

If You Are a Runner Come In

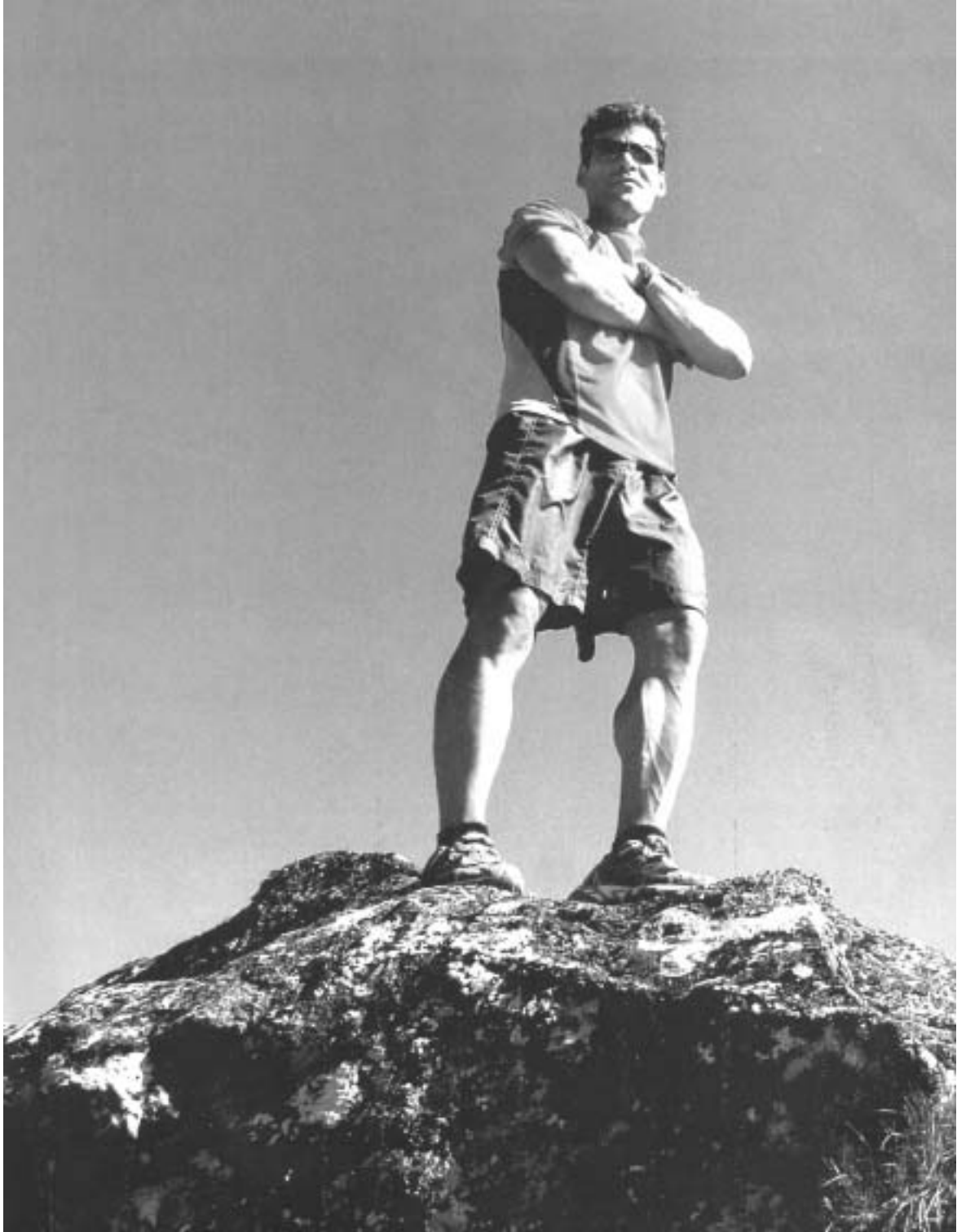
August-September 2007



Greater New Bedford Track Club

www.gnbtc.org

The Wall



Greater New Bedford Track Club
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Membership in the GNBTC is open to all.

Dues \$15/Year individual \$20/Year family.

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

Notice

Beginning in January the GNBTC will suspend printing and mailing of "The Wall" . We will be emailing PDF copies of this newsletter in order to have a more efficient and less expensive delivery system. Members are advised to check their emails to ascertain their status as a recipient of the newsletter. Test messages have been sent to those who are on our email list. Please let us know if you have not received such a message. Several of the test messages were returned as undeliverable.

Adobe Acrobat should be downloaded to your computer so that you can read and print the PDF file. The software is free and easy to download at adobe.com.

In the unlikely event any member is unable to receive the newsletter a copy will be available at gnbtc.org.

This change has been contemplated for quite some time as the executive board along with several members who attend meetings on a regular basis felt the need to bring the club and its newsletter into the 21st century. Questions and comments to: news@gnbtc.org

Track Club Singlets Available
Contact Donald Dayton
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On The Cover:

Dean Karnazes at the UltraTrail Serra de Freitas . Story on pg. #4

Here Comes The Translator

Peter Cooper



“Here comes the translator!,” yelled a volunteer at the 2nd checkpoint of the second running of the UltraTrail Serra de Freitas on July 1, 2007.

Well, that translator would be me and that I was for Dean

Karnazes the better part of a week earlier this summer here in my adopted home of Portugal.

“Dean’s a little further back,” I said as I chugged down some cola and passed my chip through the electronic control point, “just warming up. He ran 24 hours straight last week and is still recovering, but he’ll be along.”

Dean had actually sent me an e-mail before leaving the States confessing that his around-the-clock Summer Solstice treadmill run suspended above Times Square was the most brutal thing he’d ever done and that his feet were now like “hamburger.” His kids confirmed

this condition at dinner on the Karnazes’ first day in Lisbon. The hotel restaurant served all our kids “ovas” (fish eggs) as an appetizer which my daughter Paula immediately tagged as “gross.”

“Oh, yeah?” Dean’s son Nicholas asked her., “Wanna see something really gross? Take a look at my Dad’s feet!”

Dean had set out to break a world record, but had instead set a personal one. He had never lost all toenails after an event... until now. Yet, despite this apparent setback, here he was, ready to head deep into the heart of Portugal to spread the Gospel of the “Ultramaratona” with me as tour guide, first-time book publisher, spokesperson, and motorist.

It all began when I picked up the Portuguese translation rights for “Ultramarathon Man” at the end of 2005. I was running a CD and DVD distributor based in Lisbon and the music business had seen better days. I was looking for new opportunities for myself and my company and decided to combine my passion for running with my day job and expand into book publishing.

As part of the promotion for the book launch, I invited Dean to come and run the 50 km “UltraTrail Serra da

Freita” scheduled for July 1st, 2007. He accepted on August 3rd, 2006 as part of a “Family Vacation in Portugal” idea which was scheduled to last until July 12th. You should be warned about Dean’s idea of a family vacation. Guess what the spark was for Dean’s Endurance 50 Marathons in 50 Days?

“Crazy as it sounds, originally it was a family vacation idea. I was only going to run a handful of marathons while traveling across the country, and it just kind of snowballed into 50 straight.”

So it wasn’t much of a surprise after helping Dean to plan the “family vacation” for months, I should get the following mail



Dean Karnazes

(Continued on page 4)

TRANSLATOR

(Continued from page 3)

in March:

“Welcome to my world, Peter. The ‘vacation’ has now turned into a whirlwind tour of Europe. So on July 4th we’ll leave for Spain, Italy, and England.”

This would mean we’d now cram media interviews, press conferences, book signings, travel, and the actual running of the UltraTrail into three days. The Ultra-Trail would have been enough for me. This 50 km



Dean #2 and Peter #7, chat with a bystander at the finish.

mountain race may be short by Ultra standards, but it compensates for that in difficulty. Between kilometer 8 and 16, for example, the course drops about 1000 meters in altitude *into* the River Frades for a 4 km stretch (complete with an electronic control right in the middle of some rapids) and then presents you with a 700 meter climb in altitude from Covelo Paivo at 20 km to Povoá Leira at 26 km where the race really gets interesting.

The race is organized by Jose Moutinho, a pioneering Portuguese ultrarunner who practically invented the concept here by single-handedly creating (and running) the 1600 km “Volta de Portugal” around the perimeter of the country in 1982. Each March, Jose dresses up as a monk, blesses the 35,000 participants, and runs (in sandals) the Lisbon Half-Marathon, but that’s another story.

By the time we got to the starting line, Jose, Dean and

I had been through the race briefing three times in which Dean was the featured speaker and I translated. The first briefing was pretty hairy. When Dean said, “I want to start by apologizing because my Portuguese isn’t very good,” I could have been speaking for myself. By the third go-round, though, I knew the lines and we had fallen into a routine, broken only by Dean’s decision to add the joke that we were all crazy because we love running. I think I only got as far as, “We’re all crazy.”

It was at the starting line that I learned just how true that statement could be. Dean had been corresponding with Tiago Dionisio, a storied Portuguese runner who ran **both** the Comrades 56 mile Ultra and Western States 100 miler in 2006... a “double” that put him in the hospital for three weeks with “kidney failure” and “massive leg muscle destruction” (Tiago’s words). Tiago’s condition had been all over the Portuguese running press. He was never supposed to run more than a 10K again (doctor’s orders). Dean had asked me about Tiago on the drive over that morning and I passed on the portrait painted by the media of this guy wrapped head-to-toe in bandages permanently attached to all kinds of tubes. Imagine my surprise when over walks Tiago himself (without a single bandage or tube) looking pretty darn fresh, shakes Dean’s hand and readies for the 6:00 a.m. starting gun. “This stuff gets into your blood,” he tells me.

“I’ve met many Portuguese runners and athletes over the years, and I just love their spirit,” Dean told a journalist here. In fact, the Karnazes found lots to love about Portugal. Dean learned and adopted a traditional Portuguese saying which goes “he who runs for pleasure never tires,” Nicholas was amazed by all the strange little European cars buzzing around, Julie loved the beachside café in Porto where we all had a late-afternoon lunch, and Alexandria was enchanted by the castle and palaces in Sintra.

What the Karnazes hadn’t counted on, however, was the hidden charm of Portuguese hospitality-with-a-vengeance. In Arouca, the UltraTrail’s host town, the Mayor and his staff had arranged for us to stay at Quinta de Novais, a splendidly serene, austere and elegant converted manor house. The staff there had out-done themselves to welcome us, make us comfortable, and keep us well fed. Somehow, despite a tremendous

TRANSLATOR

(Continued from page 4)

effort to the contrary, Julie and Dean managed to turn down dessert on the night of our arrival. Following the press conference at Town Hall the next day, though, the locals got their way as the Mayor presented Dean with a huge bakery box and said, “These are all the things you wouldn’t try last night.” Once back at the Quinta, no one could resist, all dove in, and Dean discovered that sweet chestnuts are a million times better than Power Bars.

On our way from Lisbon to Porto and then on to Arouca, I learned a bit about Dean’s diet, his upcoming second book, and challenges for the future. Not to give too much away, the number 50 plays a big part in the structure of his new tome, Dean’s concept of eating can be best summed up as “caveman,” and he’s planning a 6500 km trail run across the U.S. for 2008. I also found out that there was a natural crossover from music to running. Dean counts amongst his most avid fans musicians from the Dream Syndicate to the Chemical Brothers and some of his favorite bands are some of mine including Luna, the Feelies, and the Velvet Underground.

So, back at the UltraTrail race itself, I was ahead at the second checkpoint, but got lost after the fourth at Covelo Paivo (despite the three briefings including detailed maps from Google Earth). Here Tiago and Dean got way ahead of me and I figured I’d seen the last of them and would just suffer along alone until the end. Somewhere around km 40 in the middle of Bondanca, a village right out of the middle ages, I began having auditory hallucinations... at least I thought I did because I heard someone calling, “Peter! Peter!” from somewhere up on high. I stopped and looked around, but saw no one, just a few donkeys and cows. I continued to run, but heard that voice again and looked up.

There was Dean on top of a hill, way off course. “How do I get down,” he asked?

“I don’t know,” I answered, “but I’ll wait.”

I never thought I’d run a 50 km race, much less be waiting around for Dean Karnazes, the greatest endurance athlete of our time. I mean, as an NBHS student, I was one of those kids who hung outside the cafeteria smoking cigarettes at lunch (25 years ago when “smokin’ was allowed in school” – or at least in the Green House courtyard). Even though I’ve run Boston with the GNBTC three times, I don’t think I was ever supposed to be a runner (much less a runner living in

Portugal).

One day, though, swim coach Jim Medeiros said to me as I was suffering through a PE class doing laps around Sargent Field, “You know... for someone overweight and so out-of-shape, you do okay running.” It didn’t take right away, but when I started running for my health, these words stuck with me and I never got discouraged. I do okay running and running does okay for me and that’s cool.

Dean found his way down the hill. I warned him to be careful with his step as we started jogging away because the ground was pretty slippery from the resident donkeys and cows. “Yeah,” he said looking down, “this would be a crappy place to fall!” We made it to the next checkpoint at the edge of the village where a volunteer attempted a very serious conversation with Dean in French, but eventually managed to pass on his encouragement through an English-speaking volunteer.

A little further on we came across a group of hikers who were part of the non-competitive component of the event.

“Are you the famous American,” a hiker asked?

“Yes, he is!” Dean answered quicker than I could.

“No,” I answered. “**He’s** Dean Karnazes.”

“So,” she said turning towards Dean, “you’re the one we’ve been waiting to meet. Tell us something about yourself.”

I told Dean to take his time. I had gotten lost in this exact same place last year and wanted to find the next trail marker. I scouted ahead while Dean chatted with and thoroughly charmed the hikers.

I found the way and, amidst the cheers of Dean’s new friends the trailwalkers, off we went down through somebody’s cornfield leading to another brutal climb. I wasn’t running much at this point, but Dean suggested we “shuffle.”

As the conversation went along we were shuffling faster and faster and managed to keep up a decent pace. We spoke about the 2006 NYC Marathon (the last of Dean’s Endurance 50) in which he blew by me at 40 km (“You should have said something,” Dean said. “I don’t think I was capable of speech at that point,” I replied) and marveled at the scenery we had passed along the course. In addition to the unspoiled

(Continued on page 10)

Cuddy's Corner



I went down to North Carolina last month as planned to run the Grandfather Mountain marathon. My sister came along for the ride and that made the journey a lot easier. We left on a Wednesday night around ten and drove straight through. It was a long ride but

a smooth one. We did not hit any traffic but I recall being amazed at the sheer numbers of eighteen wheelers on the road and the fact that when they wanted to rest they simply pulled over wherever they happened to be at the time. The breakdown lanes were full of them and all of the rest areas were overflowing at both ends. The nation's roads appear to have reached the saturation point.

It was mid-morning Thursday and pretty hot when we pulled into Linville NC and began to ascend the mountain. It became noticeably cooler as we went up but I began to feel a bit queasy at the thought of running up the road I was driving on.

The marathon was just one event in the Highland Games that were taking place and the festival site was a place called McRae meadows. They had all the booths and stages in place when we arrived and we set up our tent right on the festival grounds.

The atmosphere was one of conviviality. People were very relaxed and friendly and it was fun to mingle with the crowds, hear the different accents and see people roaming about in camouflage kilts decorated with fox and raccoon parts.

On Friday we spent the day exploring the area and also went into Boone to pick up the race packet. This is a low-key event. There was no hoopla beforehand. I got my number and a nice shirt showing the course elevation and I bought a cap with the logo for \$10.

It was \$75 for the race. A curious feature of this event was the inclusion in the race packet of a blank certificate of completion

I was glad I had a couple of nights before the race to recover from the trip since we had alternated two-hour shifts driving down. As I get older I find it difficult to adapt easily to abrupt changes to my sleep pattern.

The race began on Saturday at 7 a.m. with a lap around the stadium at Appalachia State. It was overcast and the temperature was in the mid-50's. There were about 400 runners.

I had not studied the course but since the finish was at the festival I believed that I was basically going to retrace the route I had driven to reach the start. My tent was about three hundred yards from the finish line.

I was not really looking forward to doing that so I went out around nine minute pace believing it was going to be a matter of survival. Right away I overheard a woman telling her friend that the hill at sixteen was so bad that everybody just walked it.

We quickly left Boone behind and began to encounter forested slopes There ere huge rhododendrons growing everywhere in the woods.

It was nice and quiet. There were no cars about and few houses.

I was glad to discover that the course was completely different to what I had assumed it would be as we were heading away from Boone in a completely new direction.

I chugged along at nine minutes and was resigned to whatever might happen.

I had no goal for time. At one point I asked a man about the hill at sixteen. "It's a gravel road," he said. "It's obscene." That sounded quite grim but as the miles progressed I noticed that I was not running in company with any supermen or women. They looked like the crowd you might see at any other race. Before I knew it I was turning onto a gravel road and sure enough the runners slowed to a walk. I looked up. It was pretty steep but I decided that I was not going to stop as long as I was capable of running.

I began to pass people. A woman walking with "Follow me to Jesus" written on the back of her shirt said: "You're hanging tough" as I passed her.

"There is no honor in walking," I replied. That was a bit harsh but such is my belief.

She mumbled something about Jeff Galloway. I have heard of him. To each his own, but to me running is about trying to exceed expectations.

At Mile 21 I was running on the Blue Ridge Parkway and the mountain ranges stretched away on all sides until they disappeared into the haze. I was feeling pretty good.

The course was still going up but the ascents, while fairly constant, were not terribly steep. The sun had come out and it was now pretty warm but the air still held some coolness. There were plenty of water stops on the course but zero spectators. The only oddity was encountering gated communities in the wilderness in close proximity to more humble abodes. Apparently

(Continued on page 10)

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 11. Ten couples with the fastest combined times were given awards for their efforts. A grand total of 33 participants; 28 of them as partners ran the 2.5 mile-course. Congratulations to Paul Bedard and Samantha Gagnon for their 1st place finish with a combined time of 31:32. Of course, as in the past 'MYSTERY' trophies were also presented to five mystified recipients. (Why I did not receive one has left me totally perplexed.) Thanks to Joanne and Mark Rodrigues for co-chairing this event, Executive Auto-Mitsubishi, 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 annual event happen.



Leo Rodiellat

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 taking post entries race day until 6:00 pm. This event will bring down the curtain to our weekly Wednesday night sessions. (Twenty years, no way).

Everybody loves to eat out...

A reminder: Our club's annual picnic will be held on Sunday, September 9 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.

New England Runner, July/August 2007. Lonny Townley writes - Last March, the Road Runners Club of America hosted a Club Management Workshop in Milton, Mass., which drew 31 attendees who represented 11 clubs from four New England states. The ambitious agenda included a wide range of topics, everything from club organization to communications, community involvement and more. The **Greater New Bedford Track Club** newsletter reports that the meeting discussion included a review of increasingly popular kids track and running series. "There is a demand and a need for more programs aimed at children, but it is difficult for clubs to have enough volunteers to extend these programs year-round."

GNBTC September/October Events

9/9/07 – **Club Picnic** – After Fort Phoenix 5k (Fairhaven)

10/28/07 – **GNBTC Spooner 10k** – 10a.m. (Buttonwood Park – 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 day special. Lace up your running shoes and go for a run.

Watch your step out there.

Take me out to the ballgame...

Are you ready for some International League baseball? Well 30 members of our running 'famile' were. And on the night of Friday, August 3 they all enjoyed a fun filled outing at McCoy Stadium. Unfortunately the home team Paw Sox did not come up with a stellar performance. In fact, they were handed a defeat at the hands and bats of the Rochester Red Wings. But it did not impair our enjoyment of sitting under the stars (and lights) and 'catching' a Triple A quality baseball contest. A tip of the **GNBTC** 'baseball cap' to Mary (Team Manager) FitzGibbons for another great 'grand slam' outing and for the best viewing seats in the house. A very special **GNBTC** 'merci' to Joe Russo, for his time and driving us to a safe and pleasant round trip. If you were unable to be present this year, do try to make this stellar event next baseball season. Where else can you get this entire bang for twelve bucks?

We remember...

This year's **Steven Leo's Scoot** will take place on Wednesday, August 29. 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,

Wipe Out

This essay is excerpted from an article written by Brian Peacock

Last Saturday I ran around Pioneer Park in the prestigious Prescott Senior Olympic games. I had often run this route in training and had to walk up some of the steeper inclines. On this occasion the 5k and 10k competitors ran together with the 10k racers taking a detour half way through. Unfortunately the detour was marked wrongly and we only ran about four and a half miles. I swear that I would have caught my age group rival, Sabin from Chino Valley, if the course had been the correct distance. Sabin was not convinced by my boasting, nor was I when he continued to tell me about his Grand Canyon rim to rim to rim experiences.

The next day was the occasion of the mountain bike race along the same route and there was Sabin again, all decked up in fancy biking duds. There were about twenty of us, including some older ladies and a seventy eight year old, whose bike reeked of experience. A few of us rode around the parking lot to warm up and then we ventured down the first hill of the race. It was quite steep, with quite a lot of loose gravel and a gully washed out by our monsoons on the left hand side half way down the hill. I negotiated the hill uneventfully and went down through the gears for the climb back up the hill to the start / finish line, just in time to see the first rider start at a great rate of knots down the hill. We set off at two minute intervals and at 7:48:50 the starter began my countdown. I was somewhat cautious, which ironically may have contributed to my undoing. I just touched the brakes half way down the hill and skidded into the gully. All was definitely not well. About three tons of sharp rocks transferred themselves to my knees, wrists and elbow accompanied by two more tons of very fine particles. It hurt. I got up and paced the side of the trail, failing to admire the ambience of pinion oaks, cacti, hill sides and blue skies. I was quite surprised by the richness of my vocabulary brought on by a sudden adrenaline rush similar to the one that accompanied my hard landing a few months earlier; although on



that occasion the absence of bodily harm and the need to manage the wandering airplane did have a somewhat calming effect. Fortunately the expletives following the bike spill did not reach the tender ears of the blue shirted high school students who volunteered to help marshal the course.

Soon one of the high school students left the group at the bottom of the hill and strode up to offer assistance. "Oh dear", he said, "You appear to be somewhat bloody." "Yes", I replied, "and it hurts. Please will you be so kind as to pick up my bicycle and accompany me to the top of the hill, all the while keeping a wary eye out for the next competitor as he barrels down the hill." At this time I took a closer look at my elbow and noted that some of it was missing, leaving a somewhat garish mess that would certainly test the intestinal fortitude of even the most sanguine of observers. The efficient student used his walkie talkie to alert those at the top of the hill concerning the incident. He also suggested that the 911 line would be a wise choice. There was quite a bit of tut tutting (my favorite phrase of the day) among the crowd at the top of the hill and their leader assured me that 911 was on its way. I thanked the student and pushed my bike to my truck where I loaded it into the bed and removed my wallet and keys for their likely use as this story unfolded. I then wandered for quite a while around the parking lot periodically checking my still running stop watch to assess the responsiveness of the emergency services and occasionally peering at the multiple sources of oozing blood. "What a mess", I said to myself, calmly. After what seemed an age along came this great big shiny red fire truck. The occupants were wearing their turnouts, which on a hot day can be unbearable. Then came the first of an often to be repeated set of questions, read from a checklist as I sat on a big rock.

Age, allergies, asthma? Does it hurt (on a scale of 1 to ten, 10 being excruciating), date of birth, do you smoke? Height, weight, medicines? And so on. They then took my blood pressure, pulse and inspected the damage. Nice rock side manner. Then came gallons

(Continued on page 9)

Wipe Out

(Continued from page 8)

of saline to wash out much of the junk and the EMT wrapped it all up with sterile gauze and bandages. “Can you find a ride to the ER or would you like an ambulance?” I was hoping for a ride in a fire truck but they pointed out that they weren’t in the transportation business. So they rang for an ambulance and indicated that it would cost a million bucks. Fortunately my colleague Ray from Embry Riddle finished the race at that time and volunteered his wife Lori to drive me to the hospital, while he waited to pick up his gold medal. Lori was great, she is a personal trainer with lots of kind words and sound advice. She kept my spirits up all the way down to the ER and stayed with me while I answered the same set of questions over again. She lent me her phone to call my wife as I had left this indispensable object at home, just when I needed it most. Ray then showed up and between them they took my truck and bike home, collected my phone and alerted my neighbors Ken and Nancy to my plight.

I think that it was Stacy who was assigned to me during this quiet early morning period in the ER. She asked me questions, swapped my grubby clothes for a surgical gown and told me how she was an ER tech with ambitions to be a nurse after she had finished her business degree. She wheeled me up to an ER cubicle and hung around for most of the morning. She did her best with more saline for ages, turning me around and around to flush the dirt out of the wounds. She then found me the Sudoku page in the paper and switched on the TV. Next came a big nurse. He was friendly and hooked me up with all sorts of drips and things, like antibiotics and morphine. He did need two attempts at inserting a catheter into my vein. He wired me to an EKG machine and noted that I was not dead. I was a little apprehensive when the finger mounted IR machine stopped beeping for about 20 seconds. He cautioned me not to be surprised at the initial buzz caused by the morphine. I explained that I was an old hat at this stuff having had codeine at the dentists in 1947. He then asked when I had last had a tetanus shot and was not impressed by 1960, he was pretty nifty with that needle. Eventually along came Dr McKay – the ER doctor. He asked me a bunch of questions, checked out the wounds, found that the bone was exposed with dirt in it decided that I would need to have surgery to clean it out properly. The bad news

was that the orthopedic surgeon would not be available for another five hours. Meanwhile Tiger got a bogey closely followed by two birdies and they wheeled me upstairs to the OR while he was just starting the eighth hole, but I still had my 5 star Sudoku.

I was also visited by the phlebotomist and a buddy having earlier made a pathetic attempt at providing a urine sample – I hadn’t had a drink for hours. These two were pretty lively.

I was greeted by nurse Nicki who was just great. She asked me the same set of questions and threw in a curve ball. “Do you feel safe at home?” I was not sure of the drift of this one but she explained that it elicited a multitude of personal, environmental and confidence issues. I explained that my only problem was when someone sliced into my back patio which is at the 180 yard mark of the ninth hole. We chatted for ages about our children and homes. She has one son in college who thinks he likes economics but isn’t sure. And her 14 year old wants to be a rock and roll star. Deja vue. I recounted the adventures of Tommy in his quest for stardom but like me she didn’t feel too comfortable with the day job speech. She was also quite impressed with Lily’s polar bear job. Who wouldn’t be? She told me about her father who refuses to retire as a physicist. He is 84! It turned out that he taught physics to the orthopedic surgeon, Dr Burchfield who was about to use a router on my elbow. Then came Bobbi, the OR nurse who would work with me through the surgery. She was from Memphis and talked funny. Next came the anesthetist, he asked the same questions, do you drink, do you smoke, what kind of fatal diseases have you had in the past? Finally Dr Burchfield came bustling in with stories of his bike riding war wounds. He claimed that broken ribs hurt more than holes in elbows. “On a scale of 1 to 10 how much does your elbow hurt?” “Eleven right now!” He then explained the problems of infected bones and promised to do his best with the cleaning job.

Then the magic happened. The anesthetist stuck a little syringe into my IV and I woke up two hours later in the recovery room. No memories no dreams and a great big bandage on my elbow. Then Gary showed up. Apparently Eileen had contacted him when she didn’t hear from me for a while. Gary had contacted

(Continued on page 13)

Cuddy's Corner

(Continued from page 6)

wealthy people are moving into the mountains. The town of Blowing Rock that I visited the day before looked like Wickford, Rhode Island.

The last few miles were without incident and I finished on the track in front of a big crowd in 4:18. I was happy with that. I was 192/365 overall. It is a tough race, for sure. Not the absolute killer I had feared, but a real challenge, like the old Nute Ridge halfer or perhaps the Stu's 30K in Boylston except longer and tougher.

It was well worth it to be camped at the finish as the other runners had to take two shuttles just to get back to the start. I was right in the midst of a giant party. The post race refreshments were simple and included jars of peanut butter and jelly and loaves of bread. Help yourself y'all!

On the whole, this was a wonderful experience, the race and the games, and highly recommended. There were four stages at the festival with a great variety of music, lots of vendors and exhibits and great people. No rowdiness or aggravation but it was noisy. And it was also cheap, always a factor when making decisions. A plate of barbecue on the festival grounds cost just \$7 for example. If you are looking for something unusual this is the one for you. Check out the website.

Mount Washington 07

In all, some 900 runners made the 4650-foot ascent from the base of the mountain to its peak. Among them was 71-year-old Bill Riley of Centerville, Massachusetts, who finished in one hour 35 minutes, thereby breaking the course record for men over 70 by a quarter of an hour.

13th Annual Dartmouth Triathlon August 12th

Michelle Robert-Britto	55:18
Richard Flood	56:00
Kevin Silva	1:01:53
Don Cuddy	1:02:14
Kathy Lopes	1:08:23
Skip Daniels	1:15:13

TRANSLATOR

(Continued from page 5)

beauty of the mountains and rivers, we had seen an improbable assortment of sights; prehistoric monuments, Roman roads and ruins, Medieval churches, ancient villages inaccessible by car, and the remains of tungsten mines last active during World War II (The Mines of Rio de Frades were operated by the Germans while right next door The Mines of Regoufe were exploited by the British!).



So, it was with some sadness that we heard someone yell "Just 400 meters more!" and we hit the final stretch back to the campsite at Murjal and the finish line.

"Alright, let's cross the line together," Dean said.

"Naw," I said, "I'll just make you look bad." "No way," he said. "This was unbelievably good! Instead of remembering just another brutal run, let's make it a run we'll remember for the rest of our lives!"

With that, we high-fived and passed through the finish line, tied for 25th place.

When asked about the race the next day by a journalist in Lisbon, Dean said, "50 km isn't a lot for me, but in terms of difficulty, it was one of the hardest I've ever done."

Following this full day of interviews, live TV, and a marathon book signing in which Dean refused to leave until he had spoken to and signed books for every fan, he told me, "Man, I'm exhausted. I'd rather just run another Ultra than go through all that again!"

We'll see if Dean's up for a rematch with the local media when he returns for the Lisbon Half Marathon in March, 2008.

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Calendar

September 3rd Labor Day

34th Annual Walpole Labor Day Road Race, Walpole, Ma., 10K/5K, 10 a.m., Walpole H.S., Lisa Orecchio, 00, (508) 668-5288, Email:info@walpoleroadrace.org, www.walpoleroadrace.org

27th Annual Acushnet Road Race, Acushnet, Ma., 4.1M/3.1M walk, 10 a.m./9:30 a.m., Ford Middle School, Middle Rd., Acushnet Road Race, Inc., John Braun, (508) 998-2408, Email:info@jbrace.com, www.jbrace.com

10 Annual Run for the Hills 5K, Marshfield Hills, Ma, 5K/Kids Race, 10 a.m./11 a.m., Marshfield Hills General Store, Mostly downhill with steep hill at the end. Email:willdcoyote@gmail.com, www.marshfieldhills.org

2nd Annual Iron Girl Road Race, 5M, Boston, Ma., World Trade Center, www.irongirl.com

Saturday, 9/8/07

Plymouth's 13th Annual Run to the Rock Race, Plymouth, Ma., 5K/10K/13.1M, 10 a.m., N. Plymouth/W. Plymouth/S. Plymouth, All races start at different locations but all finish at Plymouth Rock, Marissa Gardner, (781)746-6935, Email:club@bgcplymouth.org, www.bgcplymouth.org

15K "Run Around the Block", Block Island, R.I., 15K, 1:30 p.m., Block Island Chamber of Commerce, Kathy Szabo, (401) 466-2982, Fax:(401)466-5286, www.blockislandchamber.com

67th Annual Ollie Road Race, South Boston, Ma., 5M Cert., 10 a.m., Bank of America Pavilion, part of the USATF-NE Grand Prix Series, awards to top 3 in each age category up to 90 years and top 3 M/F teams. South Boston Neighborhood House, Brian Van Dorpe, (617) 268-1619x12, Email:bvandorpe@shnh.org, www.sbnh.org

NK-5K Road Race, 5K, North Kingstown, R.I., 9:30 a.m., North Kingstown High School, (401) 294-6414, email:nk5k5k@yahoo.com

Sunday, 9/9/07

Pisgah Mountain Trail Races, Chesterfield, N.H., 50K/23K, 8:45 a.m., Chesterfield Fire Station, Single track, moderately difficult trails. Gary Montgomery, (603) 363-8420

6th Annual Miriam Hospital/JCCRI 5K & Youth Races, Providence, R.I., 5K/Kids Races, 10 a.m./9 a.m., The Jewish Community Center. Lisa Mongeau, (401) 861-8800x210, Email:lmongeau@jccri.org

10th Annual 5K Run To The Chop, Vineyard Haven, Ma., 5K/Fun Run, 10 a.m./9:45 a.m., Vineyard Haven Public Library, Friends of the VH Public Library, Anne Lucas, (508) 693-0833, Email:wordrow555@hotmail.com, Web site: www.vhlibrary.org

Tuesday, 9/11/07

11th Annual Roger H. Schonning Road Race, Westerly, R.I.,

5K/5K walk, 6 p.m., Ocean Community YMCA . Ocean Community YMCA, Polly Snurkowski, (401) 596-2894x112, Email:psnurkowski@wpymca.org

Sunday, 9/16/07

CVS/pharmacy Downtown 5K Road Race, Providence, R.I., 5K/3K/Kids Races Cert, 11:15 a.m./12:15 p.m./8 a.m., Flat and fast. . Downtown 5K Inc., Charlie Breagy, www.cvsdowntown5k.com

7th Annual O.C.E.A.N. At M.G.H. 5K Road Race/Walk, New Bedford, Ma., 11 a.m., Hazelwood Park, OCEAN at MGH, Katherine3rd

3rd Annual Healthy Harvest 5K Run, 5K, Westerly, R.I., 11 a.m., Westerly Hospital, Nicholas SanMartino Jr., (401) 364-7797, email: NSanMartino@aol.com

Sunday, 9/23/07

6th Annual Camp Metacomet/Dartmouth YMCA 10K Run/Walk, Dartmouth, Ma, 10 a.m., Dartmouth YMCA, 276 Gulf Rd., Long sleeved t-shirt YMCA Southcoast, (508) 993-3361, Email:campmetacomet@ymcasouthcoast.org

17th Annual Smithfield Lions 5K Run, Smithfield, R.I., 5K, 9:30 a.m., Smithfield HS, Flat out & back. Smithfield Lions Club, Brian Farley, (401)231-4653, Fax:(401)231-4653, Email:Brianfarley@cox.net

Plymouth Police/Fire 5K Run/Walk, 5K/5k walk, Plymouth, Ma., 11 a.m., East Bay Grille, Water St., Brian Stas, (617) 688-1144, email: info@plymouthpolice5k.com

Sunday, 9/30/07

6th Boston Marine Corps Honor Run, Milton, Ma., 10K/5K Cert., 10 a.m., Houghtons Pond, Hillside St., challenging and hilly, but scenic. Proceeds to benefit the Marine Corps law enforcement foundation and children who have lost parents in the line of duty. Conventures, Lauren Proshan, (617) 439-7700, www.conventures.com/mar10k.html

Guidelines for formatting articles for the newsletter.

If possible use Microsoft Word.

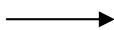
Use Times New Roman font (12 point size).

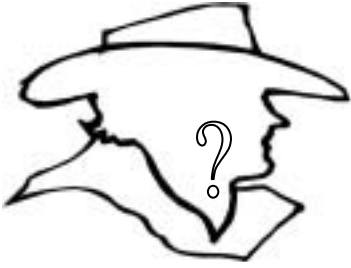
Do not indent first line in paragraph.

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

Send mail to news@gnbtc.org.

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





LCM Webster

The Kid and I

“Doc,” I said lying down on the couch, “you’ve got to help me.”

“I thought that you were cured from your running fixation. What in the world is it now?”

“That’s the problem. I don’t know where I am or what’s happening.”

“Please explain.”

“I swear that I’m dreaming. But, if I am, why does it occur only when I’m running?”

“Continue.”

“Well, this skinny kid with knobby knees and black untidy hair that sticks up, he comes out of nowhere and runs right besides me. Starts to tell me that he wants to start training for some magician’s 5k road race.”

“Go on.”

“His speech is slurred, a lot of silly-sounding gr’s and duh’s. Then he proceeds to tell me that his favorite health food is chocolate frogs. He claims it makes him run faster and jump higher. This child is starting to drive me insane; I simply can’t seem to lose him. He suddenly appears out of the blue.”

“What else?”

“Now he’s talking about preparing to do a running relay with his friends, Albus, Minerva, Hermione, Doddy. How can I possibly train all of these people? Where would I possibly find the time?”

“Hmmm. Does he have any other peculiarities?”

“This kid is so strange, I believe that even I could write a book about him. Keeps using the words, spell-casting, mystical, mysterious, fantasy, scary, codswallop, Quidditch, phenomenon, etc.”

“I believe that all kids have a lively fantasy life,” said the doctor, “which keeps them open to all kinds of possibilities, such as magic.”

“Well now that you have explained it so simply, I do feel kind of guilty.”

“Why?”

“On our last training run, I gave him an ultimatum: either he gives up on the mysterious powers or gets a new coach for his running instructions. I’m afraid that I was a bit hard on him.”

“Sounds as if you were. But what was his reply?”

“It wasn’t to go fly a kite. Sounded more like a broomstick, a Firebolt to be exact. Then he proceeded to call

me a Muggle.”

“Has this mysterious urchin ever mentioned his proper name?”

“Let me see if I can recall if he ever did. Now I remember, Gary Potts. No, that’s not it. Larry Porter, no, no way. Wait—that’s it Harry, HARRY POTTER.”

“Just had to buy the latest J.K. Rowling novel, ‘Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows’ right?” said the doc.

“Waited in line for four-and-a-half-hours.”

“So, how was the book?”

“Hypnotic. To say the least.”

“Well then, do you think that this narrative has made a difference with your relationship with Master Potter?”

“I guess you could say that. I enter Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry next semester and Harry’s planning on running the GNBTC 10k Spooner Road Race this coming October.”

(With apologies to J.K. Rowling.)

Wipe Out

(Continued from page 9)

Eric who would stay with me over night. Then Nancy and Ken came to take me home; Nancy had bought some chicken, potato salad and spinach – I hadn’t eaten all day. On the way home from the hospital we called in at Fry’s to pick up the antibiotics and pain killers that had been phoned in from the hospital. Out of luck they closed three minutes ago. After a bunch of phone calls we had a new prescription for he pain killers at Wallgreens in Prescott Valley. They didn’t recognize any insurance – neither Embry Riddle, nor General Motors, strange. A bunch more phone calls this morning eventually located the original antibiotics prescription at Fry’s and Ken collected it for me on his way home from taking his new big wheeled jeep to the odometer doctor. We sat around, ate chicken some drank beer and recounted the day’s adventures.

On a scale of 1 to 10, with 10 being excruciating, how much does it hurt? Well it really is quite painful, especially when I bend my elbow or rest my arm on the table. And it’s personal – it’s my elbow. But I think that they need to expand the scale for bomb blasts and burns and perhaps even appendicitis and cancer. But riding bikes down rocky slopes is optional. Flying airplanes?



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