

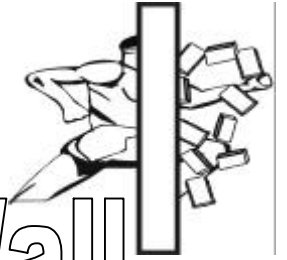
August 2008



Greater New Bedford Track Club

www.gnbtc.org

The Wall



If You Are a Runner Come In



**Greater New Bedford Track Club
P.O. Box 1209
New Bedford, Ma. 02741**

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Membership in the GNBTC is open to all.

Dues \$15/Year individual \$20/Year family.
Check to: GNBTC
Send to: Ann Russo
36 Mosher Street
Dartmouth, Ma. 02748

News/Articles/Results/Comments to: news@gnbt.org
Deadline for news and results, 25th of each month.

Newsletter published February—December

On The Cover:
Dave Bancroft and his son at the summit
of Mt Rainier

**President's Message
Couple's Run**

See Dick run see Jane run, if you didn't. You were not present at the **Couple's Run**, held at the Greater New Bedford Regional Airport on Wednesday July 9. Ten couples with the fastest combined times were



given awards for their efforts. A grand total of forty participants with thirty of them as partners competed. Congratulations to Michelle Robert-Britto and Kevin Silva for their first place finish with a combined time of 32:04.

Of course, 'MYSTERY' trophies were also presented to a half dozen mystified recipients. (Why I did not receive one has left me totally perplexed.) Thanks to Joanne and Mark Rodrigues, Joan Sparrow, New Bedford Regional Airport, New Bedford's Finest, volunteers, participants, and all who took part in this unique event. 'Merci' to our sponsors Amaral's Linguica & Chourico and Rodrigues Brothers Service & Towing for making this runapalooza-pairing event possible.

We Remember...

This year's **Steven Leo's Scoot** will take place Wednesday, August 27. It will be held in conjunction with our middle of the week time trials/fun runs at the Greater New Bedford Regional Airport. We begin our 'flight' at 6:30 pm. This year's edition of **Steven's Leo's Scoot**, will once again, be held in memory of our dearly departed club members Steven Rodeillat, Peter Ryan and Mike Salmon. All participants will receive a token of remembrance for attending some of our weekly sessions and taking part in this annual event. The only requirement being that we must receive your application before August 24 in order to qualify. We will be taken post entries race day until 6:00 pm. This event will bring down the curtain to our weekly Wednesday night sessions. (Twenty-one years, no way.)

Everyone loves to eat out...

(Continued on page 3)

President's Message

(Continued from page 2)

A reminder: Our club's annual picnic will be held on Sunday, September 14 at Fort Phoenix in the quaint town of Fairhaven. This family-orientated fun day will commence immediately following the Fort Phoenix 5k Road Race. So bring your running shoes and appetites. Hope to see you all there.

Upcoming GNBTC Events

November 9 – **GNBTC Spooner 10k Road Race**

10:00 A.M. – Buttonwood Park Senior Center (New Bedford)

Try to patronize our advertisers, for they play a major role in the publishing of our club's newsletter. Thank you.

Make this a special day. Utilize your running shoes.

Watch your step out there.

Track Club Singlets Available
Contact Donald Dayton
ddayton380@earthlink.net



Track Hazards

Last month I was doing sprints at the UMD track when a middle aged man came up to me and produced a dozen bobby pins he had removed from the track. I have noticed an increase in the number of bobby pins around the track and occasionally I will remove one or two from the oval. The guy with the handful of pins seemed obsessed with ridding the track of all of the offending metal demons.

Now, I understand that girls need to look nice when they work out. Track is the only sport where the two sexes can train together in a team atmosphere. I remember a local high school track coach warning that the number of track athletes would drop precipitously when fees were charged for participation. His theory was that 75% of the participants were there to socialize with their friends and were not serious about the sport.

Anyway, here is this guy with the handful of bobby pins and he is walking the track looking for more. I asked the man if he thought it would be a good idea to restrict the girls to the two outside lanes. "Marvelous," he said. "What about painting the lanes pink?" I asked. This seemed to make him quite happy. "They will have to be a little wider too," he said. I didn't even want to go there so I walked away and the guy continued his search... And so it goes.

Silverfox

Training

GNBTC Group Runs

Sunday Striders

Sunday Mornings 8:00am

Buttonwood Park Senior Center

8, 10, 13, & 15 mile loops available.

Maps available on the yahoo group.

Thursday Night Runs

Buttonwood Park Senior Center

5:00pm Warm-up run

5:30pm 6 mile run

Be safe, please bring a safety vest!!

Other Track Clubs

Upcoming Races

registration (no extra fee) is available at needtorace.com. For more information, call Melanie Cahill at (401) 741-9708

Cuddy's Corner



I now know how the Invisible Man must feel now since I did both the Mattapoisett Fourth of July race and the Lions Club triathlon there just two weeks later but despite finishing both of them you will search in vain for my name in the

results.

In the road race it was my own fault since I pinned on my number but forgot about the chip that was supposed to be attached to my ankle. They had over 1000 entries in Mattapoisett this year, a record, so it is understandable that they would go to the chip system. The result of the new technology is that the race number has become a mere adornment and serves no longer serves any real purpose. In the years ahead we shall probably look back with nostalgia at photos of ourselves wearing race numbers in the same way we look today at the pictures of 1960's runners wearing the weird shoes of yesteryear.

Well I did get my time as I crossed the line in 35.50 but the clock at the Mile 1 split was exactly 60 seconds slow and it was telling me I did a 6.00 minute mile. The sky would have been black with flying pigs if that were the case.

It's amazing how many people run Mattapoisett every year. It's not a great race for runners in comparison to many others in the area although they seemed to have put out a lot more fruit this year for the runners. It's a fairly tough course also with all the turns and a few sneaky little uphill at various stages.

In the triathlon there were no chips but I was unable to get a number because the start time was posted on the town bulletin board as 8.30 whereas the tri was actually scheduled to start at 8.00. I had been driving past that board on Route 6 every day for a week and the irony is that seeing it was basically what persuaded me to do the tri.

As I rolled up at 8 a.m. with the brand new tires on my bike I was dismayed to see a group of people running into the water. The first wave had just left!

Then they wouldn't let me register even though there were at least six waves and less than 200 entrants in

the field.

Well I was not going to let that stop me so I lined up numberless with my age group and off I went. If you have never done a triathlon this is a good one to get your feet wet, no pun intended. The swim is not too arduous especially when the tide is low, as it was this year. I remember walking out towards the first buoy and looking down at a guy next to me flailing away in a full wetsuit, swimming cap and goggles as I strolled right past him. That was a bit unusual.

The toughest part of the whole thing is hopping off the bike and trying to get your legs to follow orders. You can command them to get moving but they seem to be stuck in that rotating mode that comes after some sustained and frantic pedaling. The first half-mile of the run is basically an act of will until the leg muscles regain the memory of running.

With a wave start and relay teams you never really know where you are in the field in comparison to other events. I know I finished the bike leg just seconds in front of the overall winner and he did it in 51 minutes but I don't know how many minutes he started in front of me. Not that it matters. I showed up and I did it even if I didn't get the t-shirt.

In other matters I presume everyone has heard the New Bedford half marathon has passed to the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick as the old race committee steps aside. Let's hope this means that the future of the event is now secure and we can all look forward to running it as long as our legs hold out.

GNBTC Message Board

Stay connected with other track club members. Special announcements, group runs, Phil Chase race photos, and much more. Email and non-email options available.

Subscribe: gntbc-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Post message: gntbc@yahoogroups.com

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gntbc-owner@yahoogroups.com



<http://groups.yahoo.com>

Runnin Arizona

Union Street, New Bedford, MA has a hill up from the harbor and the New Bedford half sports a couple around Mt Vernon and at mile 12 on County Street. These hills are sufficient to slow down one's pace somewhat, especially late into the run or race. There's another little hill on Hix Bridge road where two elderly gentlemen used to be seen puffin' and pantin' and dreamin' of yesteryear on Wednesday mornin's. These two elderly gentlemen once took a ride up North to a "mountain" race where the more elderly one got his butt severely kicked. The Boston marathon also prides itself on its undulations, especially the Newton hills which are to be found between miles 16 and 21. Flatlanders wine about these trivial challenges. Whereas MA has hills, AZ has mountains. Also MA has rain and gentle warmth but AZ has desert heat and occasional violent monsoons. Phoenix, AZ is down in the valley, where the mercury can rise to 120⁰. Prescott is at 5000', Flagstaff at 7000' and Mt Humphrey tops out at 12633'. Now aviators learn all about lapse rate and will be quick to tell you that, under normal circumstances, the temperature goes down 3.6⁰F for each 1000'. Also the air is "thinner" – standard pressure at sea level is 22.92in.Hg. but this pressure drops about 1" per 1000'. The physiological result of these geographical factors is that one gets less oxygen per gulp and needs more red blood cells to push the good stuff to one's legs. The performance effect is that one runs more slowly in the mountains until one's body adapts. The good news is that when one travels from the mountains to the lowlands one becomes an awesome spectacle. That is, if age and senility don't get in the way.

My morning run takes me around two golf courses – the narrower North Course and the newer and wider South Course. There are New Bedford-like hills on these courses and the perimeter distance is about 5 miles. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I run clockwise and on Tuesdays and Thursdays I unwind. The trick is to do this at the crack of dawn before the golfers emerge from their retirement homes. I must mention that as wisdom comes with age, seniors flock



Brian Peacock

to the Prescott climate and ambience. In winter, when the frost is on the ground I must keep to the roads and paths or risk the wrath of the green keeper who is very protective of his treated grey water lush green grass. On an average day I find three or four golf balls and once I found a dozen. After three years, I now have hundreds of these white and sometimes

yellow nuggets sitting in wicker baskets all around my house.

Saturday often takes me around the airport and up a hill for a seven mile out and back. Alternatively I do a six miler around the beautiful Willow Lake or a 10k along the Brownlow trail in Pioneer Park. Now this last mentioned trail has hills. One needs to add about 10 minutes to ones 10k time. Lately I have run on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings with members of the local running club – the Mountain Milers (check out www.MountainMilers.com.) Surprisingly I didn't come across this group until just recently although they have been around for a few years. A motley crew. The leader of the gang is about 6'6" and regularly runs ultra marathons, he is planning to do the annual Man against Horse 50 miler here in October; we also have a young school teacher who ran in the Olympic Trials, her husband is a Southwest Airlines pilot who also kicks a sprightly heel. Then we have a meteorology student / pilot who recently ran a respectable Boston and an aerospace student / pilot who is going to fly in the Navy. Then there is a school teacher who just rode his bike 1800 miles to Minnesota, with his dog. And there is the Staples manager whose excuse this morning was that he had to go gold panning. And a fifty some little lady who is about to do her first marathon – at St Georges. The good news is that these are all virgins – they haven't heard my stories before. What could be more fun than listening to your own voice all the way through a long run; well not exactly all the way – just until these talented thin air breathers run ahead?

The other day we had to jump over a rattlesnake on the picturesque Peavine Trail, which meanders past the beautiful Watson Lake and through magnificent granite outcrops – a photographer's paradise. We also see

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Arizona

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havalinas – ugly looking wild pigs – and rabbits, antelope in herds of 50 or more and all sorts of birds, including the occasional bald eagle. I haven't actually seen a bald eagle here but there was a photograph in the paper, so that counts. Neither have I seen mountain lions, but there are warning notices on the trail and our lengthy leader recalls seeing one basking in the sun. After the summer rains the flowers are magnificent. All sizes and colors – white, yellow, purple, mauve, crimson, blue and maroon. Mostly the skies are clear blue, but from time to time they are flecked with fluffy white clouds and the occasional angry towering cumulus. The surrounding mountains provide navigation targets for pilots. Granite Mountain to the west shows many shades depending on the sun and the San Francisco Peaks to the north carry beautiful snow caps through the winter and spring. The magnificent sunrises and sunsets have been painted by artists for centuries.

Come and visit soon, I have a spare set of golf clubs. Bring your cameras and sunscreen, snake bite medicine and lowlanders lungs. If you're lucky you may get to ride in the back seat of a 172 over the red rocks of Sedona.

Bill O'Mara
By: Don Cuddy

Bill O'Mara from Bristol RI may have just turned 50 last month but remains a fierce competitor and, even after thirty years of lacing up his running shoes, can still outrun most runners half his age.

Although he has been in the track club from its earliest days when it got started back in 1978 he may be unfamiliar to many of the today's younger members since he does not appear at many races these days, having shifted his primary focus to the bicycle.

"Larry Finnerty, Marty Flinn and a guy named Teddy Silvia who owned a place called the Sports Garden in the North End got the club going," he said.

Bill was last seen at a club event when he showed up for the Bagel Run in April although it was a brief appearance. Most of us only saw the back of his head as he disappeared into the distance.

Despite this period of relative 'inactivity' nowadays Bill still logs 50 miles on the road every week and is part of an old timers group that runs at 5 a.m. Tuesday

from UMass and on Thursday from the McDonalds on Hathaway Road. He also finds the time to log around 150 more on the bike in the summer.

Raised in Acushnet he started running with John Braun, of JB Race and remembers how competitive the Sunday morning runs from Buttonwood Park used to be.

"In the early 80's we had about twenty runners going out from there every week and it was just brutal. They were some savage runs with guys like Rick Hinckley, a former president way back when, and Paul Foster who ran 10K's in the low 30's," he said.

"It's a different scene now. It's a lot more social now and less competitive. I can remember running 33 in a 10K and just cracking the top ten. What 10k are you not going to win today with a 33?"

The group focus in those days was mostly on the marathon, he remembers.

"We started with our base in December to prepare for Boston and then you'd run a Fall marathon. We did that for years and years."

All of the training certainly paid off. Today Bill has run "fifty-plus" marathons and has a marathon PR of 2.38, achieved at Boston no less. Bill's other PR's on the road include 15.15 for 5K and a 10K in 31.50

He has also raced numerous trail races over the years and can reel off the names- "Toby, Soapstone, Nipmuck, Escarpment, Seven Sisters, Savoy Mountain."

"I won the New England Trail Runner series one year but nobody knows that except me," he said. "The magazine went out of business before they published the final results

Guidelines for formatting articles for the newsletter.

If possible use Microsoft Word.

Use Times New Roman font (12 point size).

Do not indent first line in paragraph.

Use one space between paragraphs. I will set the proper spacing when I get the article.

Send mail to news@gnbt.org.

These are only guidelines, and if you use another program feel free to do so.

Mount Rainier – A Different Kind Of Heartbreak Hill

By Dave Bancroft

All men dream, but not equally. Those who dream by night, in the dusty recesses of their minds, awake in the day to find that it was vanity. But the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes to make it reality. T.E. Lawrence

The Impetus. Last winter the Discovery Channel was broadcasting a series called Everest: Beyond the Limit Season 2. I have always been intrigued with the thought of climbing Mt. Everest. Maybe it's the attraction of the neat technical gear like crampons and ice axes, maybe because it's the highest place on Earth, or maybe as George Mallory (who died trying to climb it 1924) once said in response to the question of why climb it, "Because its There". (The same response works when your friends ask you why you run Boston). I was hooked on the series and so was my 24-year-old son, Jared.

Each week a new episode aired, documenting the trials and tribulations of the featured climbers as they got closer and closer to the 29,029' summit. Images of dead climbers, frozen eternally into the landscape of Mt. Everest, were often broadcast to show how dangerous an undertaking this was. For those who made it to the top, the price was often one of frostbitten toes, fingers, and noses. But after each episode my son and I talked about what went on and how wild it would be to climb what the Nepalese call Sagarmatha, the mother of the sky.

A quick bit of research quickly put a damper on climbing to the top of the world. A guided climb costs roughly \$65,000 and can take up to 72 days due to the time needed to acclimate to the altitude. Since neither of us had 65 grand laying around or 2+ months of vacation time, I set my sights lower. Since we wanted to experience climbing conditions similar to Everest (glaciers, crevasses, and the need for an ice axe!) without having to take out a second mortgage, I zoomed in on something half the size: Mt. Rainier in Washington. And I read that Mt. Rainier, at 14,410', has long been considered the premier training ground for Alaskan and the Himalayan expeditions. Heck, I reasoned, I've seen Mt. Rainier before while on business trips to Seattle - it looked pretty big but really, how hard could it be when the pace associated with mountain climbing

is measured in feet per hour!!

The Plan. As climbers with no experience, we knew we couldn't do it alone. There are numerous guide companies that operate on Mt. Rainier and I chose Rainier Mountaineering, Inc. (RMI) operating from Ashford, WA, just outside the Rainier National Park. They've been operating the longest, were started by Jack Whittaker, the first American to summit Mt. Everest, and had a webpage that was easy to use and contained lots of information. The programs offered ranged from 1-day mountaineering schools to 6-day expedition skills seminars. The programs were also marked by difficulty – 1 ice axe (easy) to 4 ice axes. Since we both decided that Rainier would not be our first and last mountain, I chose the 19 July Emmons Expedition Skills program, rated at 3 ice axes and described as

"a six-day program with emphasis on developing mountaineering skills while making a summit attempt on a classic Rainier route. This is the perfect trip for climbers interested in building their skills to take on the challenge of bigger peaks such as McKinley, Aconcagua or the Himalayas. This program consists of a Mountaineering Day School, a Technical Training Day and four days of expedition style climbing." www.rmiguides.com

With 7 plus months to train, piece of cake.

Much of the literature on training for mountain climbing focused on getting used to carrying a heavy pack. But with Boston in April, I figured I'd start the sport specific training in May, when the weather was warmer and the trails firmed up. We planned to hike up Mt. Washington a few times but lots of excuses and injuries got in the way. So my training consisted of running when I could (while nursing a groin injury) and lifting weights at the Y. My son took it a step further and wore a weighted backpack while walking on an elevated treadmill. We culminated our training on a bright Sunday morning, backpacks loaded with a few liters of water, beef jerky and a turkey sandwich, we climbed to the peak of the Blue Hills, all 635 feet of it!

Go West Young Man. We arrived at the SeaTac airport on Friday the 18th of July, rented a car, and began the 2-hour drive to Ashford. The weather was overcast

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Mount Rainier

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(not surprising), and the mountain was not in sight. My son later commented while driving back to Seattle on a perfectly clear day with Mt. Rainier looming large in the distance, that had he seen it that day we arrived he might not have agreed to climb it.

Around 3 pm we pulled into the Rainier base camp and checked into the Whittaker Bunkhouse, a no-frills, but clean motel located next door to RMI. We picked up our rental climbing gear and headed over to the retail shop to pick out our ice axe! Mountain climbing equipment is very expensive and since you don't know what the weather conditions will be you have to prepare for the worst and hope for the best. In terms of gear, buying such items as a down parka, Gore-Tex® jackets and pants, packs, boots and all the technical gear would have amounted to close to \$3000. Renting wound up being 1/5 the cost. The exception was the ice axe, which we both decided was a necessary memento of the trip.

Rainier. On the morning of the 19th we stuffed our packs for the Mountaineering School and met the other climbers and guides who would be joining us on our little adventure. There were eight climbers, including my son and I, and four guides. Our lead guide was Casey Grom, who in May had successfully climbed Mt. Everest for the second year in a row. The plan was to spend most of the day on the snowy slopes of a place called Paradise, located at the base of Mt. Rainier. As we drove up the winding roads of the National Park in the RMI van, we kept getting glimpses of the mountain. But it wasn't until we pulled into the parking lot of Paradise (5400') that we were confronted with the behemoth called Mt. Rainier, looking bigger in real life than any picture we had ever seen on the web. "Holy S#*t, what I have I got my son and I into."

We spent the day learning how to climb and descend with crampons, arresting a fall using our ice axe, and how to create several types of anchors to use if someone falls into a crevasse. During a break we looked up at the mountain and one of the guides pointed to a series of black dots about halfway up. Those dots were a group of climbers heading to the summit!

Sunday was spent at the base camp, learning various knots, tent assembly and how and what to pack for the 4 day climb. The rest of the day was spent climbing a rock wall and then a simulated ice wall using cram-

pons and specially designed ice axes.

The Climb. Monday the 21st we packed our gear into the RMI trailer and drove 2+ hours to the White River Campground located on the northeast side of the national park. Our climb would take us up to the Emmons glacier, located on the eastern portion of the mountain. With backpacks firmly attached, we started off on a hot, 4-mile, 4-hour hike through pristine forests (think Forest moon of Endor – speeder bike scene from Return of the Jedi), climbing from 4300' to our campsite on the snow of the inter-glacier at 6600'. We pitched tents, practiced avalanche training, melted snow for drinking water and called it a night.

Tuesday morning saw us strap on our crampons and rope up, three to a rope (1 guide, 2 climbers) for a 3-hour hike to Camp Shurman, a triangle shaped piece of rock that splits the Emmons and Winthrop Glaciers at an elevation of 9600'. Camp Shurman has a permanent (weather permitting) ranger station and an out-house complete with a solar powered ventilation system. My son complained that it was the foulest smelling place he had ever been in. Having frequented a number of Porto-Johns on hot summer race days, I disagreed. We pitched our tents amongst the rocks and sat there, above the clouds, staring up at the summit, a mere 5000' up and a mile away as the crow flies.

Summit Time. We awoke at midnight to a waning crescent moon, no wind, and air temperature in the high 30's. It was a perfect night for a climb. Like other snow/ice-covered mountains, the climbing is easier when the snow is hard, allowing your crampons to get a firm bite. I passed on breakfast (a decision I would later regret), the anxiety of the climb and potential danger too much to allow me to stuff down a bowl of oatmeal. At 1 am, with helmet lights ablaze, we started out, four groups of three, roped together for what turned out to be a 6.5 hour marathon to the top.

We have no pictures of the summit climb. It was too much work to pull out the camera during the breaks to be worth it. Plus it just didn't feel stable sitting on your pack on a slope that at times measured 45 degrees. At every rest break we put on our down parkas to try and retain some of the heat generated by the physical exertion. Because of the numerous crevasses and steep grades, the route meandered its way up the mountain, adding significantly to the distance traveled. We giant stepped across crevasses; trying not to stare

Mount Rainier

(Continued from page 8)

down into the glacial fractures whose depths seemed to be immeasurable. Fortunately you didn't have a lot of time to think about what would happen if you fell in because the rope would pull taut and the upward climb continued. We crossed over a number of snow bridges whose thickness belied their actual strength.

Around 12,500' I began to run out of energy, a direct result of not eating breakfast or snacking during the rest breaks. Our group of three, which was consistently following behind the lead group, started to fall back because of me. The last 2,000 feet of elevation seemed



Dave Bancroft

to take forever, with every turn revealing a false summit. Finally, at 7:30 am, we reached the summit of Mt. Rainier and stared down into the enormous crater. One often forgets that this mountain is an active volcano and a gentle reminder is the view of what's left of Mt. St. Helens to the south.

Descent from Hell. After spending a few moments on the top, I climbed down about 50' to get out of the wind and to rest and wait for the others. I stared down at the tiny spot of rock where we started and contemplated how in God's name would I ever get down. Unlike the finish of a marathon where you can just collapse on the bus ride home, home is still several thousand feet below. Perhaps a helicopter rescue would be in order!

None of the snacks I carried appealed to me, but I knew I had to eat. My son cajoled me to eat my GU packs, and to make them appetizing he told me to think of the gel as cake frosting since the cold temperature had thickened them. The frosting comparison worked and I successfully squeezed down a chocolate and vanilla GU. A while later we started the downward trek and for the first hour I held my own as our group of three maintained contact with the other climbers. But as the sun

warmed the snow and the GU wore off, I found it increasingly difficult to keep pace and we found ourselves slowly losing ground. Each step I took my heel would lose purchase and I'd slip and barely maintain

my balance. A number of times I fell over and just lay there, begging the guide for a few minutes of rest. But the guides will tell you that the longer you take coming down the harder it gets. So with an extra hour and a whole lot of profanity, we made it back to Camp Shurman in three hours and collapsed into our tents. I nearly broke into tears when Casey said to rest up for a couple of hours because we were to pack up our gear and

tents and move down to our first campsite.

But somehow I made it albeit at a very, very slow pace.

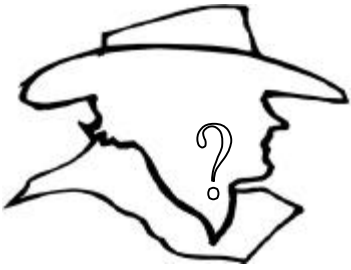
Retrospect. Looking back now, after my legs have stopped hurting, my energy level back to normal and my bruised big toe (from slamming into the boot during the descent) healing, I have to admit it was fun experience. I think my son agrees. But next time we'll be so much better prepared – realistic training, right food choices, and a two-man tent so we don't to listen to anyone snore but us!!

Most say that Mt. McKinley in Alaska is the next logical step. But at 20,320', freezing temperatures, unpredictable weather and about 20 days of hiking and climbing I'm not convinced. Maybe Mt. Elbrus (18,510') in Russia might a better alternative. Only 12 days and I've read that they use gondolas and a Snow Cat to get you to 15,000'. But the next adventure, if it happens, won't be until at least 2010 – we both need time to pay off the bills from this trip. And maybe we'll just stick to poking around the Blue Hills with our ice axes!!

To look at some of the pictures from the trip go to:

<http://flickr.com/photos/28974867@N03/>

Pushing the Envelope



LCM Webster

“Open immediately!” shouts the large red letters on the envelope. Perhaps fearing they have been too subtle, the marketers have added “Urgent!”

No it’s not – not even close, and the people who insist on trying to elevate junk mail to the status of a terrorist alert should be made to open a sackful of it very fast until they have paper cuts on all 10 fingers.

The world is tense enough without the mail crying, “Wolf!” But advertisers don’t seem to care as long as they break through the clutter and make the public look at the pitch – never mind that they’re also making people mad.

A person is tempted to dial the 800 number listed in red on the papers inside the envelope and announce that the whole packet has been tossed into the garbage – and that the one that arrived last month has yet to be opened and probably never will be because it is being used to swat flies.

But that would mean interacting with the enemy and might register on someone’s consumer meter as a “positive response,” which would bring more aggravating envelopes insisting that the contents are “Important” or “Very Important!” or “Time-Sensitive Material” and “Deliverable to Addressee Only!”

Responding to even more aggressive – and often lewd – electronic spammers can crowd the e-mail box faster than paper clutters the counter. So a person fights the impulse to send vitriol back via the “reply” button and simply fumes at the headers full of red exclamation points, blue fantasies, and directives to “Take Control Today!” or to “Call Us Now” – “We Have Your Money!”

The frustration with the cyber screamers is compounded when the badgered consumer accidentally spikes real mail from friends in the rush to get rid of the long column of phonies.

Whatever happened to the soft sell? Marketers just

The magazine subscription renewal notice on the kitchen counter looks like something from the Defense Department.

might get people’s attention a lot quicker with a whisper, if only because the public so rarely hears one – especially on those radio and TV car dealer spots that come from an echo chamber with a cranked-up volume.

How refreshing to hear an announcer doing a Fred Rogers: “The cars will be here whenever you are, friends and neighbors. So, relax.” People would probably be lined up the Auto Mile to get in.

And if that official-looking brown envelope advised the addressee to “Open whenever – this might be mildly interesting on a slow day, it could pique a person’s curiosity rather than provoke another fit in pique.

The pounded public would be grateful for a shred of understanding acknowledgment that life is often a real crisis – at work, at home, in the city, and in the world. Keeping up with what’s vital is hard enough without being distracted by people who would tease us into a sweat.

L.C.M. Webster
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Sunday Striders continue to meet at Buttonwood Park for weekly long runs.

Winter is upon us but that doesn't stop the dedicated Sunday Striders. This group continues to meet Sunday mornings at the Senior Citizen Center. All runners are welcome to join this group.

Check out the GNBTC Message Board for trail and other informal group runs.

For more Road Races visit:
<http://www.coolrunning.com>
<http://www.nerunner.com>
<http://www.jbrace.com>
<http://www.needtorace.com>

<http://needtorace.com>

Skyline Trail Race

A typical July day dawned on July 13th for this year's Skyline Trail Race. Hot, humid, but maybe a bit over-cast to disperse some of the early morning sun. By the 8am race start, it was around 80F, but a bit a breeze had come up.

There were about 10 newbies for this year's race, and one of them has been setting some fast times on the trail race circuit. The course had been well marked again this year by John Scheckter, who despite spending several hours on the course the previous day, was on the starting line this morning.

Ben Nephew was back to defend his course record, but as they came through the first water station, there were several contenders around him. After the loop through the second water stop, and back on the skyline trail, only three remained, Josh Ferenc and Greg Hammett, with Ben a bit back, at the third water station.

On the climb up Houghton Hill, Josh pulled away. The race director came upon him atop Big Blue, where he had just made it up in time to adjust the race direction signs.

Josh called out "How much farther?". Fortunately for him, it was all down hill from there. Ben came back to get second, with Greg third.

Josh set a new record and surpassed the one hour mile-post. Christine Anderson set a new women's masters record of 82:19.

Inov-8 provided us with some nice prizes, and EMS, courtesy of runner Jenn Schultis, had some swag for everybody.

The most coveted prizes, blueberry crisps baked by Judy Karpinski, went to the men and womens winners, and last place finisher Richard Busa. He needed it.

GNBTC Finishers

16	Manuel	Francisco	M	48	1:22:03
19	Mark	Dearing	M	55	1:22:48
22	Russell	Dearing	M	55	1:25:18
24	Kevin	Mullen	M	50	1:27:32
32	Kevin	Silva	M	31	1:32:48
35	Leslie	Danzell	M	22	1:33:59
36	Fernando	Coelho	M	33	1:34:03
41	Jim	Frenette	M	43	1:36:34
44	Guido	Medeiros	M	53	1:38:51
45	Katie	Cabral	F	28	1:40:19
46	Ken	Rogers	M	54	1:40:20
48	Cheryl	Briggs-Coge	F	34	1:45:59
58	Lori	Watkins	F	43	1:59:57

Happy Birthday

"Jessica Enes",	"August 1st"
"David LaPlante",	"August 3rd"
"Erin Murphy",	"August 3rd"
"Mike Silva",	"August 5th"
"Denise Tetreault",	"August 5th"
"Vincent Murphy",	"August 6th"
"Marc LaPlante",	"August 7th"
"Sompack Nissen",	"August 7th"
"Ed Talbot",	"August 7th"
"Debra Bolger",	"August 8th"
"Marie Hartley",	"August 8th"
"Jose Mimoso",	"August 9th"
"Carlos Barbeiro",	"August 11th"
"Kathleen LaPlante",	"August 11th"
"Darlene O'Mara",	"August 15th"
"Mary Lou Pires",	"August 16th"
"Bill Beardsley",	"August 17th"
"Jim Frenette",	"August 18th"
"Debra Richard",	"August 20th"
"Paul Robbillard",	"August 20th"
"Kevin Mullen",	"August 22nd"
"Rodrigo Borges",	"August 23rd"
"Michele Robert-",	"August 23rd"
"Rob Ball",	"August 24th"
"David Cass",	"August 24th"
"Paul Mailloux",	"August 24th"
"Timmy DeCosta",	"August 25th"
"Patrick Mullen",	"August 26th"
"Kathleen Teixeira",	"August 26th"
"Fernando DeCosta",	"August 28th"
"Andrew Fortin",	"August 29th"
"Hannah Fortin",	"August 29th"
"Margaret Costa",	"August 30th"



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