



## UPCOMING EVENTS

### LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE RELAY RACE—Saturday, September 24, 8:00 AM, Weirs Beach, NH

Once again, we are organizing Colonial teams for this classic New England running event. **CRR will pay the entry fee for Colonial members who are running on CRR-organized teams.** The more members who want to run, the more teams we will organize—it's up to you. If you are interested or have questions, contact **Jim Dupont** at [jdupont@comcast.net](mailto:jdupont@comcast.net) or 508-822-0376, as soon as possible.

Each team will consist of eight members, each of whom will run one "leg" on the 65-mile-long course that follows paved roads around Lake Winnepesaukee. The legs are between 4 and 11 miles long. Yes, there are plenty of "rolling hills," but you do NOT have to be a "fast" or "competitive" runner to be on our teams. When you contact Jim, let him know if you would like to run one of the shorter legs (4 to 6 miles) or longer legs (8 to 11 miles), so he can try to match up runners with appropriate distances.

If you're new to this event, don't worry about the logistics. Once the teams are organized, we will arrange for carpools to the race and for getting everyone to their correct relay transfer points during the race. Teams usually finish the race between 3 and 5 PM. Afterwards, we'll go out to dinner at a local restaurant before heading home that evening.

Participating in the Lake Winni Relay is a memorable experience. Running is usually a solitary activity. Even in a race, you essentially run alone, and for yourself. Running on a relay team is different—you will be supported and encouraged by your teammates (and, for that matter, by runners on other teams!). If you are a new CRR member, this is a great way to get to know other members.

### HOUGHTON'S POND TRAIL RACE (6 miles)—Sunday, October 2, 10:00 AM, Blue Hills Reservation, Milton

Last year, CRR organized a new event—a six-mile trail race along the dirt roads and forest paths in the Blue Hills Reservation. The inaugural race was a great success, with over 130 participants (a large turnout for a trail race) and beautiful fall weather. This year, with more lead time for publicity and the word of mouth from last year's event, we're hoping for an even greater turnout.

As trail races go, this is "moderately difficult." Road runners who are new to trails will find the rocks and roots a novel challenge. On the other hand, experienced trail runners will consider it to be a fast course, without steep uphill or single-track "technical" sections.

Race flyers have been sent to all club members, and forms can also be downloaded from our club website, [www.colonialrunners.org/HoughtonsPond/Index.htm](http://www.colonialrunners.org/HoughtonsPond/Index.htm). On-line signup is available at [www.signmeupsports.com](http://www.signmeupsports.com). **Colonial members who sign up by September 22<sup>nd</sup> (either by mail or online) pay just \$6, half the regular entry fee.** Race proceeds will be divided between CRR and the Friends of the Blue Hills, a nonprofit environmental advocacy group.

**John Goldrosen** is race director. Please help to publicize the race by bringing flyers to races, health clubs, and outdoor sports stores. If you are not running the race, **we need about thirty volunteers on race day** to handle registration, finish-line timing, water stops, and course monitoring. If you can help or want further information, contact John at [president@colonialrunners.org](mailto:president@colonialrunners.org) or 781-447-2812.

### D.W. FIELD TRIATHLON (Bike/ canoe or kayak/ run)—Sunday, September 25, 8:00 AM, D.W. Field Park, Brockton

CRR member **Marc Blandin** is one of the organizers of a new multisport event that will be held in D.W. Field Park in Brockton, site of our Paddy Kelly Road Race and the Wednesday night summer fun runs. This will be a "triathlon with a twist," consisting of biking (14 miles), canoeing or kayaking (1 mile), and running (6.2 miles). Participants can

either do the entire event or compete as part of a team. For full details, visit the race website, [www.dwftriathlon.org](http://www.dwftriathlon.org). Proceeds will benefit the Brockton Neighborhood Health Center.

### **EDAVILLE RAIL RUN (5 miles)—Saturday, November 12, 10:00 AM, Edaville, South Carver**

This 5-mile race on the sandy dirt roads around the cranberry bogs at Edaville Railroad is directed by CRR member **Donna Cohen**, and is the **November CRR Grand Prix event**. It is a beautiful and unique course (even when the weather is inclement, as we have experienced!). There is also a 2-mile fun run/walk. Proceeds from the race benefit the Dorine Merritt Scholarship Fund. You have been sent an entry form for the race. For more information, or to volunteer if you won't be running, contact Donna at [edavillerrailrun@comcast.net](mailto:edavillerrailrun@comcast.net) or 508-238-9745.

### **JEFF COOMBS 5K RACE—Sunday, September 18, 9 AM, Woodsdale School, Abington**

This race honors the memory of an Abington resident who was on one of the planes that were hijacked and crashed into the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. Race proceeds benefit the Jeff Coombs Foundation, which supports community activities and individual needs in Abington and throughout the South Shore. Colonial members are always present in great numbers at this race, either as participants or as volunteers. To help on race day, please contact **Al Donaghy** at [donagha@aol.com](mailto:donagha@aol.com) or 781-878-8622.

### **TUFTS 10K RACE FOR WOMEN—Monday, October 10 (Columbus Day), Noon, Boston Common**

This race always attracts a large participation by our female members, some of whom have run it for more than 20 years. Once again, we will organize a **CRR post-race lunch** at Remington's, a restaurant/pub on Boylston Street near the race finish. Please contact **Susan Makovsky** at [Susan.Makovsky@serono.com](mailto:Susan.Makovsky@serono.com) or 508-241-2982 by October 3<sup>rd</sup>, if you are coming to the lunch, so we can give the restaurant advance notice. (We order individually from the menu, which features burgers and sandwiches.) Your friends and family members are welcome to join us.

Club runners and supporters will meet before the race at 11:15 AM at the registration tables (corner of Charles and Beacon Streets) for a group photo and to check on post-race logistics. After the race begins, the non-runners will walk to the intersection of Commonwealth Avenue and Berkeley Street, about a half-mile from the finish line, to set up a **Colonial cheering section**. (Runners: please wear a Colonial singlet, so that we can pick you out from the crowd!) We will all meet after the race at the Soldiers Monument on Boston Common, on the hill overlooking the post-race refreshment area, and will leave for Remington's at about 1:30 PM.

## **SUMMER REVIEW**

### **COLONIAL FAMILY PICNIC (Saturday, July 16, Avon)—by Linda Morris**

This year, I was asked to organize the CRR summer cookout. I accepted the task and immediately started to check out various public parks and lakes. Much to my dismay I found that public places were too restrictive (i.e. no "adult" beverages and "sharing" our space with the public). I was starting to get worried that I wouldn't find a place to have our cookout. I was at a road race when a CRR member, **Sara DePesa**, introduced herself. She heard that I might be looking for a location to host our cookout and offered her home. I couldn't believe my good fortune.

On July 16, the Colonial Road Runners celebrated their annual summer cookout. Despite the hot, humid weather, we had a great turnout. Sara and Mike DePesa's home was perfect for the event. They have a beautiful large, shady backyard. Mike maintained the BBQ and cooked some delicious food for the group. Many of the club members brought their children who had fun playing football, bocce ball and soccer. It was a perfect day – well almost --

I was just about to sit and relax when all of a sudden I heard someone yelling, "Linda, he's bleeding!" I turned round to see my son Danny running up the stairs holding his head. He was playing football when he made this amazing catch by running into a fence and split his head open, or as Danny would say, "I broke my head!" As soon as I saw it, I knew we were hospital bound. **Marie Ficociello** offered to drive me so I could hold the towel on Danny's head. Danny ended up with 6 staples, which he took like a man!

When I got home, there were several e-mails and phone calls from Colonial members asking how Danny was doing. I was extremely touched by the concern of my fellow Colonials, which exemplifies the wonderful group of people who belong to the Colonial Road Runners. I'm very proud to be a member.

I would like to give a special thanks to the following people:

**Ellen Litt** who helped me organize the cookout.

**Michael and Sara DePesa** for hosting the event.

**Marie Ficociello** for driving Danny and me to the hospital.

*(Editor's Note: and thanks from everyone to Linda, who has often taken the lead in planning club social events, year-round!)*

## **BROCKTON ROX 5K "RUN FOR HOME"—August 21, Campanelli Stadium, Brockton—by Mark Rothfuss, Race Director**

On Sunday, August 21, the Brockton High School cross-country teams partnered with the Brockton Rox, Brockton's independent minor-league baseball team, to raise funds for the cross-country program, by putting on a 5K road race and 2-mile fun walk. The partnership was very successful. We expect to turn over \$1000 or more from the race proceeds to the teams.

There were a total of 175 participants overall. The event started on the Brockton High School campus grounds and finished inside Campanelli Stadium (home of the Rox), at home plate. There was a brief shower before the start, and it was extremely humid, but it seems that everyone had fun. After the race, there was a BBQ held under the outfield big tent, consisting of chicken, burgers, hot dogs, salads and drinks. Overall and age group trophies and medals were also awarded under the tent. Matt Vercollone (Brockton Coach John Barry's cousin) from Pembroke was the Overall male winner, and Stephanie Whelan from Hopkinton was the Overall female winner.

We have had good feedback on the race, and some items to tweak for next time. We are already looking at planning for next year. .

Many, many thanks to all the volunteers that were so kind to help out!...**Al and Frank Donaghy, Jim and Mary Dupont, Cal and Jane Goodwin, Ilda Nelson, Ellen Litt, Jim and Cindy Conley, Coach Barry and Michelle, Phil Crawley, Marie Ficociello and her son, the Rothfuss family, the Rox Staff, and BHS Cross-Country team members.** Also, countless others, for input and moral support. A huge Thanks to **Danni Barrall**, Rox Director of Special Events!!!

## **KIDS SUMMER FUN RUN TRACK SERIES—Sundays, July-August, Raynham Middle School—by Lori Noel, Series Director**

*(Ed.'s note by Dave Morrison: The following is Lori Noel's synopsis of the CRR sponsored Kids Summer Track Series. I must say that this writer originally had some misgivings about this John Goldrosen brainchild. I now must confess that I was dead wrong. Under John and Lori's leadership this program has really taken off and proven to be a big success. Congratulations to both for making this dream a reality.)*

By all accounts, the 2nd Annual Kids Fun Run Track Series was a huge success. We averaged between 90 to 100 children per week. The kids came from at least 10 surrounding towns, and from as far away as Abington and Plymouth.

Many volunteers returned from last year so everything went smoothly right from the first week. A special and heartfelt "thank you" goes to all volunteers who helped: **Frank, Ilda, Christopher and Nicole Nelson, Mary and Jim Dupont, Jim and Cindy Conley, Tom and Susan Yellope, Susan Makovsky, Andy Brennan, Clayton Gardner, Rick Hayes, Dave Morrison, Steve Cushing, John Goldrosen, Al Donaghy, Jenny Donohue, John Barry, John Lucier, Bonnie King, Michelle Dutcher, Kathy Sanderson and Sam Baumgarten.** If I have missed anyone, please forgive my oversight--- it is not for lack of appreciation.

Both years of this program CRR has offered significant financial support. This year we purchased T-shirts for all of the children. This was VERY WELL RECEIVED by the children and parents alike. I have received numerous comments from parents complimenting us on organizing, promoting and running this program and urging us to continue in the future.

I hope many of you will consider coming out to volunteer next year. It is very rewarding to see the smiles on the kids' faces and to watch the future generations of runners get excited about the sport.

See you at the 3rd Annual----!!

## SUMMER FUN RUNS—Raynham, Abington, and Brockton, May to August

As we go to press, the Colonial Summer Fun Runs are entering their last week. Over the past 18 weeks, about 500 different runners have participated in one or more of the fun runs, and the three runs combined have had an attendance of about 125-150 runners per week. We noticed a sharp increase in the number of younger runners—it seems like high-school and middle-school runners are becoming more serious about getting in shape for fall cross-country by competing on the roads during the summer. It was also pleasing to see a lot of new runners of all ages, some of whom were competing in their first races ever.

The fun runs went off very smoothly, which means, of course, that a lot of people did a lot of work to make that happen. Foremost were **Al Donaghy, Cal Goodwin, Jim Dupont, Jim Conley, and Mark Rothfuss**, aided by **Ellen Litt, Peter Dovell, John Goldrosen, John Fournier**, and many others who helped split up the work of timing results, putting out signs, bringing refreshments, etc.

## CLUB NEWS

### CRR MEMBERS AT FALL MARATHONS & HALF-MARATHONS

Here is a list of CRR members who have told us of their plans to run fall marathons and half-marathons (or longer races). **Dave Morrison** will be reporting on their results via email in our Weekly Updates. If we have missed you, please let Dave know at [dmorrison12@hotmail.com](mailto:dmorrison12@hotmail.com).

Sept. 4: Rock'n'Roll Half-Marathon (Virginia Beach, VA)

**Beth Corry, Andy Corry**

Sept. 5: Around the Cape 25K (Gloucester)

**Cedric Baar, Rick Hayes, Gail Martin, Dave Martin, Susan Ragon**

Sept. 10: Plymouth Half-Marathon

**Rich Ghiorse, Marc Blandin, Rick Hayes, John Goldrosen, Bonnie King, Mary Connolly, Kevin Donnelly, Tom Yellope**

Sept. 17: Fall Marathon Tune-Up 30K (Lynn)

**Cedric Baar, Jean Connolly-Cochrane, Gail Martin, Dave Martin**

Sept. 25: Clarence DeMar Marathon (Keene, NH)

**Rick Hayes**

Oct. 2: Maine Half-Marathon (Portland, ME)

**Steven Woelfel, Mary Connolly, Kevin Donnelly**

Oct. 2: Maine Marathon (Portland, ME)

**Jean Connolly-Cochrane**

Oct. 2: Twin Cities Marathon (Minneapolis, MN)

**Gail Martin, Dave Martin**

Oct. 8: Hartford (CT) Marathon

**Donna Cohen**

Oct. 9: Chicago Marathon

**Susan Ragon, Michelle Dutcher**

Oct. 9: Mohawk-Hudson Marathon (Albany, NY)

**John Goldrosen, Rick Hayes**

Oct. 9: BAA Half-Marathon (Boston)

**Jill Strathdee, Linda Morris, Maureen Shea, Marc Blandin, Christine Galvin**

Oct. 15: Green Mountain Marathon (South Hero, VT)

**Tom Yellope**

Oct. 15: Baltimore Marathon

**Gail Martin, Dave Martin**

Oct. 16: Baystate Marathon (Lowell, MA)

**Marc Blandin, Steve Woelfel, Mark Woelfel**

Oct. 22: Breakers Marathon (Newport, RI)

**Rick Hayes**

Oct. 23: White Mountain Milers Half-Marathon (North Conway, NH)

**Mary Connolly, Jean Connolly-Cochrane, Kevin Donnelly**

Nov. 6: ING New York City Marathon

**Marc Blandin**

Nov. 6: Athens Marathon (Greece)

**Rick Hayes**

Nov. 12: Stone Cat Trail Marathon (Ipswich, MA)

**John Goldrosen**

Dec. 4: Las Vegas Marathon

**Charlie Hudson, Bill Hewitson, Dave Martin, Gail Martin**

## PETER DOVELL

If you have been at the fun runs, you have seen **Peter Dovell's** return to road racing, as a wheelchair competitor. And you may have had a burger or hot dog cooked by Peter on his new "food wagon." When Peter was injured in December 2002 (suffering severe burns and losing a leg when a driver crashed a car into a gas station where Peter was filling his motorcycle), there was a lot of press coverage of the outpouring of community support that Peter and his family received at that time. (You may remember that CRR and **Dave Gorman** of the Brockton Kids Road Races organized a fun run that raised almost \$10,000 for Peter's needs.) We thought that it would be a good idea for the Brockton Enterprise to do an "update" article on Peter's amazing recovery. So, **Jim Dorman** contacted the Enterprise reporter who had written the previous articles about Peter, and she wrote a new feature article that ran in the Enterprise on August 4, 2005. You can access the article on the web at <http://enterprise.southofboston.com/articles/2005/08/04/news/news/news03.txt>. Congratulations, Peter, and welcome back to the roads!

## CLUB CLOTHING

Please contact **Beth Hackett** at [bhack361@yahoo.com](mailto:bhack361@yahoo.com) or 781-857-2379 if you would like to buy a Colonial singlet (\$20) or running suit (\$50 for the jacket, \$30 for pants, or \$75 for the set). For new members, wearing club clothing at races will help others spot you and introduce themselves. For all of us, wearing a singlet at a race makes each of us a "contact person" for other runners at the race who may be interested in joining the club or learning more about it.

## MEMBER CONTRIBUTIONS

### BLUE HILLS SKYLINE TRAIL RUN (7.2 miles) --Blue Hills Ski Area, Milton, July 10, 2005 – by Ed Dowling

I got an email from the Friends of Blue Hills asking for volunteers to help out at water-stops for the Blue Hills Skyline Trail Run on Sunday July 10th. This sparked an old memory of my good friend Dave LeBlanc telling me about his travails running this beast of a course years ago. I remembered Dave telling me about the widespread panic and mayhem over the entire distance of the course complete with scenes about lost runners who veered of course never to be seen again. Dave said the course map at the start was vague at best, even the folks with experience around the Blue Hills would have pause to determine the real route while under foot. Apparently the trail was chalked out at the turns but after a few runners passing over the course markers, they were quickly erased leaving the more physically challenged to ponder each intersection as if it were their last. Unmanned water stops replete with little or no cups, simply jugs of Stop N Shop water set out along the trail. It was clear in Dave's telling, the finish was the most heinous thing in running he'd ever seen. Exhausted runners tumbling down the ski run to the finish with all out abandon. Runners at the finish: nursing cuts, bruises and open wounds. Dave said it was something out of a scene in some World War II movie.

He such a bull-sh-tter, no way.

With this story in my head, I thought, I got to see this for myself. The email came on Friday night, the race wasn't until Sunday. So it was quickly forgotten. Then on Saturday night after a particularly hilarious game of Bingo, six rounds, first: "any direction", then "X" then "L" then a "Box" then "fill the card", we were standing around a camp fire, kids sitting cross-legged roasting s'mores, folks started talking about the next day's adventures. I told everyone about the trail race and folks recoiled in horror.

Run Blue Hill? Run the Sky Line Trial? "You're lying" someone said. So I told them about Dave's adventure. And they were shocked to think people acted that way on their own free will.

I have to share this experience, so I call good friend **Dave Malliaros**.

"Dave, There's a race tomorrow... Wanna run it?"

"Where?" he says.

"Blue Hill" I reply.

"Huh?" he says. So I tell him in the kindest gentlest words, sugar coating everything.

He's skeptical, but agrees, sealing his doom.

"Meet me there" I say.

"Where?" Dave says.

"I dunno, drive around and look for runners" I respond.

I tattle off to bed and Sunday morning comes quick. I awoke at 6:30am, donned my running togs and made my way to the start.

But I didn't have a clue where the start was.

I figured I'd drive around Blue Hill till I found the scariest group of people I could find, cause to run this beaut you gotta be nuts.

Dave was at Houghton's Pond and I saw a few runners loitering in the parking lot and as we approached, I asked if this was the start of the race.

"Race?" one guy said.

"Yeah, around Blue Hill, on the Sky Line Trail" I say.

With a look like he just swallowed a bug, he replied "never heard of it".

"Not crazy enough" I thought, got back in the car and headed for the Ski Area.

Turning in, I immediately spotted the crazy people:

Skinny males, naked to the waist with the wimin folk not wearing much more.

Loosening up, stretching, lost in their own little worlds, not saying much, preparing for the onslaught to come.

Dave and I arrive at the registration table. It's early, an hour till the start, and I jokingly ask: "Is this where we sign up for the 5K fun run?" "Oh sure! race starts in hour, face painting and balloon tying after the race, sign up right here" the woman said with a wicked grin on her face.

"My kind of people" I said to myself.

As the start time of 8am approached, folks started streaming in. It turns out that this is only one race in a series of races this year The "Grand Tree 2005" fronted by the Western Mass. Athletic Club. And folks are competing for points. I told a small group about the Hockomock Swamp Rat Grand Pricks Series and some had heard of it. That is when I heard the term "Roadie" and it was not used affectionately either. Like the way some southern cracker uses the "N" word. Dave and I were in the midst of "Trail Runners" and the thought of mere road races was repugnant. I saw more than a few disdainful looks again.

At the start, the race organizer was going over a few last minute details, stuff like "Don't get lost" "Poison Ivy/Oak", "Rattle Snakes", "First Aid", oh yeah, "Course markings", "Water Stops" and... "Let's keep it friendly out there". That got my attention.

"What?" I said.

"What'd he say?" I repeat.

"He means no pushing and shoving," answered a grizzled old man next to me.

"Is that really necessary?" I say.

"You'll see" was the reply.

"What the hell am I getting my self into" I think.

He looks me up and down, thinking to himself "Roadie".

A few folks around now picking up on the conversation.

"Rocks, mud, blood and bruises" another said. A few laughed with particularly evil leers, Like I was some sacrifice or something.

Creepy.

The day was perfect, cloudless, it had rained Friday night hard and the ground was soft. With a shout we were off.

The start of the race was straight up the main ski slope and angling over to the right, south to the Accord Path along Route138 to pick up the Sky Line Trail heading east over Blue Hill (elevation 635ft). I was startled by the fact that the front runners angrily pushed and elbowed each other in the launch and seemingly floated up the incline bereft of gravity. I slowly fell in line, last, marveling at the energy given off by the group.

I entered this race on a lark but these folks were all business.

Watching the runners ahead I quickly picked up on the fact that you can only pass in very small areas and when the opportunity presented itself, you had to jump, sprint to exhaustion, then fall in line again. Then see an opening, cut, pass the slower runner, sprint, fall in line again, repeat. Onto Sky Line Trail, essentially a rock outcropping, slick with mud.

Not ¾ of a mile into this and I was found myself getting into it.

Starting out dead last, I quickly shouldered passed a dozen runners and was now finding my main competition. Over Blue and straight down the back side over boulders and rocks and roots, skirting along the south side of Wolcott Hill east to Houghton Hill and even a steeper grade up.

The day was cloudless and heating up fast. Sweating profusely I battled on passing and being passed down to the State Police Barracks and across the road, to a much needed water-stop, onto the Bugbee Path. Ahead a runner slows, I

shout “follow the arrows”, a sharp right and we’re headed back to the road, this segment of the path is also the return and we screwed up, we quickly get turned around, the guys pissed at me, steams ahead, the path is flat and it’s a “Roadies” terrain, I fly by the guy and put the hammer down quickly passing three more. Bugbee Path is little more than a mile and a quarter fire road, I quickly make up time.

Almost running into Route 28, the course turns north onto a short segment of Forest Path and it’s back west on Sky Line Trail, straight up the spine of Buck Hill (elevation 496ft) third tallest next to its neighbor Chickatawbut Hill (517ft) further to the east. Buck Hill is when the darkness descends. Half way through the race, this section decimates more than one runner, I dig in and spy fellow Wednesday night runner Jim Pike ahead and begin to reel him in. Suddenly he stops to catch his breath and I make my move passing him quickly to get some distance between us.

Jim recognizes me and quickly sets to the chase.

Popping out of the trees on Buck Hill reveals a 360 degree view and I pause, Jim seizes the moment and flashes by bounding down the slick rock terrain with abandon. I dig in and give chase, another runner closes in behind me sensing my slowness at the top but I shake him off and literally leap down, over mossy damp rocks pushing off of tree limbs to keep balance to elbow past Jim, who’s bent over stopped. We begin the ascent to the top of Tucker Hill, another panoramic view and back down into the forest.

One thing I forgot to mention was the insect life in these parts and their uncanny ability to zone in on shirtless runners in their pursuit for a blood meal. I covered myself in Deep Woods Off, the highest concentration of DEET available and wound up tasting the stuff the whole race, yecch.

Past Tucker Hill and even further down and back to the return short leg on the Bugbee Path, water-stop and across the road to North Sky Line Trail, straight up over broken bare rock to Hancock Hill. A quick look at the view, Jim shoves past and it’s the two of us alone to battle it out. I catch him at a wide spot, with two hands shove him into the bramble and sumac to put on a big sprint ignoring the twisted ankles and filthy muddy hands, body and face from scrambling on all fours over the rain-soaked trails.

I wanted him gone.

Jim sensed my anger and dug in not letting up quickly regaining ground.

Now the trail goes up to Hemenway Hill for a look even further in the distance to the towers atop Blue Hill, Christ! A half mile away! But it seemed like two miles. There was a lot of forest in between. It’s hot now, matted in sweat, dirt, and smashed bug bodies, it looked like I’ve spent a week out here.

At this point Jim and I strike a truce figuring our survival depended on it to get us out of here.

We emerge at various points along the trail to startled day hikers, by the looks of their eyes, surely they thought their lives were over, beaten and raped by these two escaped convicts eluding the police by scrambling into the dense forest.

Together we surge past the swamp with the most voracious deer flies around and onto the ascent of Blue Hill. Now if you have ever walked this part of the trail you’d have a hard time. Jim and I were check to jowl running it. I sensed that Jim was toast and gave a mighty push up catching two exhausted runners near the top, and with a final push, heave past them onto Eliot Circle around the crown of Blue Hill. Then Jim lurches past, evens out and picking up steam leaves me in the dust, nothing left in the tank to respond. I wobble on as the two other runners stagger past. West onto the ski trail it’s a mad dash to the finish, Jim bounding down the trail and the two others Dan Sullivan and Scott Turner closing in on him. I quickly glance over my shoulder to see two more guys: Rex Miscovitch and John Loring I passed long ago quickly closing in on me. The f- with that, I dig in and pick up my knees chest high, arms out beside me and bound down the ski run like the filthy near naked animal I was, arms flailing to keep balance, a sprint to the finish and collapse near an ice bucket holding cold juice packs.

“You want me to pour that on you?” Dave Hodgson- Grand poobah of the Friends of the Blue Hills says.

“Huh” I reply quickly trying to regain some civility and command of the English language.

“No thanks, I’m okay” I respond, picking myself up off the dirt slope in front of the lodge. I look to Dave M. sitting there. “Wuh?” thinking he finished ahead of me.

“I got lost and popped out on Canton Ave.” He says.

“Oh” I say, “Lets get out of here”.

Now, if you find yourself thinking "I want to try this"...You’re bleeping nuts! And that’s a good thing! So get off the computer and run...Roadie.

*(A Postscript from John Goldrosen: first, let me make one thing perfectly clear, as Dick Nixon would say: the Houghton’s Pond Trail Race is NOT run on the Skyline Trail!!! And now you know why! Ed was too kind to mention that Rick Hayes and I were also in the race field this year...but I wouldn’t say that we “ran” the race. I walked (or crawled)*

*the uphill, walked (or slid down) the even more treacherous downhill, and ran the brief “flat” sections. Rick and I spent the race in the company of legendary 75-year-old trail runner **Richard Busa** of the Greater Framingham Running Club. Heading uphill with Busa was like that scene in “Treasure of Sierra Madre” where old prospector **Walter Huston** scampers up the mountain, leaving **Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt** with tongues dragging. Busa was just as fast and fearless on the downhill, especially the last dash down the ski slope. In the end (and I do mean “end”), it was Busa, Rick Hayes, and myself, bringing up the rear. Yep, for the first time in my life, I finished dead last in a race. In fact, I may have set a record for the slowest time ever in the history of the race. So...who wants to join me next year??)*

## **REALITY RUNNING—By Bill Bolter**

My running experience mirrors the latest reality TV shows----- “Big Fat Loser”, “The Amazing Race”, “Lost” and “Survivor”. My entire life I’ve battled weight problems. As a child, I was constantly mocked by other children. To this day I still have painful memories of being called “Balloon”, “Porka” and “Two-Ton”. It was so embarrassing. Then adulthood came and the weight stayed. Time after time I tried to lose the pounds. Twice I lost over 70 lbs only to see it quickly return (“Big Fat Loser”).

My first exposure to running came when my youngest daughter decided to run track in high school. I would accompany her to an outdoor track for training sessions, acting as her timer. I would sit on the sidelines eating doughnuts and smoking cigarettes while yelling at her to run faster. What’s wrong with that picture? Then my oldest daughter, **Amy Federico**, decided to also take up running. She was awesome. She started out with baby steps and gradually worked her way up from a 5K to a 10K and finally to a half-marathon. I can’t tell you how proud I was seeing her complete those races and fulfill her dreams. I said to myself----- “one day I would love to run a race.” As time passed I found myself saying this over and over again. Finally I decided to walk a 5K. It took me 72 minutes to finish and 5 months to recover. Are you starting to get the picture of what kind of condition I was in?

In June, 2004 I finally decided to give real running a try. I and my two daughters entered the Hollis PTO 5K in Braintree (“Amazing Race”). I will never forget that day. I was so damn scared. A fat, middle-aged, chain smoking guy trying to run in a competitive race with real athletes? Anyway, shortly after the start of the race I found myself having to stop and walk. But, I didn’t quit. I had prided myself in instilling in my daughters never to quit. So, I kept going. I wasn’t going to be a hypocrite. Along the route I met up with another rear-of-the-packer. We got to talking. He was a former POW who had already survived cancer and two heart attacks. Amazingly, he had already completed 4 marathons! I never even got his name but he stayed with me the entire way, urging me onward and trying to inspire me. I remember him saying “Bet you’d like a smoke now, wouldn’t you?” He and I alternately ran, walked and ran again the rest of the way. The Hollis 5K finishes with a lap around the ¼ mile track. We decided to cross the Finish Line running. But, 50 yards from home I looked around for my new friend only to see he was behind me. “You go ahead,” he said, “I don’t want you to finish last in your first race.” So, I finished in 44:37 with tears streaming down my face. For me it was a dream come true. Not only had I accomplished my dream but I had also met a friend (or was he an angel?) for life. Even though I don’t even know his name and may never see him again, I will never ever forget him.

One year later I now have ten 5Ks and four Winter Fun runs under my belt. My most memorable race? It had to be my infamous attack of the Abington Winter Fun Run Course. Once again I found myself trailing the pack. Somehow, I missed a turn sign, went the wrong direction and strayed some 5 miles off course (“Lost”)! Search parties were dispatched to look for me. Luckily, a sympathetic police officer came to my rescue and provided a ride back to the Starting Line.

Today I continue to pursue my dream of running. I am proud beyond words to be a member of a Running Club. I proudly wear the colors, the jackets, the sweatshirts, etc. I carry my membership card everywhere I go. I love to run in races and now I even beat a few runners to the Finish Line. At home I keep a shrine of sorts as testimony to all of my races----- pictures, bib #s, times, etc. It may sound corny, but it is something that I will forever be so damn proud of (“Survivor”).

So, I will continue to run, each and every time thinking of that angel of a man who guided me in my first race. This year I finished Hollis in 34:44, a 10 minute improvement from my first attempt. My next dream is to tackle a 5-Miler. I want to thank all who have helped me and encouraged me, especially my wife and daughters. I love you all.

## MEMBER PROFILE

*(Ed.'s Note from Dave Morrison: This edition of our Newsletter contains our first "Member Profile." Gail Martin graciously agreed to be spotlighted first. We had a blast putting this together, far more fun than either of us expected. Hope you enjoy it!)*

### **Gail Martin**

Age: 40

Marital Status: Married to CRR member Dave Martin

Favorite Food: Homemade pesto pasta w/shrimp, olives, tomatoes and goat cheese

Favorite Ice Cream: Ben & Jerry's Peanut Butter Cup or Crescent Ridge Grapenut

Favorite Book: "Tuesdays with Morrie" by Mitch Album

Favorite Music: It changes with the wind. I like rock, soft rock and new age.

Best Attribute: I'm tenacious.

Worst Habit: I'm a nail biter.

Person you'd most like to meet: Oprah, because she has the influence and ability to get things done.

Other Interests/Hobbies: I like to write. This summer I've been working on my first fiction novel----- the first draft is now complete!!

Most Embarrassing Moment: The Lake Winni Relay sometime in the 80's. I was in hot pink running tights (all the rage in the 80's) and suddenly realized that I needed to use the woods. I looked in all directions to see if it was "safe" to do so. I ducked into the trees. No sooner had I "assumed the position" than some guy ran by and yelled, "Are you okay, Gail?" Well, E-r-r-r, Ah-h-h, yes, save for the embarrassment I was doing much better, thank you very much!

How Many Marathons Run: 50+

Best Race: My 30th marathon, The New Hampshire Marathon in Bristol, New Hampshire at age 32. I was the first female finisher with a time of 3:26 and even took home \$300 in prize money.

Triathlons: I've done several. In 1987 I did the Cape Cod Endurance Triathlon (yes, full Ironman distance) and qualified for the Hawaiian Ironman. So, in 1988 I did the Hawaii Ironman and finished in the 50<sup>th</sup> percentile across the board.

Training Regimen: I run 4-6 times weekly, averaging 30 miles, but I will peak at 60 miles for marathon training. I do yoga 1-4 times weekly.

Advice to aspiring runners: Accept where you are, be gentle on yourself and love what you do.

*So, what kind of journey is it that leads from being "athletically ungifted" as a child to competing in World Class Triathlons and winning marathons as an adult? We need look no further than to CRR's own Gail Martin for the answer.*

The former Gail Heinrich grew up in Bedford, Massachusetts. As an adolescent she was barely able to pass the old Presidential Fitness Test. When it came to team sports, she was always placed on a team by default. You know, after all of the "desired" players were selected there was always a group of "undesirables" left over who were evenly distributed among the teams. Gail was always an undesirable.

Gail was a tall girl. Because of that school officials pushed her toward basketball. Only problem was that Gail detested basketball. In her own words, "anything that involved dribbling couldn't be pretty"! She dreamed of playing softball and even tried out for the high school softball team. Her coach had a drill that consisted of hitting a pitched ping-pong ball with a stick. Gail couldn't master this skill and so was cut from the team. Hey, what the heck, just another shattered adolescent dream! Having been pushed away from what she really wanted to do (softball) and toward what she didn't want to do (basketball) still bothers Gail. As she says, "it's a shame that many youth mentors take desire away from kids because of their own desire."

In any event, Gail bounced back and in her sophomore year ventured into the world of running by trying out for the cross-country team. Hey, the good thing about cross-country is that they'll take any warm, willing body. You don't have to try out. You want to run--you're on the team, no questions asked. During the summer months, before school began, Gail plunged head first into running. She had promise and the coach took notice and provided her with a lot of individual attention. Gail was pumped over the course of the summer with hopes of making the varsity squad in her first attempt.

Then school started. Several freshman “naturals,” unseen during the summer months, suddenly appeared. The coach’s attention diverted away from Gail to the incoming “naturals.” Alas, Gail was eventually bumped back to the JV squad and the wind was taken out of her sails. Disenchanted and unmotivated she morphed into the team clown rather than a serious competitor. Often she would leave the coach scratching his head and her teammates laughing at her antics. For example, during team repeats on the golf course Gail would literally roll down the hills! The following year saw Gail not running at all. She took a part-time job at the local TJ Maxx store and enjoyed the fruits of a regular paycheck at the expense of extra-curricular high school sports.

Gail’s college years began at SMU/Dartmouth where she lived in a suite with 12 other women--two to a room. It wasn’t a pretty picture. She wasn’t prepared for the level of intensity, competition, cattiness and just plain nastiness that she now found herself facing. This is when she began going to the gym just to get away from it all. Here, she began lifting weights. Soon, many of the veteran weightlifters began offering advice and giving her pointers. She lifted every day and got much, much stronger--and she liked the feeling.

Back home that summer, Gail secured employment at Hanscom Air Force Base and played a lot of softball with the Hanscom AFB Varsity Team. Although she got to attain her old dream of playing softball, it came with a price tag. It seems that part of the softball tradition also included requisite beer drinking. Gail joined in that summer, doing more 12 oz. curls than hitting and fielding, and by summer’s end had become soft and flabby. One good thing did come of that summer, however. One of the male players Gail became acquainted with was also a runner. He used to brag about running 5 miles daily. Still, at summer’s end Gail was disgusted with herself and vowed never to let herself get that out of shape again. She’s proud that till this day--some 21 years later, she has remained true to her vow.

Back at school she immediately recommitted to the weight room and augmented this by incorporating running into her daily regimen. At first, this out-of-shape 19-year-old couldn’t even run four laps around the track. Disgusted and determined, she eventually worked her way up to a daily run of three miles to augment the weight training. In the Spring her running softball teammate from Hanscom called her to tell her that he was going to run in a 10K race in Peabody. Gail wanted in. She ran, attached to a Walkman for the only time in her life, and finished in just a tad over 50 minutes. Better yet, she won some little trinket for a top-10 finish and actually beat her braggart softball teammate. She was now hooked on running and went home that day elated and looking forward to her next race.

The following summer saw Gail immerse herself full throttle into triathlon training. In her own words, “I became a training animal.” She took on each triathlon discipline as an individual challenge to overcome her fears and weaknesses. Within two years she completed the Cape Cod Endurance Triathlon and had qualified for the Hawaiian Ironman Triathlon. She was just 22 and had come a long, long way from being an “undesirable.” As noted at the outset of this profile, Gail went to Hawaii the following year and completed the Ironman, finishing in the top 50 percentile in all three disciplines.

In 1991 Gail enrolled at the Muscular Therapy Institute, and by July 1992 opened her own Massage Practice in Lexington where she stayed for the next 8 years. She hung up her triathlon years because of the difficulty of running a business and training for so many disciplines. She kept to her running because that’s where her roots were.

Gail says that she is thankful that she decided to keep running because that’s what brought her and her now hubby, **Dave Martin**, together. Cambridge Fire Fighter and runner **Manny Arruda** introduced Gail to fellow fire fighter Dave Martin of Sharon at the East End Club 5-Mile Road Race in 1997. Gail says that from her perspective it may not have been love at first sight, but it was definitely love within the first 10 minutes! The rest of this episode in her life is history.

Gail has now run over 50 marathons. A friend of hers told her that she needed to have enough marathons under her belt to match her age. Right now Gail is banking her marathons so that in the future she can let her age catch up!

Of course Gail’s most memorable marathon was her winning one--the New Hampshire Marathon in Bristol, NH at age 32. It was a tough course topographically. Gail knew that going in. She had done her homework. The marathon was run simultaneously with a 10K. So, at the outset of the race you couldn’t tell who was running which race. Gail says that after the 10K turnaround there were 2 women running ahead of her idly chatting away. She remembers thinking how foolish they were to be wasting energy like that knowing the difficulty of the course ahead. By mile 8 she passed those women. Then, she began to wonder if she was the lead woman? Mile 11 passed through a small, small town named Hebron where approximately 11 people were cheering the runners on. It was here that she was informed that she was in the lead. Still, she knew that there were 15.2 hilly miles to go. She knew she had to try to keep her head together and remain calm. Then, there was an out-and-back section. So, on the way out she got to see the lead runners (including her new love, Dave) coming back. This energized Gail. At mile 16 she still was still in the lead. “A lot can happen in 10 miles” she said to a running buddy as he passed her by. And a lot did happen. Suddenly she saw Dave up ahead. Could she possibly be running well enough to be making up ground on Dave? This seemed surreal. Could it really be happening? Well, somehow it did happen. As she passed by Dave she handed him her gel and he shouted to her to “Go”!

From there on in, Gail says she just kept running and running and running. No doubt about it, the stars were aligned just right this day. When she came around the final turn she saw the Race Officials stretching out the tape across the Finish Line. For the first time in her life she got to break it!!! Her time? 3:26!! As a postscript to this story, Gail says that a few weeks later Dave posted his PR at the Cape Cod Marathon with a time of 3:13!!


So, that's the journey, at least up to this point, for the non-athletic softball wannabe, turned triathlete, turned marathoner. Like most memorable journeys, it has been taken on the road less traveled. And still---she has miles to go.

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