to say, my half-hour private whirlpool idea fizzled.

Susie and I met the Hewitsons at 5:30 to take a cab to the starting line. Just a five minute ride and we were there. Soon we were among the crowd that had gathered with rock and roll music blaring away. It was just starting to get light and it was a cold 38 degrees but everyone was excited. Even the two little porkers (pigs) were all smiles---- that is until I pulled that little tail bit.

Okay, one last pee before getting into position. I thought I would try the stadium restroom because they kept saying on the loud speakers that they were open. They were open but long lines stopped me from enjoying the warmth of Paul Brown Stadium. You know something? The bushes around the stadium in the middle of a city work just as well as the bushes in Plympton!

At 6:25 I jumped to the front line and then backed off to the second tier. They wanted the elite up front but I didn't see any elite. I stood there waiting and waiting for them to show up but they didn't! So, I had my pole position all to myself.

6:30 a.m.----Boom!! Large, loud cannon scares the crap out of those still in the outhouses. You should have seen then empty!

The first three miles were great as we ran along the banks of the Ohio River, over a bridge into Kentucky and then over another bridge back through Cincinnati. I was with a large group that wasn't too far back of the leaders for awhile. It was weird! It was so quiet and tranquil. Nobody was talking and there weren't many spectators at this time of the morning. Not much cheering but what a beautiful sight as the sun was coming up. The sun's first rays were reflecting off the river and the air was crisp and calm. A perfect morning to run a perfect marathon. Yippee!! I was striding along averaging a 7:40 pace through 5 miles and felt great! Miles 6-8 were the hills and my pace went to 8:05, 8:17 and 8:11 but from there to the finish my pace was below 8:00. I'm quite proud that my first mile was 7:48 and my 26th mile was 7:34. It is the first time in my life that a marathon has gone so smooth from beginning to end! I think it really was the hard work that I did or the lucky pig that Gail Martin gave me the day before the marathon. I carried that little piggy the whole way in my pocket and I think he enjoyed the ride because he was still smiling when I took him out back at the hotel.

Maybe I had divine help also. You all know my Dad passed away nine days before the marathon. When I got to mile 20 I started to talk to him asking him to carry me through those last six miles. I know this sounds corny but I got emotional and just kept my legs pounding toward the finish line without much thought of anything else but my Dad and me.

I was so glad Susan arrived at the finish line the same time as I did. She didn't know that I was having an extraordinary marathon. I had told her to try to be there some time after 3 ½ hours so she was dumbfounded to see me well ahead of schedule. I needed a hug from her even though it was more than a little hard through the wrought iron fencing! It must have been quite a sight for some of the onlookers to see a couple of old farts like us holding onto each other through the fence with tears running down both our faces. Geez, the things I have to do for a little T & A!!

The last thing I'd like to say is that this is a great marathon for anyone to run. It's well-organized, a nice course, (mostly run through the neighborhoods surrounding Cincinnati), a perfect starting time and great weather!

Thank you to everyone----Tom

NEW MEMBERS

New members for 2005: Tom Powers, Jay Hunt, Beverly Coronis, Chuck Coronis, Thomas Hyde, Roseann Nickerson, Tricia Nickerson, Michael Ferrari, Jean Connolly-Cochrane, Elisabeth O'Brien, Lisa Perna, Nancy Friedman, Richard Mellon, Bruce Holbrook, Adriel Edwards, Lissy Gossman, Peggy Schmidt, Kevin Reino, Tara Kelliher, Michael Maher, Richard Ghiorse, Sr. , Richard Ghiorse, Jr., George Flaig, Ed Dowling

2005 COLONIAL ROAD RUNNERS GRAND PRIX RACE SERIES RESULTS

SCHEDULE CHANGE: Hanover "Pinch Hits" for Raynham K of C

Back in March, a snowstorm caused the cancellation of the Raynham Knights of Columbus 5M Race, which was our March Grand Prix event. To bring the number of Grand Prix races for the year back up to 12, we have added the **Hanover 5K Road Race**, which will take place on **Saturday, June 25 at 9 AM**. This is a fine local race, and several of our members have run it in past years. The race is sponsored by Healthtrax, a health club in Hanover. For race information, email bcassidy@healthtrax.net. We will try to get some flyers and have them at our upcoming fun runs.

Here are the standings for individual races and the overall standings:

Frostbite 15K -- January 16, 2005, Raynham, MA

<u>Males</u>				<u>Females</u>			
<u>Under 40</u>				<u>Under 40</u>			
<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
1 FRANK NELSON	4	0:54:39	10	1 JILL STRATHDEE	39	1:04:32	10
2 MARC BLANDIN	22	1:01:33	9	2 HILLARY HEWITSON	58	1:07:25	9
3 NICK GIANNAROS	30	1:03:18	8	3 MEGAN AARDEMA	95	1:11:48	8
4 STEVEN WOELFEL	51	1:06:36	7	4 BONNIE KING	166	1:22:02	7
5 BILL HEWITSON	89	1:11:22	6	5 MICHELLE DUTCHER	220	1:37:48	6
6 CHRIS ENGLAND	211	1:30:40	5				
<u>40-49</u>				<u>40-49</u>			
<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
1 DAVE SOUSA	35	1:04:13	10	1 BETH CORRY	69	1:09:16	10
2 MARK ROTHFUSS	37	1:04:23	9	2 JEANNE SULLIVAN	155	1:20:56	9
3 JIM CONLEY	50	1:06:35	8	3 NORA SHANAHAN	169	1:22:31	8
4 BILLY ALLEN	64	1:08:57	7	4 BETH HACKETT	174	1:22:55	7
				5 MAUREEN SHEA	191	1:25:17	6
				6 CINDY CONLEY	200	1:26:17	5
				7 CHRISTINE ZEPEDA	201	1:26:17	4
<u>Over 50</u>				<u>Over 50</u>			
<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
1 SAM BAUMGARTEN	86	1:11:05	10	1 CHRIS MISKINIS	142	1:18:02	10
2 TOM YELLOPE	97	1:12:02	9	2 MARY CONNOLLY	167	1:22:24	9
3 DAVID MORRISON	117	1:14:46	8	3 PATRICIA EVERETT	184	1:24:41	8
4 GARY CALHOUN	138	1:17:52	7				
5 JOHN GOLDROSEN	189	1:25:13	6				

Old Fashioned 10 Miler -- February 20, 2005, Foxboro, MA

Males				Females			
Name	Place	Time	Points	Name	Place	Time	Points
Under 40				Under 40			
1 FRANK NELSON	32	1:02:02	10	1 JILL STRATHDEE	81	1:08:57	10
2 MARC BLANDIN	60	1:05:54	9	2 GAIL MARTIN	172	1:18:04	9
3 STEVE WOELFEL	112	1:12:09	8	3 HILLARY HEWITSON	200	1:20:53	8
4 BILL HEWITSON	131	1:14:20	7	4 MICHELLE DUTCHER	370	1:47:08	7
Age 40-49				40-49			
1 ANDY CORRY	91	1:09:43	10	1 BETH CORRY	149	1:15:43	10
2 DAVID MARTIN	143	1:15:04	9	2 DONNA COHEN	246	1:24:33	9
3 MARK WOELFEL	151	1:15:52	8	3 BETH HACKETT	258	1:26:04	8
4 CHARLIE MORGAN	238	1:23:59	7	4 NORA SHANAHAN	282	1:28:46	7
50 and Over				50 & Over			
1 TOM YELLOPE	133	1:14:28	10	1 SUE SIMMONS	241	1:24:09	10
2 KEVIN DONNELLY	183	1:19:06	9	2 PATRICIA L'ITALIEN	255	1:25:45	9
3 DAVE MORRISON	208	1:21:27	8				
4 RICH MELLON	210	1:21:34	7				
5 CEDRIC BAAR	252	1:25:25	6				
6 GARY CALHOUN	256	1:25:50	5				

Road Race by the Sea 10k --April 3, 2005, Cohasset, MA

Name	Place	Time	Points	Name	Place	Time	Points
Under 40				Under 40			
1 MARC BLANDIN	27	39:46:00	10	1 JILL STRATHDEE	58	43:44:00	10
2 ANDY CORRY	30	40:48:00	9	2 MEGAN AARDEMA	219	49:57:00	9
3 JEFF CALLAHAN	656	1:05:03	8				
Age 40-49				Age 40-49			
1 JIM CONLEY	65	44:04:00	10	1 BETH CORRY	110	46:18:00	10
2 DAVE MARTIN	122	46:40:00	9	2 CHRISTINE ZEPEDA	259	50:48:00	9
3 WAYNE SOUTHWORTH	274	51:26:00	8	3 BETH HACKETT	349	53:36:00	8
4 CHARLIE MORGAN	289	51:50:00	7	4 NORA SHANAHAN	393	54:54:00	7
5 BRUCE HOLBROOK	681	1:06:59	6	5 JEANNE SULLIVAN	418	55:25:00	6
Age 50+				Age 50+			
1 TOM YELLOPE	60	43:52:00	10	1 MARY CONNOLLY	201	49:27:00	10
2 KEVIN DONNELLY	172	48:29:00	9	2 SUE SIMMONS	210	49:38:00	9
3 GARY CALHOUN	256	50:44:00	8	3 JEAN CONNOLLY-COCHRANE	243	50:27:00	8
4 PHILIP CRAWLEY	263	51:01:00	7	4 DIANNE CULLIVAN	698	1:09:20	7
5 CEDRIC BAAR	268	51:13:00	6				
6 FRANK O'BRIEN	389	54:44:00	5				
7 JOHN GOLDROSEN	404	55:06:00	4				
8 THOMAS HYDE	558	59:18:00	3				
9 CHARLES DORMAN	599	1:01:22	2				
10 CHUCK CORONIS	648	1:04:40	1				
11 PAUL CALLAHAN	655	1:05:02	1				


**Colonial Road Runners Grand Prix
Overall Standings
(through April 26, 2005)**

Males		Females	
Name	Points	Name	Points
Under 40		Under 40	
1 MARC BLANDIN	28	1 JILL STRATHDEE	30
2 FRANK NELSON	20	2 HILLARY HEWITSON	17
3 STEVEN WOELFEL	15	3 MEGAN AARDEMA	17
4 BILL HEWITSON	13	4 MICHELLE DUTCHER	13
5 ANDY CORRY	9	5 GAIL MARTIN	9
6 NICK GIANNAROS	8	6 BONNIE KING	7
7 JEFF CALLAHAN	8	7 ILDA NELSON	6
8 CHRIS ENGLAND	5		
40 - 49		40 - 49	
1 CHARLES MORGAN	19	1 BETH CORRY	30
2 DAVE MARTIN	18	2 BETH HACKETT	23
3 JIM CONLEY	18	3 NORA SHANAHAN	22
4 MARK WOELFEL	14	4 JEANNE SULLIVAN	21
5 ANDY CORRY	10	5 CINDY CONLEY	10
6 DAVE SOUSA	10	6 DONNA COHEN	9
7 MARK ROTHFUSS	9	7 MAUREEN SHEA	6
8 WAYNE SOUTHWORTH	8	8 CHRISTINE ZEPEDA	4
9 BILLY ALLEN	7		
10 BRUCE HOLBROOK	6		
11 STEPHEN CUSHING	4		
Over 50		Over 50	
1 TOM YELLOPE	29	1 SUE SIMMONS	19
2 GARY CALHOUN	20	2 MARY CONNOLLY	19
3 KEVIN DONNELLY	18	3 CHRIS MISKINIS	10
4 DAVID MORRISON	16	4 PATRICIA L'ITALIEN	9
5 CEDRIC BAAR	12	5 PATRICIA EVERETT	8
6 SAM BAUMGARTEN	10	6 JEAN CONNOLLY-COCHRANE	8
7 JOHN GOLDROSEN	10	7 DIANNE CULLIVAN	7
8 RICH MELLON	7		
9 PHIL CRAWLEY	7		
10 FRANK O'BRIEN	5		
11 THOMAS HYDE	3		
12 CHARLES DORMAN	2		
13 CHUCK CORONIS	1		
14 PAUL CALLAHAN	1		

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