

January 2008



Greater New Bedford Track Club

www.gnbtc.org

The Wall



If You Are a Runner Come In



The GNBTC held its annual Christmas party and Neediest Fund Jog-a-Thon at the New Bedford YMCA. This annual event was well attended and the members gave generously to the Standard Times Neediest Fund.

Pictured above are this years GNBTC award winners:

Left to Right, Bob Dowd -- Hall of Fame, Michelle Robert-Britto -- Female Runner of the Year, Kevin Mullen -- Most Improved, Rod Borges -- Comeback of the Year, Angel Martin -- Male Runner of the Year, Connie Rocha-Mimoso -- Female Volunteer of the Year, Dave Richard -- Male Volunteer of the year.

Greater New Bedford Track Club
P.O. Box 1209
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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
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News/Articles/Results/Comments to: news@gnbtc.org
Deadline for news and results, 25th of each month.

Newsletter published monthly.

Short Shots

At a recent track club function the president asked for volunteers to work at the Christmas party. This is the response he received. The silence was deafening.

Read any good T-shirts lately?

The other day while I was at the UMASS fitness center I spotted a T-shirt that read—*Impossible is Nothing.*” Of course that is a take-off on “Nothing is Impossible.” That shirt gave me the idea that it might be fun if the members sent in their favorite T-shirt sayings. Send them to news@gnbtc.org.

Best Performances in 2007

Marathon: Lisbon
Peter Cooper, Peter 2:58:57

Half-Marathon: New Bedford
Jeff Reed 1:16:36

10K Camp Metacomet:
Jeff Reed 35:38

5K: Reflections
Jeff Reed 16.45

Track Club Singlets Available
Contact Donald Dayton
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How Women Ruined Men's Running

In the late 60's and early 70's when men met on Sunday mornings for a run the idea was that the group would put maximum effort into the workout. There were no distractions. The women that ventured out for a "jog" were relegated to the back of the pack and chatted aimlessly with their housewife friends. For the male runner there was only the determination to improve. What happened to that determination? The answer lies in the willingness of today's male runner to let the women set, and sometimes lead, the pace.

On a national level, there emerged a few women runners who were determined to train hard enough to, if not compete with men, at least put in the effort to not embarrass their gender. Pioneering women like Roberta Gibb, the first woman to run the Boston Marathon, began to show that they had what it takes to cover the 26.2 mile distance in a respectable time without ruining their health. K Switzer would use "subterfuge" to get a number for the 1967 running of the Boston event but the distinction of being the first woman to finish Boston belongs to Gibb who did it without fanfare in 1966 in a time of 3:21:40. In 1967 Switzer's estimated time was 4:20 while Gibb ran the course in 3:27:17 that same year. Gibb returned, numberless the following year to record a 3:30:30. In 1969 Sarah Mae Berman of Cambridge, Mass led a trio of distaff runners to the finish with a time of 3:22:46. Third place woman was Nina Kuscsic of New York who would become the first official women's winner in 1972 with a time of 3:10:26. Berman would repeat in 1970 and 71.

Katherine Switzer would of course become famous because a little Irish gnome tried to yank her number in that now famous Boston incident. She would go on to write a book and be inducted into the Distance running Hall of Fame in Utica New York while the other ladies faded into obscurity.

On the local level women caught the fever and began to appear on the streets of New Bedford. No longer were they content to bake cakes and keep race times for their male counterparts. Sue Foster, Sally Finnerty, Mary Ellen Flinn et al took the lead.

A new breed of runner appeared on the local streets. The year of the fun runner had arrived. There is not a time specific for this new runner to make his mark on the local running scene. It may have transpired when the new runner was content to run behind his female companion rather than lead the way. Ah, those split

legged shorts.

There are of course male and female runners who continue to strive for faster and faster times and are dismayed at anything less than an all out effort. However, social running has taken its toll on the times of male runners in recent years.

Can we lay the blame solely on the women runners? I'm not sure but I do know that the decline in the quality of men's running coincides with the emergence of the social runner, male and female.

In spite of the aforementioned distractions, there are those who continue to improve and give full attention to the task at hand. That task being covering the distance between the start and the finish in as short a time as possible.

A few years ago a little wisp of a girl showed up for the Sunday run from Buttonwood Park. It was a cold morning but the sun was shining and everyone looked forward to a pleasant run. That feeling soon disappeared as the young lady quickly let it be known that the pace was not going to be leisurely. I was the first to fall off the pace recognizing that the gantlet had been thrown down. Some of the younger runners followed suit and ran behind the young filly not to admire the view but to remain aerobic. Others refused to back down and paid the price for their macho behavior. Now this young lady was surely showing some female macho but it was fun to watch for a short while and to hear about later.

Yes, there is room out there for the social runner. Any exercise that gets a person of any gender off of the couch is a worthy endeavor.

Personally I think the men were better runners when they could look forward to a nice home made cake as a reward for their efforts.

Don Dayton

The following companies help to support the production of this publication. We hope that the members will in turn support them.

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and Rehabilitation, P.C.**

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Don Cuddy

Winter is here and while many for whom running is merely a recreational activity retire to the gym or treadmill the rest of us- the few, the proud, the addicted- are still layering up and going out there. The first snowfalls in December presented an

immediate challenge, not because of the cold, but with snow piled up along the streets it meant sharing the road with those pesky automobiles or, in most cases, competing with them for a foot of room on the edge and that was the scary part.

Twice I had close encounters while doing the Sunday morning ten miler from the park and in both cases I had a good look at the grim faces of angry drivers who had clearly made up their minds that runners on the road were an unwelcome intrusion into their lives, blocking their right of way and both times they continued on their course without slackening speed or deviating an inch from their track.

I am sure most runners have encountered this kind of aggression at some point while out on the roads. There is plenty of rage out there to be sure. It does not stem solely from the act of getting behind the wheel. It's much deeper than that I believe. Coming into conflict with others while driving a car merely provides an outlet for a pre-existing condition.

The danger is always there but becomes more acute after a snowfall because you can't just jump out of the way when there is a mound of ice and snow hemming you in.

And apart from angry drivers there are all the other characters out there as well, the hyper teens, the very elderly and confused and the rest of them with their cell phones.

In fact the worst incident I experienced happened in late Fall on Rockdale Ave. also on a Sunday morning

when a woman on a cell phone nearly hit me and Marty Flinn on a beautiful day with dry roads and perfect visibility, simply because her attention had wandered while talking on her phone.

Well three close calls were enough for me so I decided to look for alternatives and have since found an eight mile run near my home that takes me out and back over Mattapoissett roads that are not only deserted most of the time but also wide enough to permit two cars to pass easily, even with a runner on the side of the road at the time of their meeting.

I am currently getting ready for the Hyannis marathon and so I have been running more frequently than I have in quite some time, trying to build up a base. That includes some long runs, mostly by myself. On a solo long run I allow my thoughts to roam since it helps me to pass the time. The downside of that is that I am not as alert to my surroundings as I might be so the quieter the road the safer I feel.

I am quite optimistic about Hyannis as I write. The impetus came from the fact that I have just had my fifty-fifth birthday, which affords me another ten minutes towards a Boston qualifying time. A 3.45 will get me in now and I know I can do that on a decent day. I had intended to try it in the fall but an injury precluded that so I am down to the last throw of the dice at Hyannis. It will depend a lot on the weather since it can be pretty rough down there in February but the interesting part for me is to train through the winter with a goal. It will not be a big letdown for me if I fail. I notice the BAA has increased the entry fee yet again and it's now \$105 for qualified runners plus another \$6 to register online. I can only guess what it must be for the charity cases. Yeah, I know, it's Boston.

Well whether Patriot's Day finds me in Hopkinton or not I plan on enjoying the winter months by getting out there and braving whatever Mother Nature has in store.

Racing Legends Pass Away

In December the New Bedford Half Marathon lost two running pioneers who played important roles in the success of the first race in 1978. Known in the early days as the New Bedford Road Race the first edition was won by Bobby Doyle of Rhode Island, who was the then Newport Marathon champion. Ted Corbett, known as the father of ultramarathoning, conducted a running clinic the day before the first race at the former New Bedford Tech gymnasium. Bobby died of a heart attack and Ted succumbed to cancer after several years of illness. Each man was critical to the success of the first race.

Bobby Doyle, 58 was a seven-time winner of the Ocean State Marathon and the most prolific marathoner ever to come out of Rhode Island. He was an allstate cross-country runner and state record-holder on the track in the 2-mile at Hope High School. Doyle went on to become an All-American cross-country runner at the University of Texas-El Paso. In addition to his 7 wins in the Ocean State race Doyle also competed 4 times in the fabled Boston Marathon never finishing higher than 15th and with a best place of 5th in 1985. He competed in two Olympic Marathon Trials and represented the USA at the Pan American Games. Since 1990 Doyle was coaching high school track and cross-country first at LaSalle Academy and then at Woonsocket High School. He freely gave of his time to benefit fundraising efforts of many charities including Special Olympics and the Rhode Island Chapter of the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society's Team in Training program.

Ted Corbett, a 1942 graduate of the University of Cincinnati was an ultramarathoning legend. A 1952 Olympian (the first black U.S. marathoner in Olympic history) he became a running icon after competing in 199 marathons and ultramarathons. An Olympian by the age of 33 he became a 100-miler by 50, ran 134.7 miles in 24 hours by age 54, and completed a 303-mile walk in six days at age 82. . A physical therapist by training Corbett went on to make a science of measuring road courses, publishing a book on the subject in 1964. Small in physical stature he was a giant in the sport of long-distance running. A very quiet man Corbett developed a list of ten tips for his publication "How to Go the Distance (even after 80)."

1. Be born healthy, and get a good start with guidance

from family, schools, friends, and heroes.

2. Be willing to work as hard as necessary.

3. Be willing to risk failing if necessary.

4. Refuse to quit and be willing to suffer.

5. Learn to observe your body's response to training, and be wary of fatigue.

6. Get help from experts by reading and observing.

7. Learn from the experiences of heroes from the past and rivals from the present.

8. Develop a progressive full-force training program for speed and endurance that includes running mechanics, weight training and flexibility exercises.

9. Stay hydrated, and master recovery techniques.

10. Be willing to give up entertainment and non-essential activities to make time for an all-out training program.

Ted Corbett was not just a great runner he was a student of the sport who practiced what he preached.

I treasure my memories of each man from the 1978 race. Bobby and Ted were men of few words. When asked if he needed gas money to come to the inaugural race his response was pure Bobby, " Nah, I have a Toyota." When corresponding with Ted years later I asked him how to best prepare to run a 100+ mile race. He merely turned my written note over and wrote, "Train by remaining on your feet for as long as possible in practice." Each man was quiet and unassuming while achieving excellence in his chosen field. They each were fierce competitors yet remained gentle men, who were gentlemen. Both were givers in a sport that these days has far too many takers who want to participate and move on with their lives, leaving without making a contribution, without improving the lot of others or the sport in general. Bobby and Ted, despite training and competing at high levels, made their contributions to the sport. They will be missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing them and the Greater New Bedford running community owes them a great debt.

Larry Finnerty



**Peter Cooper
Scott Nanfelt
Jim Frenette
Fred Coelho**

**M41 2:58:57
M43 3:11:01
M43 3:15:36
M28 3:16:00**

**Terry Frenette
Julie Morris**

**F43 3:32:41
F27 3:39:01**

GNBTC women were unable to break the 3:30 mark this year. Terry Frenette did her best with a strong finish at Boston. Julie Morris made her debut marathon at Philadelphia and was able to qualify for Boston.

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Fabulous Family Falls

Brian Peacock

This morning six of the Peacock clan went out for a run around Decatur, Georgia, where we have gathered for the holiday season. In ascending order of speed there were Madeleine, Eileen, Georgina, Lauren, Brian and Caroline. But we ran together as running buddies are supposed to do. The first to go down on some unswept leaves was Lauren; she made a great recovery using her hand on the low stone retainer wall in front of a typical cottage in this older Atlanta neighborhood. Georgina has caught the fitness bug and runs this three to five mile loop most days, somewhat hampered by a missing thyroid, spleen, a busy job and four small children. Her foot landed on a stone, twisted and slipped, and down she went in an ungainly pile. Now the aftermath to a fall is the interesting period. First you get an adrenaline rush and cry out some choice words. Next you triage the damage. Is this life threatening, worthy of significant attention or should I just get up and keep on running? This was just a little sprain but Ginny has spent the rest of the day seeking attention among discussions of tonight's and tomorrow's food and activities. Listening to the omnidirectional discussions of a bunch of experts discussing holiday festivity planning and politics is enough to send one out for a run, were it not for the egg nog.

Many years earlier, Ginny and Garrett went to Turkey on their way home from study abroad in Germany. Ginny once again fell down the stairs and broke her foot. The logistics of getting her home to the US together with an arm full of Turkish carpets proved to be insurmountable. The carpets are still in Turkey.

When I was a little boy in the 1940s we lived in Sproatley, UK. I was very interested in cricket and would practice every day with my friends, except in the winter when we planned our alternative medium of stardom – as football players. Our house had two straight paths, one from the back yard to the back gate and one from the compost heap to Uncle Walter's brown shed in the orchard. Path maintenance



was accomplished by throwing down the ashes from our coal burning fireplaces into the low spots caused by rain and then trampling them down flat. We used to play cricket on either path, using an upturned bucket as a wicket, my Don Bradman autographed bat and a hard rubber ball. The ball was constructed from old bicycle tires. After repairing all the punctures we would eventually discard the bicycle inner tube for a new one; we would cut rings from the tire and stretch

them around a stone until we had a fair sized replica of a cricket ball. This ball was somewhat lively and the rough ashes would sometimes require rubber band replacement. Also, the rough cinders would penetrate little boy's knees when they fell, requiring parental attention with painful doses of iodine and much bandaging. I still have a scar from those happy times.

On another occasion we were playing along the orchard pathway. Down the right hand side of this path when you faced the shed there was a pig sty and pig run. The sty was made out of the old metal cylinder that used to be our air raid shelter. My dad and Uncle Walter cut the cylinder long ways and spread out the edges to make a semicircular sty. The back half was for storage and the front half for the pigs. A square run was constructed of corrugated iron with a small opening in the side that housed a chute down which we poured the pig slop into the troughs. There was a damson tree next to the pig run, which we used to climb. The rich blue damsons were delicious. Under the damson tree was a boxing ring. One day the ball sailed into the pig run and as the pig was apparently sleeping in the sty I ventured over the corrugated fence to retrieve the ball. Just as I picked up the ball the pig came out of the sty to enquire into the purposes of this intrusion and to eat the hapless child for dinner. On reflection this was a fair attitude of the pig as at Christmas time we would usher it along Park Road to the butchers to be turned into pork chops and black pudding. I rushed for the fence put my foot on the upper edge of the lower piece of corrugated iron and my hands on the top and pushed upward to escape this attack pig. My foot slipped and I crashed down on the top ledge

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across my stomach and was severely winded. Luckily I fell out of the sty before the pig could devour me and landed in a crumpled heap under the damson tree. But when I came to I had the ball in my hand.

Recently I visited New Bedford, MA just in time for the annual Spooner Run. There was Kevin, wrist in a splint, ready on the starting line. "What happened?" "Oh I was out running and fell and broke both bones in my forearm." Now that was quite a fall. In fact it was probably the worst running fall that I have ever heard about. Another fall of note occurred in the annual Detroit Free Press marathon 20 mile training run. At about mile 18 young Geoff Chase who was trying to keep up with his aged running buddy needed an excuse. So he tripped and fell. On his way down he hit his stopwatch to save 20 seconds from his time. Just a few weeks ago I swapped e-mails with Gene Yates, a colleague from UCLA. He was skiing and wiped out. A couple of other skiers picked him up, checked his vitals and volunteered to escort him down the hill. After a short while Gene found his escorts to be too slow so he zoomed off down the slope ahead of them. He later found that he had a fractured pelvis which took months to heal. Gene is 80!!

When I was a teenager I worked on the farm during the summer months. One day we were making stacks of straw bales. The method was to lay these 2' x 2' x 4' tightly packed twine bound bundles in layers running in different directions to improve the stability of the stack. I was about seven layers up and picked up a bale by the twine to move it to a corner of the stack. The twine broke and I fell backwards off the edge of the stack to the ground. Fortunately I was not hurt so I climbed up the ladder to the top of the stack again. "Where have you been?" said the farmer.

When I was in my twenties I tried being a school teacher for a year. My piece de resistance was a trip for a dozen and a half early teenagers to the Lake District – an area of mountains and lakes in North West England. One day we got lost in the clouds and walked 25 miles over mountain paths to the youth hostel. Now exuberant children do not always do as instructed, like "do not run down the hills." This outgoing whippersnapper decided to race down the hill, fell and broke his arm. I had to hitch hike 30 miles to a local town to get the thing x rayed, set and cast in

plaster, and then hitch the thirty miles back to the hostel. The delicate part was taking the boy home to his mother, "Mrs. Mohammed," I said, "Norman fell and broke his arm."

A couple of years later I went mountain climbing with a couple of friends in Norway. One of my friends was a hill walker, accustomed to multi day hikes in the Alps. The other was a rock climber. The trip in question required both horizontal and vertical skills. My task was to carry some rucksacks and keep up with these mountain goats. All together we climbed the seven highest peaks in Norway in about 12 days, a challenging trip. We walked through dripping bushes, across snow fields, along the edges of blue green torrents and glaciers with crevasses covered by snow. We scrambled up scree and steep cliff faces. The top few hundred feet of the Romsdalshorn was very steep so we roped ourselves together and gingerly picked our way upwards, reaching for ledges with our fingers and toes. It began to snow and the snow covered the ledges, bad deal. But it was easier to go up than down. At last we arrived at the top and huddled in the little hut where we signed our names in the book for posterity. We waited out the snow storm and rappelled down the steep part and then made the long trek back to the hostel. On another day we had to scramble down a south facing slope where all the rock was crumbling, but still no fall. On about the eighth day we were picking our way diagonally across and down a scree. I decided, unwisely, to go down the scree and then across the top of a large snow covered slope. One of my friends dislodged a rock which came bouncing down the scree. They shouted a warning just before the rock hit my shoulder with a glancing blow, knocking me over and down the snow slope. As I slid down the slope I was able to turn and get my snow pick into the snow to arrest my descent after about 100 or more feet. The rock continued its slide and eventually came to rest. It must have weighed about 50 pounds.

My big brother was / is a famous sky diver and one day persuaded me to make my first static line jump. He put me through a quick ground training program and sent me off with another instructor in a little high winged airplane. At the prescribed spot upwind of the target I was instructed to ease my way out of the door, grasp the wing spar and put my foot on the wheel, which turned, oops. "Go", said the man, so I went. In

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no time I felt the pull of the static line and my big round parachute opened with a flutter above me. Now that was the easy part. The next few minutes were wonderful, - floating over England's green and pleasant land. I looked down and saw my brother's VW speeding around the perimeter road – to a place some distance from the target. The wind worked its wily way and the big round parachute was impossible to steer. I saw the perimeter fence and then a freeway pass under my route, having ignored the gesticulations of my distant brother to pull down on a toggle to turn. Up came the ground and before I could mentally rehearse the graceful fall and roll that I had practiced in the gym, I fell in an ungainly heap. No broken bones. Some 40 years later I did my second jump, this time in tandem with an instructor. A similar heap ended the thrill.

One day Mike, Garry and I were running up Kern Road, in Oakland Township, MI when Mike disappeared down a hole. Just like that – he literally disappeared. Quite inconsiderate and rude as I was in the middle of a story about the time I had beaten him by a nose at the Crim. But Mike was a strange bird. Once when we were being chased by a dog along Brewster Road, he turned, got down on his knees and barked. The dog turned tail and ran home. This disappearance was reminiscent of Eileen who when she was very pregnant with Caroline was walking along Pokfulam Road down to the Hong Kong University swimming pool with Ginny and Lily in tow. Now Hong Kong was well known for its road work and sundry unguarded holes. Eileen disappeared and although she was not hurt we believe that this incident is to blame for Caroline's occasional mental lapses.

While we are on the subject of dogs I must recount the behavior of an early morning dog owner. On this occasion in Nassau Bay, Texas I was out doing my morning 10k when my toe caught a raised edge of a concrete slab and I tumbled quite gracefully, rolled and was up on my feet in no time. Unfortunately the rolling part involved rather rough contact between my wrist, knee and shoulder with the concrete pavement, which won the brief confrontation. "Ouch" I said as I surveyed the substantial damage, lots of blood. "Come on, good dog" said the dog walker as she hurried by on the other side of the road.

A couple of years ago I was walking with my wife around the block at Christmas time in Kansas. A suburban homeowner was watering his lawn. The temperature was about 15 degrees and quite a lot of water had spilled over on to the sidewalk. Eileen decided to walk into the roadway but I ploughed on down the sidewalk. Big mistake! My feet went in five different directions and gravity took over. Bump. I was not hurt, so I continued down the path. Bump again – a big one this time. I explained to this suburban yokel, who was smoking a cigarette and surveying the scene from his front porch, that perhaps the grass did not require water at this time, "Yes" he said, "it sort of just came on. Should I get you an ambulance?"

The detailed story of my substantial wipeout during a mountain bike race earlier this year has been told elsewhere. But I shall briefly recap the sad sequence of events. I fell off my bike and made big holes in my elbow and knee. The fire engine came and poured saline on the wounds. I went to the ER who couldn't handle the trauma. So I went to the OR which had a conglomeration of the necessary skills. I was given morphine and chattered happily all day while the anesthesiologist and surgeon did their thing – 30 stitches. This injury paled in the light of the horror stories of friends and acquaintances who had suffered much greater breaks of wrists, ribs, collar bones and shoulders from falls off bicycles. One friend – a urologist – broke his elbow and put himself out of business for a few months. The last time I was in hospital was in 1950 when I fell off my bike on a fishing trip and broke my little finger. Earlier in the year I crashed my airplane in Payson, AZ. The airplane was badly hurt, but my only trauma was to my ego, which required more training and a later success in my private pilot check ride to repair, somewhat. This just goes to prove that falling off a bike hurts more than crashing an airplane.

Our first child, Georgina, was a wonderful blessing, but the local ER thought otherwise after two trips there in two weeks. Bad parents. Ginny fell down a couple of stairs in Birmingham, UK and broke her one year old ankle. I think that the second break was her wrist. By the time her sister came along we were accomplished child beaters. But Lily was resilient for a while, she managed to roll down all the stairs that had been the site of Ginny's downfall, but without harm. Later however we found her Achilles heel – her radio ulnar joint which would sublunate when traction was

Are You On The List?

Many of the GNBTC members have not signed up to have the newsletter electronically delivered. This will be the last paper edition of the Wall. Due to increased cost of production and USPS mailing it has become necessary to go to email delivery of the Wall. Members may continue to receive the Wall by mail by sending a check for \$10.00, to cover first class postage, to the club treasurer Ann Russo, 36 Mosher St. Dartmouth Ma. 02748. The officers of the club along with the editor have decided to go this route in order to keep the club membership dues at \$15.00. As you well know, this is a bargain at twice the price. The Wall will be sent to all members who have email addresses listed with the club mail list. If you are not sure or you have not been receiving updates via email you should contact the editor at news@gnbtc.org. Your newsletter will arrive in PBF format and can be printed in that format. Be sure to check the print both sides box.

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the pond and scaring the frogs. Apart from a wetting Tom sustained a severe gash in his thigh, the remnants of which are visible to this day.

Caroline's most famous fall was when she was in the Adams High School Drum Corps (a strange diversion for this nightingale) and Tommy was the drum corps leader. Caroline caught her toe on a rock and did a roll on her drum, literally. She was of course reprimanded by the drum corps leader for being such a klutz and embarrassing the line. Now detailed analysts of this failure mode would note that a bass drum interferes more than somewhat with the vision needed to manage foot placement, especially when the owner of the said foot was beating the drum mercilessly and trying to keep in step with the woodwind and brass.

I believe that hereditary has something to do with the propensity for falling. Both Eileen and I had scooters when we were young and learned something of the relative instability of two wheels, especially on icy roads. Eileen had a couple of recurrences of her falling disease as she approached her 60th year while living in Rochester, MI. On the first occasion she slightly misjudged a stair depth and placed her heel on the carpet

that surrounded the front edge of the step. Her foot slipped and down she went right on her coccyx, which broke most painfully. She summoned help from neighbors as Brian was down in Houston, TX at the time. But this, although painful was only a warm up for the big one which occurred some months later. We had a cat, Luca, named after the song of the abused child who lived on the second floor. The cat would climb on to the roof and try to attract attention by caterwauling and scratching on an upper floor window. The day was very cold after a snow fall and snow melt that resulted in black ice on the black top outside the garage. Eileen heard the cat's noise and went out through the garage to entice Luca down with food. Again her heel hit the ice and she slid. Her fall was broken by her arm which in turn also became broken – all the way through the neck of her humerus, just below her shoulder. This was serious and demanded seri-

Brian brings us his unique perspective on running and sundry issues from Prescott Arizona. He teaches Aircraft Safety at Embry Riddle Aeronautical University.

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applied. Some call this nursemaid's elbow. Reduction is achieved by holding the forearm, puling gently and then supinating. This happened on two or three occasions. Once we got her all the way to the ER in Oklahoma when her nose began to itch. Reflexly, she attempted to scratch it and her elbow popped back into its proper position. Her sister Caroline and brother Tom also had this weakness and we became experts at arm breaking. We discovered Tom's problem when someone tried to pull him out of the swimming pool. That same pool was also the site of an almost fall for Tom. He decided to attempt a jump from the high diving board. Three times he climbed the stairs and walked to the brink. Each time he paused for an age while surveying the scene and calculating the risk of catastrophe before climbing back down the steps, only to turn round and try again. Eventually sanity ruled and he climbed back down the steps to leave this important life hurdle for another day.

Tommy excelled at falling during his teenage years. Especially while learning skateboarding, skiing and snow boarding. Tom took three days to acquire the magical skill of skiing. On the first day he learned how to ski – straight down the hill - none of this sissy zigzag stuff for this six year old. He used the line of skiers waiting for the ski lift as a user friendly arresting mechanism. He noted that when you collide with two or three of them from the side, they gently absorb the forces as they all collapse in a heap. On the second day he learned how to stop, but that is only part of the trick; one has to learn when to stop, a component not learned until the third day. The second day was like a video game – taking out bunnies on the bunny hill. Once he wiped out on the snow slope and lost his glasses and was quite sad. But later he described this incident in a school paper as being formative.

Ginny and Caroline's introduction to skiing was not spectacular. We went to Angel fire with and other family from Norman, OK, the Cauraughs, Jim was a good footballer. We hadn't skied before. Eileen stayed at home with little Tom. We sent Lily off with our friends and I took Caroline and Ginny on the lift up the bunny hill. Caroline had her usual broken arm in plaster. The three of us fell off the lift in a pile of bodies, poles and skis. I pointed Ginny down the hill and told her to go, which she did, but mostly rolling. She lost her glasses. Meanwhile Caroline and I, clinging

together, zigged and fell, then zagged and fell again, and so on down to the bottom of the hill where we met a very tearful Ginny. Someone had found her glasses fortunately. She has never skied again, but only this morning her two oldest children Madeleine and Alexander went with paternal grandmother and cousins for a ski trip. Perhaps they will start with lessons.

His thoughtless parents bought a seven year old Tom a water slide for his birthday. Our first house in Rochester, MI was on a hill and there was a great grassy slope down the side, ideally suited for the tethering of this yellow plastic sheet and close enough to the outside tap to get the water flowing liberally. Unfortunately we lost the instructions which cautioned that strict parental supervision should be exercised to only allow one seven year old at a time on the slide, especially when high speeds were forecast. As usual Tom excelled at demolition.

As Tom progressed up the rock and roll ladder he continually searched for new crowd pleasing antics. On one occasion he scaled the large speakers at the front edge of the stage and then, still rocking, leapt down the eight feet into the front of the crowd. He broke his ankle.

Our second house in Michigan was down a long private road which had a slight slope, sufficient to accelerate a bicycle or similar vehicle to a significant speed. Now Evil Knevil had demonstrated that if one travels at sufficient speed on a wheeled vehicle and then encounters a ramp one can remain airborne over a number of cars parked side by side. Now Tom was quite cautious and did not attempt the Grand Canyon leap first off. Rather he built a small ramp and on his inaugural run took off gracefully and landed less gracefully. The trick is to not land front wheel first as the shock involved is transmitted straight up through the wheel and front forks to the handlebars, to which the hands are attached. The force is then transmitted through the arms unless of course the arms are not sufficiently strong to withstand this force. On this occasion this was the case and Tom broke his arm. Ouch. Undeterred he continued to idolize Evil Knevil. Tom and his buddies found an abandoned four wheel ATV and got it going. In front of the house there was a pond with lots of frogs – a fair facsimile of the Grand Canyon. This time the ATV accelerated to about 5 mph and soared at least two feet before splashing down into



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